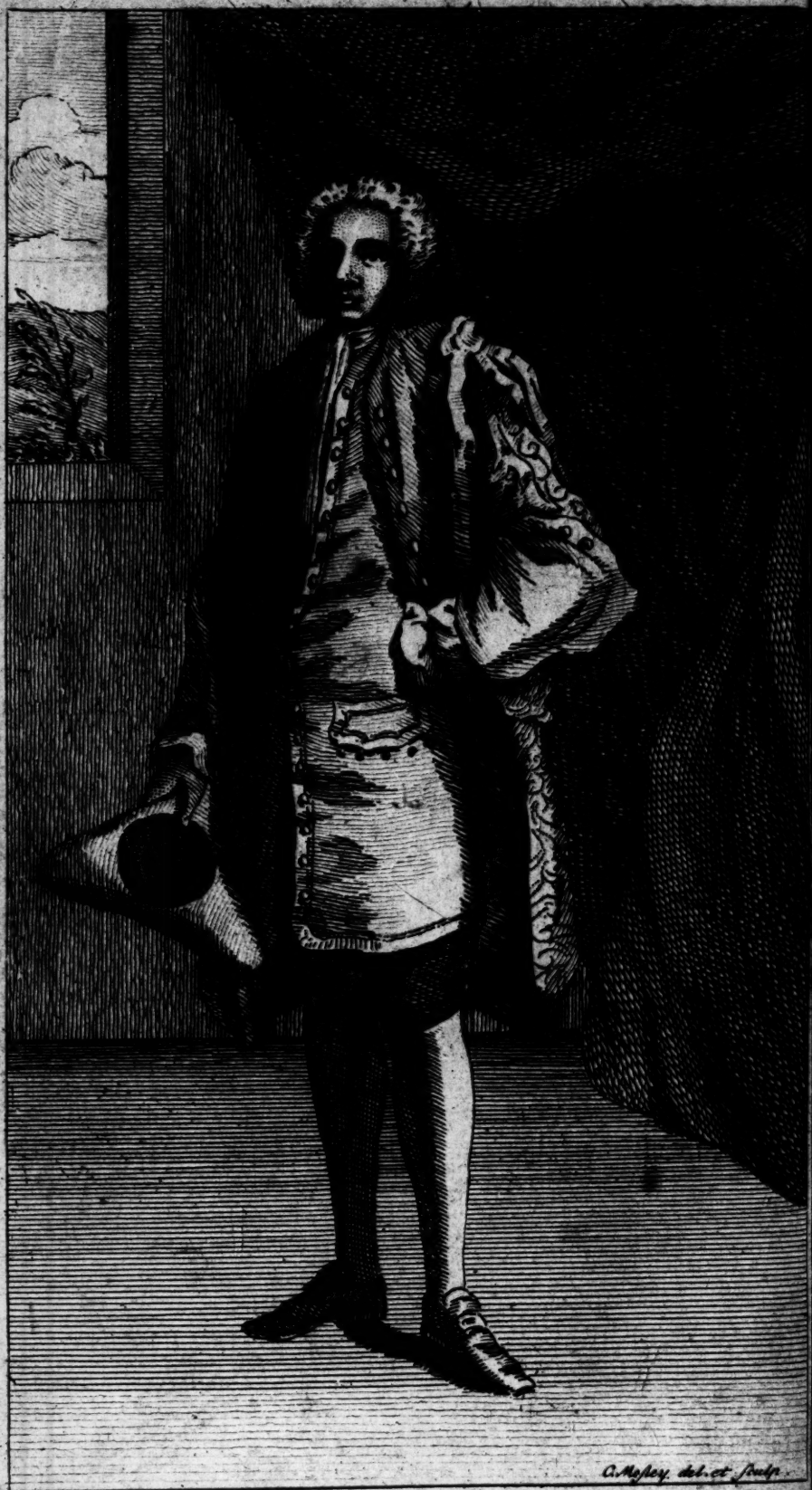


*W. Miller in the Character of Sir Joseph Wittol  
in the Old Batchelor.*





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9al 9<sup>th</sup> E. C.  
Joe Miller's *JESTS*: *YK*

OR, THE

*Wits Vade-Mecum.*

BEING

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LEY, and JOB BAKER, the Kettle-Drummer.

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L O N D O N:

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# Joe Miller's JESTS.

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1.  HE late Duke of *Argyll*, who was wont to say more good Things than any body, being behind the Scenes the first Night of the *Beggar's Opera*, and meeting old *Cibber* there, Well, *Colley*, said he, how do you like the *Beggar's Opera*? Why it makes one laugh, my Lord, reply'd the other, on the Stage; but how will it do in Print? *Oh! very well, I'll answer for it*, said the Duke, *if you don't write a Preface to it* \*.

2. There being a great Disturbance one Night at *Drury-Lane* Play-house, Mr. *Wilks* coming upon the Stage to say something to pacify the Audience, had an Orange thrown full at him, which, when he had taken up, making a low Bow, with the Orange in his Hand, *This is no Civil Orange, I think*, said he.

3. A certain Poet and Player, remarkable for his Impudence and Cowardice, happening many Years ago, to have a Quarrel with Mr. *Powel*, another Player, received from him a smart Box on the Ear; a few Days after, the Poetical Player having lost his Snuff-Box, was making strict Enquiry if any body had  
B
seen

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\* See *Cibber's Preface to The Provok'd Husband*.

## 2 JOE MILLER'S JESTS.

seen his Box. *What*, said another of the Theatrical Punsters, *that which George Powel gave you the other Night?*

4. Mr. H——rr——n, one of the Commissioners of the Revenue in *Ireland*, being one Night in the Pit at the Play-House in *Dublin*, *Monocca Gall*, the Orange Girl, famous for her Wit and Assurance, striding over his Back, he popp'd his Hand under her Petticoats. *Nay*, Mr. Commissioner, said she, *you'll find no Goods there but what have been fairly enter'd.*

5. In the Reign of *Queen Anne*, when it was said the Lord *Oxford* had got a Number of Peers made at once to serve a particular Turn, being met the next Day by my Lord *Wharton*, So, Robin, said he, *I find what you lost by Tricks, you have gained by Honours.*

6. Sir T. P. once in Parliament, brought in a Bill that wanted some Amendment, which being not attended to by the House, he frequently repeated, That he *thirsted* to mend his Bill. Upon which a worthy Member got up, and said, Mr. Speaker, *I humbly move, since that Member thirsts so very much, that he may be allowed to mend his Draught.* This put the House into such good Humour, that his Request was granted.

7. A certain Country Squire ask'd a *Merry-Andrew*, Why he play'd the Fool? For the same Reason, said he, that you do; out of *Want*: *You do it for Want of Wit, and I do it for Want of Money.*

8. When the Duke of *Ormond* was young, and came first to Court, he happen'd to stand next my Lady *Dorchester*, one Evening in the Drawing-Room, who being but little upon the Reserve on most Occasions, let a *Fart*, upon which he look'd her full in the Face and laugh'd. What's the Matter, my Lord? said she: Oh! I heard it, Madam, reply'd the Duke. *You'll make a fine Courtier, indeed*, said she, *if you mind every Thing you hear in this Place.*

9. A poor Man who had a termagant Wife, after a long Dispute, in which she was resolv'd to have the last Word, told her, if she spoke one more crooked Word he'd beat her Brains out: *Why then*, Rams Horns, you Rogue, said she, *if I die for't.*

## JOE MILLER'S JESTS. 3

10. A Gentleman ask'd a Lady at *Tunbridge*, who had made a very large Acquaintance among the Beaus and pretty Fellows there, what she would do with them all? Oh! said she, they pass off like the Waters: And pray, Madam, reply'd the Gentleman, *do they all pass the same Way?*

11. An Hackney-Coachman, who was just set up, had heard that the Lawyers used to club their *Three-pence* a-piece, four of them, to go to *Westminster*, and being call'd by a Lawyer at *Temple-Bar*, who, with two others in their Gowns, got into his Coach, he was bid to drive to *Westminster-Hall*; but the Coachman still holding his Door open, as if he waited for more Company, one of the Gentlemen asked him, Why he did not shut the Door, and go on? the Fellow, scratching his Head, cry'd, *You know, Master, my Fare's a Shilling, I can't go for Nine-pence.*

12. *Gun Jones*, who had made a handsome Fortune from a very mean Beginning, happening to have some Words with a Person who had known him for some Time, was asked by the other, How he could have the Impudence to give himself so many Airs to him, when he knew very well, that he remember'd him seven Years before, when he had hardly a Rag to his A——. *You lye, Sirrah,* reply'd *Jones*, *for seven Years ago I had nothing but Rags to my A——.*

13. A Gentleman told *Betty Careless*, upon shewing her Legs, that they were very handsome, and so much alike that they must needs be *Twins*: But, indeed, said she, you are mistaken, for I have had more than one or two either *between them*.

14. A Lady seeing the Sheriff of a County, who was a very handsome young Gentleman, attending the Judge, who was an old Man; a Gentleman, standing by, ask'd her which she lik'd best, the Judge or the Sheriff? The Lady told him, The Sheriff. Why so? said the Gentleman. *Because,* answered she, *tho' I love Judgment well, I like Execution better.*

15. One told another, who did not use to be cloathed very often, that his new Coat was too short for him;



## 4 JOE MILLER'S JESTS.

*That's true, answer'd his Friend, but it will be long enough before I get another.*

16. A certain Lady finding her Husband somewhat too familiar with her Chamber-maid, turned her away immediately; Huffy, said she, I have no Occasion for such Sluts as you, only to do that Work which I choose to do myself.

17. Altho' the Infirmities of Nature are not proper Subjects to be made a Jest of, yet when People take a great deal of Pains to conceal what every body sees, there is nothing more ridiculous: Of this Sort was old *Cross* the Player, who being very deaf, did not care that any body should know it.

Honest *Joe Miller* going with a Friend one Day along *Fleet-street*, and seeing old *Cross* on the other Side the Way, told his Acquaintance he should see some Sport; so beckoning to *Cross* with his Finger, and stretching open his Mouth as wide as ever he could, as if he hallooed to him, tho' he said nothing, the old Fellow comes puffing from t'other Side the Way, *What a Pox*, said he, *do you make such a Noise for, do you think one can't bear?*

18. *Joe Miller* another Day, sitting in the Window at the *Sun Tavern* in *Clare-street*, while a Fish-Woman was passing by, crying, *Buy my Soul, buy my Maids!* Ah! you wicked old Creature, said *Joe*, *are you not contented to sell your own Soul, but you must sell your Maid's too.*

19. Sir *William Davenant*, the Poet, who had no Nose, going along the *Meuse* one Day, a Beggar Woman follow'd him, crying, Ah! God preserve your *Eye-Sight*, Sir; the Lord preserve your *Eye-Sight*. Why, good Woman, said he, do'st thou pray so much for my *Eye-Sight*? Ah! dear Sir, answered the Woman, if it should please God that you grow dim-sighted, you have no Place to hang your Spectacles on.

20. A conceited Fellow, who fancy'd himself a Poet, ask'd *Nat. Lee* if it was not easy to write like a Madman as he did? No, answered *Nat*, *but it is easy to write like a Fool as you do.*

21. *Colley*, who, notwithstanding his *Odes*, has now and then said a good Thing, being told one Night behind

## JOE MILLER'S JESTS. 5

hind the Scenes, by the late Duke of *Wharton*, that he expected to see him *hang'd* or *beggar'd* very soon: By G——d, said the Laureat, *if I had your Grace's Politics and Morals, you might expect both.*

22. Several Years ago, when Mrs. *Rogers*, the Player, was young and handsome, Lord *North* and *Grey*, remarkable for his homely Face, accosting her one Night behind the Scenes, ask'd her, with a Sigh, What was a *Cure for Love*? Your Lordship, said she, *the best I know in the World.*

23. Dr. *Sewel*, and two or three more Gentlemen, walking towards *Hampstead* on a Summer's Day, were met by the famous *Daniel Purcel*, the Punster, who was very importunate with them to know upon what Account they were going thither. The Doctor merrily answered him, *To make Hay.* Very well, reply'd the other, you'll be there at a very convenient Season, the Country wants *Rakes.*

24. A Gentleman was saying one Day at the *Tilt-Yard* Coffee-house, when it rained exceeding hard, that it put him in Mind of the General *Deluge.* Zoons, Sir, said an old Campaigner, who stood by, Who's that? I have heard of all the *Generals* in *Europe* but him.

25. Mother *Needham*, about 30 Years ago, being much in Arrear with her Landlord for Rent, was warmly pressed by him for his Money: Dear Sir, said she, how can you be so pressing at this dead Time of the Year; in about six Weeks both the Par———t and the C———nv———c———n will fit, and then Business will be so brisk, that I shall be able to pay you ten times the Sum.

26. Lord *R——* having lost about fifty Pistoles one Night at the Gaming-Table in *Dublin*, some Friends condoling with him upon his ill Luck, Faith, said he, I am very well pleased at what I have done, for I have bit them, by G———d, there is not one Pistole that don't want Six-pence of Weight.

27. A Traveller coming into the Kitchen of an Inn, in a very cold Night, stood so close to the Fire that he burnt his Boots. An arch Rogue, who sat in the Chimney Corner, cry'd out to him, Sir, you'll burn your

## 6 JOE MILLER'S JESTS.

Spurs presently. *My Boots, you mean, I suppose,* said the Gentleman? *No, Sir,* replied the other, *they are burnt already.*

28. A Countryman sowing his Ground, two smart Fellows riding that Way, one of them called to him with an insolent Air: Well, honest Fellow, said he, 'tis your Business to sow, but we reap the Fruits of your Labour. To which the Countryman replied, *'Tis very likely you may, truly, for I am sowing Hemp.*

29. Villars, the witty and extravagant Duke of Buckingham, in King Charles II's Time, was saying one Day to Sir Robert Viner, in a melancholic Humour, I am afraid, Sir Robert, I shall die a Beggar at last, which is the most terrible Thing in the World: Upon my Word, my Lord, said Sir Robert, there is another Thing more terrible, which you have Reason to apprehend, and that is, *That you will live a Beggar.*

30. The same noble Duke, another Time, was making his Complaint to Sir John Cutler, a rich Miser, of the Disorder of his Affairs, and ask'd him what he should do to prevent the Ruin of his Estate? *Live as I do, my Lord,* said Sir John. *That I can do,* answered the Duke, *when I am ruined.*

31. At another Time, a Person who had been a Dependant on his Grace, begg'd his Interest for him at Court; and to press the Thing more Home upon the Duke, said, *He had no body to depend upon but God and his Grace.* Then, says the Duke, *you are in a miserable Way, for you could not have pitch'd upon any two who have less Interest at Court.*

32. Two Free-thinking Authors, said a certain Book-seller, when I was a little low in the World, assured me, if I would print their Works, they would *set me up,* and indeed they were as good as their Word, for in six Weeks after I published the first Thing they sent me, I was set up indeed — *but it was in the Pillory.*

33. A Lady being asked how she liked a Gentleman's Singing, who had a very *stinking Breath*: *The Words are good,* said she, *but the Air is intolerable.*

34. The late Mrs. Oldfield being ask'd if she thought Sir W. Y. and Mrs. H——n, who had both stinking Breaths,



## JOE MILLER'S JESTS.

Breaths, were married : *I don't know*, said she, *whether they are married, but I am sure there is a Wedding between them.*

35. A Gentleman saying something of an ugly Wench, with a red Face, another said her Face always put him in Mind of *Mary-bone Park*; being desired to explain himself, he said, *It was vastly rude, and had not one Bit of Pale about it.*

36. A pragmatICAL young Fellow sitting at Table over-against the learned *John Scot*, ask'd him, What Difference there was between *Scot* and *Sot*? *Just the Breadth of the Table*, answered the other.

37. Sir *Thomas Moor*, for a long Time having only Daughters, his Wife prayed earnestly that they might have a Boy; at last they had a Boy, who, when he came to Man's Estate, proved but simple; *Thou prayedst so long for a Boy*, said Sir *Thomas* to his Wife, *that at last thou hast got one who will be a Boy as long as he lives.*

38. The same Gentleman, when Lord Chancellor, being pressed by the Council of the Party, for a longer Day to perform a Decree, said, *Take St. Barnaby's Day, the longest in the Year*; which happened to be the next Week.

39. This famous Chancellor, who preserved his Humour and Wit to the last Moment, when he came to be executed on *Tower-hill*, the Headsman demanding his Upper-Garment as his Fee; *Ay, Friend*, said he, taking off his Cap, *that I think is my Upper-Garment.*

40. The great *Algernon Sidney* seem'd to shew as little Regard at his Death; he had, indeed, got some Friends to intercede with the King for a Pardon; but when it was told him, that his Majesty could not be prevail'd upon to give him his Life, but that in Regard to his ancient and noble Family, he would remit Part of his Sentence, and only have his Head cut off; *Nay*, said he, *if his Majesty is resolved to have my Head, he may make a Whistle of my A—— if he pleases.*

41. Lady C——g, and her two Daughters, having taken Lodgings at a Leather Breeches-Maker's in *Piccadilly*, the Sign of the Cock and Leather Breeches, was always put to the Blush when she was obliged to go any

## 6 JOE MILLER'S JESTS.

body Directions to her Lodgings, the Sign being so odd; upon which my Lady, a very good Sort of a Woman, sending for her Landlord, a jolly young Fellow, told him, She lik'd him and his Lodgings very well, but must be forced to quit them on Account of his Sign, for she was ashamed to tell any body what it was. O dear Madam! said the young Fellow, I would do any Thing rather than lose so good Lodgers, I can easily alter my Sign: So I think, reply'd my Lady, and I'll tell you how you may satisfy both me and my Daughters, *Only take down your Breeches, and let your Cock stand.*

42. When *Rabelais*, the greatest Drole in *France*, lay on his Death-Bed, he could not help jesting at the very last Moment; for having received the extreme Unction, a Friend coming to see him, said, He hoped he was prepared for the next World: *Yes, yes*, replied *Rabelais*, *I am ready for my Journey now*, they have just greased my Boots.

43. *Henry* the IVth of *France*, reading an ostentatious Inscription on the Monument of a *Spanish* Officer, *Here lies the Body of Don, &c. &c. who never knew what Fear was.* Then, said the King, he never snuffed a Candle with his Fingers.

44. A certain Member of the *French* Academy, who was no great Friend to the Abbot *Furetiere*, one Day took the Seat that was commonly used by the Abbot, and soon after having Occasion to speak, and *Furetiere* being by that Time come in: Here is a Place, said he, Gentlemen, from whence I am likely to utter a thousand Impertinencies. *Goon*, answer'd *Furetiere*, *there's one already.*

45. When Sir *Richard Steele* was fitting up his Great Room, in *York Buildings*, for public Orations, that very Room which was lately so worthily occupied by the learned and eximious Mr. Professor *Lacy*, he happened at a Time to be pretty much behind-hand with his Workmen, and coming one Day among them to see how they went forward, he ordered one of them to get into the *Rostrum*, and make a Speech, that he might observe how it could be heard; the Fellow mounting, and scratching his Pate, told him, He knew not what to say, for in Truth he was no Orator. Oh! said the Knight,

## JOE MILLER'S JESTS. 9

no Matter for that, speak any Thing that comes uppermost. *Why here, Sir Richard, says the Fellow, we have been working for you these six Weeks, and cannot get one Penny of Money. Pray, Sir, when do you design to pay us?* Very well, very well, said Sir Richard, pray come down, I have heard enough, I cannot but own you speak very distinctly, though I don't admire your Subject.

46. A Country Clergyman meeting a Neighbour who never came to Church, altho' an old Fellow of above Sixty, he gave him some Reproof on that Account, and asked him if he never read at home? No, replied the Clown, I can't read: I dare say, said the Parson, you don't know who made you? Not I, in Troth cry'd the Countryman. A little Boy coming by at the same Time, Who made you, Child? said the Parson. God, Sir, answer'd the Boy. Why look you there, quoth the honest Clergyman, are not you asham'd to hear a Child of five or six Years old tell me who made him, when you that are so old a Man cannot? *Ab!* said the Countryman, *it is no Wonder that he should remember; he was made but t'other Day, it is a great while Measter sin I was made.*

47. A certain Reverend Drone in the Country was complaining to another, That it was a great Fatigue to preach twice a Day. *Oh!* said the other, *I preach twice every Sunday, and make nothing of it.*

48. One of the aforesaid Levites, as was his Custom, preaching most exceedingly dull to a Congregation not used to him, many of them slunk out of the Church one after another, before the Sermon was near ended. *Truly,* said a Gentleman present, *this learned Doctor has made a very moving Discourse.*

49. The late Duke of *Wharton* going thro' *Holbourn* in a Hackney Coach with *Phil. F——*, saw a Fellow drumming before the Door of a Puppet-Shew, Now this is a pretty Employment, *Phil.* said the Duke; if you were reduc'd so low, that you were obliged to be either a Highwayman or Drummer to a Puppet-Shew, which would you choose? Faith, my Lord, answer'd *Phil.* I would be the Highwayman rather than the other. *Ay,*  
reply'd



## TO JOE MILLER'S JESTS.

reply'd the Duke, *that confirms the Opinion I always had of you, that you have more Pride than Honesty.*

50. A certain Senator, who is not, it may be, esteem'd the wisest Man in the House, has a frequent Custom of shaking his Head, when another speaks, which giving Offence to a particular Person he complain'd of the Indignity shewn to him; but one who had been acquainted with the first Gentleman from a Child, as he told the House, assur'd them, That it was only an ill Habit that he had got, *for tho' he would often shake his Head, there was Nothing in it.*

51. A French Marquis being one Day at Dinner at Roger Williams's, the famous Punster and Publican, was boasting of the happy Genius of his Nation, in projecting all the fine Modes and Fashions, particularly the Ruffle, which he said, *Was de fine Ornament to the Hand, and had been follow'd by all de oder Nations.* Roger allowed what he said, but observed at the same Time, *That the English, according to Custom, had made a great Improvement upon their Invention, by adding the Shirt to it.*

52. A young Gentleman playing at Questions and Commands with some very pretty young Ladies, was commanded to take off a Garter from one of them; but she, as soon as he had laid hold of her Petticoats ran away into the next Room, where was a Bed: New, Madam, said he, tripping up her Heels, *I bar squeaking. Bar the Door, you Fool,* cry'd she.

53. A very modest young Gentleman of the County of Tipperary, having attempted many Ways, in vain, to acquire the Affections of a Lady of great Fortune, at last was resolv'd to try what could be done by the Help of Music, and therefore entertain'd her with a Serenade under her Window at Midnight, but she order'd her Servants to drive him thence by throwing Stones at him: *Oh! my Friend,* said one of his Companions, *your Music is as powerful as that of Orpheus, for it draws the very Stones about you.*

54. Some unlucky Boys, the Scholars of Dr. Busby, at Westminster, besmeared the Stairs leading to the School with something that shall be nameless; the Doctor, as it

## JOE MILLER'S JESTS. 11

it was designed, befoul'd his Fingers very much in it, which so enrag'd him, that he cry'd out, He would give any Boy Half a Crown that would discover who had a Hand in it; upon which, an arch Boy immediately told him, for that Reward he would let him know who had a Hand in it: Well, said the Doctor, I will certainly give you the Half Crown if you tell me Truth. *Why then,* answer'd the Boy, *you had a Hand in it, or it would not have been so best—t.*

55. A very harmless *Irishman*, eating an Apple-Pye with some Quinces in it; *Arrab now, dear Honey,* said he, *if a few of these Quinces give such a Flavour, how would an Apple-Pye taste that was made of all Quinces?*

56. An *English Gentleman* ask'd *Sir Richard Steele*, who was an *Irishman*, What was the Reason that his Countrymen were so remarkable for blundering and making Bulls? *Faith,* said the Knight, *I believe there is something in the Air of Ireland, and I dare say if an Englishman was born there, he would do the same.*

57. A Gentleman, who was a staunch *Whig*, disputing with a *Jacobite*, said, He had two good Reasons for being against the Interest of the Pretender: What are those? said the other. The first, reply'd he, is, that he is an *Impostor* and not really King *James's Son*: Why that, said the *Tory*, would be a good Reason if it could be proved; And, pray, Sir, what is your other? *Why,* said the *Whig*, *that he is King James's Son.*

58. A certain Nobleman, a Courtier, in the Beginning of the late Reign, coming out of the House of Lords, accosted the Duke of *Buckingham*, with, How does your Pot boil, my Lord, these troublesome Times? To which his Grace reply'd, *I never go into my Kitchen, but I dare say the Scum is uppermost.*

59. A Gentleman having lent a Guinea for two or three Days to a Person whose Promises he had not much Faith in, was very much surpriz'd to find, that he very punctually kept his Word with him; the same Gentleman being some Time after desirous of borrowing a larger Sum: No, said the other, *you have deceiv'd me once, and I am resolv'd you shall not do it a second Time.*

60. My

## 12 JOE MILLER'S JESTS.

60. My Lord Chief Justice *Holt* had sent, by his Warrant, one of the *French Prophets*, a foolish Sect, that started up in his Time, to Prison; upon which, Mr. *Lacy*, one of their Followers, came one Day to my Lord's House, and desir'd to speak with him; the Servants told him, their Lord was not well, and saw no Company that Day: But tell him, said *Lacy*, I must see him, for I come to him from the *Lord God*; which being told the Chief Justice, he order'd him to come in, and ask'd him his Business; I come, said he, from the *Lord*, who hath sent me to thee, and would have thee grant a *Noli Prosequi* for *John Atkins*, who is his Servant, and whom thou hast cast into Prison. *Thou art a false Prophet*, answer'd my Lord, *and a lying Knaave*; for if the Lord had sent thee, it would have been to the Attorney-General, for he knows it is not in my Power to grant a *Noli Prosequi*.

61. A Country Parson having divided his Text under two and twenty Heads; one of the Congregation was getting out of the Church in a great Hurry; but a Neighbour pulling him by the Sleeve, ask'd whither he was going? *Home for my Night Cap*, answer'd the first, *for I find we are to stay here all Night*.

62. Old *Dennis*, who had been the Author of many Plays, going by a *Brandy-Shop* in *St. Paul's Church-Yard*; the Man who kept it came out to him, and desir'd the Favour of him to drink a Dram; For what Reason? said he. Because you are a *Dramatick Poet*, answer'd the other. Well, thou art an out-of-the-way Fellow, said the old Gentleman, and I will drink a Dram with thee: But when he had so done the Man asked him to pay for it: 'Sdeath, Sir, said the Bard, did not you ask me to drink a Dram, because I was a *Dramatick Poet*? Yes, Sir, reply'd the Fellow, *but I did not think you had been a Dram o'Tick Poet*.

63. *Daniel Purcel*, the famous Punster, and a Friend of his meeting, and having a Desire to drink a Glas of Wine together, upon the 30th of *January*, King *Charles's* Martyrdom; they went to the *Salutation Tavern* upon *Holbourn Hill*, and finding the Door shut, they knock'd at it, but it was not opened to them, only one of the  
Drawers



## JOE MILLER'S JESTS. 13

Drawers look'd through a little Wicket, and ask'd, What they would please to have? Why open your Door, said *Daniel*, and draw us a Pint of Wine: The Drawer said, his Master would not allow of it that Day, for it was a Fast. *D——mn your Master*, replied he, *for a precise Coxcomb, is he not contented to fast himself, but he must make his Doors fast too.*

64. The same Gentleman calling for some Pipes in a Tavern complained they were too *short*: The Drawer said, They had no other, and those were *but just come in*. *Ay*, said *Daniel*, *I see your Master has not bought them very long.*

65. The same Gentleman, as he had the Character of a great Punster, was desir'd one Night in Company by a Gentleman, to make a *Pun extempore*. Upon what Subject? said *Daniel*: The *King*, answer'd the other. *Oh! Sir*, said he, *the King is no Subject.*

66. An *Irish* Lawyer of the *Temple*, having Occasion to go to Dinner, left these Directions in his Key-hole. *Gone to the Elephant and Castle, where you shall find me; and if you can't read this, carry it to the Stationer's, and he shall read it for you.*

67. The same Gentleman had a Client of his own Country, who was a Sailor, and having been at Sea for some Time, his Wife was married again in his Absence, so he was resolved to prosecute her, and coming to advise with the Counsellor, he told him, he must have Witnesses to prove that he was alive when his Wife marry'd again: Arrah, by my Shoul, but that shall be impossible, said the other, for my Ship-Mates are all gone to Sea again upon a long Voyage, and shan't return this Twelvemonth. *Oh! then*, answer'd the Counsellor, *there can be nothing done in it, and what a Pity it is that such a brave Cause should be lost now, only because you can't prove yourself to be alive.*

68. Poor *Joe Miller* happening one Day to be caught by some of his Friends, in a very familiar Posture with a Cook Wench, who was exceeding ugly, was pretty much rallied by them for the Oddness of his Fancy. *Why look ye, Gentlemen*, said he, *altho' I am not a very young Fellow, I have a good Constitution, and am not, I*  
*thank*

## 14 JOE MILLER'S JESTS.

*I thank Heaven, reduced yet either to Beauty or Brandy to whet my Appetite.*

69. Mr. Congreve going up the Water, in a Boat, one of the Waterman told him, as they passed by *Peterborough House*, at *Mill-Bank*, that that House had *sunk a Story*. No, Friend, says he, *I rather believe it is a Story rais'd.*

70. The aforefaid House, which is the very last in *London* one Way, being rebuilt, a Gentleman ask'd another, who liv'd in it? His Friend told him, *Sir Robert Grosvenor*. *I do not know*, said the first, *what Estate Sir Robert has*, but he ought to have a very good one, for no body lives beyond him in the whole Town.

71. Two Gentlemen disputing about Religion in *Button's Coffee-house*, said one of them, *I wonder, Sir, you should talk of Religion*, when I'll hold you five Guineas you can't say the *Lord's Prayer*; Done, said the other, and *Sir Richard Steele* here shall hold Stakes. The Money being déposité, the Gentleman began with, *I believe in God*, and so went cleverly thro' the *Creed*; Well, said the other, *I own I have lost, I did not think he could have done it.*

72. Sir B——ch——r W——y, in the Beginning of *Queen Anne's* Reign, and three or four more drunken Tories, reeling Home from the *Fountain Tavern* in the Strand, on a Sunday Morning, cried out, *We are the Pillars of the Church*. No, by G——d, said a Whig, that happened to be in their Company, *you can be but the Buttresses, for you never come on the Inside of it.*

73. Swan, the famous Punster of Cambridge, being a Nonjuror, upon which Account he had lost his Fellowship, as he was going along the Strand, in the Beginning of *King William's* Reign, on a very rainy Day, a Hackney Coachman call'd to him, *Sir, won't you please to take Coach, it rains hard?* Ay, Friend, said he, *but this is no Reign for me to take Coach in.*

74. When Oliver first coin'd his Money, an old Cavalier looking upon one of the new Pieces, read this Inscription on one Side, *God with us*: On the other, *The Commonwealth of England*. *I see*, said he, *God and the Commonwealth are on different Sides.*

## JOE MILLER'S JESTS. 15

75. Colonel Bond, who had been one of King Charles the First's Judges, died a Day or two before Oliver, and it was strongly reported every where that Cromwell was dead: No, said a Gentleman who knew better, *he has only given Bond to the Devil for his farther Appearance.*

76. A Welchman bragging of his Family, said, His Father's Effigies was set up in Westminster-Abbey; being asked whereabouts, he said, *In the same Monument with Squire Thynne's, for he was his Coachman.*

77. A Person was saying, not at all to the Purpose, That really Sampson was a very strong Man: Ay, said another, *but you are much stronger, for you make nothing of lugging him in by the Head and Shoulders.*

78. My Lord Stangford, who stammer'd very much, was telling a certain Bishop that sat at his Table, that Balaam's Ass spoke because he was Pri——est——. Priest-rid, Sir, said a Valet-de-Chambre, who stood behind his Chair, my Lord would say. No, Friend, replied the Bishop, *Balaam could not speak himself, and so his Ass spoke for him.*

79. The same noble Lord ask'd a Clergyman once, at the Bottom of his Table, Why the Goose, if there was one, was always plac'd next to the Parson? Really, said he, *I can give no Reason for it; but your Question is so odd, that I shall never see a Goose for the future without thinking of your Lordship.*

80. Lady N——t, who had but a very homely Face, but was extremely well shap'd, and always neat about the Legs and Feet, was tripping one Morning over the Park in a Mask; and a Gentleman follow'd her for a long Time making strong Love to her: He called her his Life, his Soul, his Angel, and begg'd with abundance of Earnestness to have one Glimpse of her Face; at last, when she came on the other Side of the Bird-Cage Walk, to the House she was going into, she turn'd about, and pulling off her Mask; Well, Sir, said she, what is it you would have with me? The Man, at first Sight of her Face, drew back, and lifting up his Hands, *Oh! nothing, Madam; nothing,* cried he: *I cannot say,* said my Lady, *but I like your Sincerity, tho' I hate your Manners.*



## 16 JOE MILLER'S JESTS.

81. An arch Wag of St. John's College, Cambridge, ask'd another of the same College, who was a great *Slown*, Why he would not read a certain Author call'd *Go Glenius*? \*

82. Colonel —, who made the fine Fireworks in St. James's-Square, upon the Peace of *Ryswick*, being in Company with some Ladies, was highly commending the Epitaph just then set up in the Abbey on Mr. *Purcell's* Monument,

*He is gone to that Place where only his own Harmony can be exceeded.*

Lord, Colonel, said one of the Ladies, the same Epitaph might serve for you, by altering one Word only :

*He is gone to that Place, where only his own Fireworks can be exceeded.*

83. After the Fire of London, there was an Act of Parliament to regulate the Buildings of the City, every House was to be *three Stories* high, and there were to be no *Balconies* backwards : A *Gloucestershire* Gentleman, a Man of great Wit and Humour, just after this Act pass'd, going along the Street, and seeing a little crooked Gentlewoman on the other Side of the Way, he runs over to her in great Haste, Lord, Madam, said he, how dare you walk thus publickly in the Streets? Walk publickly in the Streets! and why not, pray Sir, answer'd the little Woman? *Because*, said he, *you are built directly contrary to Act of Parliament, you are but two Stories high, and your Balcony hangs over your House-of-Office.*

84. One Mr. *Topham* was so very tall, that if he was now living, when People are so fond of Shews, he might have made a very good one; this Gentleman  
going

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\* *A famous Grammarian.*

## JOE MILLER'S JESTS. 817

going one Day to enquire for a Countryman a little Way out of town, when he came to the House, he look'd in at a little Window over the Door, and ask'd the Woman, who sat by the Fire, If her Husband was at Home? *No, Sir, said she, but if you please to alight and come in, I'll go and call him.*

85. The same Gentleman walking a-cross *Corvent-Garden*, was ask'd by a Beggar-Woman for a Half-penny or Farthing; but finding he would not part with his Money, she begg'd, for Christ's Sake, he would give her one of his old Shoes. He was very desirous to know what she could do with one Shoe; *To make my Child a Cradle, Sir, said she.*

86. King *Charles II.* having ordered a new Suit of Cloaths to be made, just at a time when Addresses were coming up to him from all Parts of the Kingdom, *Tom Killegrew* went to the Taylor, and ordered him to make a very large Pocket on one Side of the Coat, and one so small on the other, that the King could hardly get his Hand into it; which seeming very odd, when they were brought Home the King ask'd the Meaning of it; the Taylor said, *Mr. Killegrew* ordered it so; *Killegrew* being sent for, and interrogated, said, *One Pocket was for the Addresses of his Majesty's Subjects, the other for the Money they would give him.*

87. My Lord *B——e*, in Queen *Anne's* Reign, had married three Wives, who were all his Servants; a Beggar Woman meeting him one Day in the Street, made him a very low Curtesy, *Ah, God Almighty blefs your Lordship, said she, and send you a long Life; if you do but live long enough we shall be all Ladies in Time.*

88. *Tom B——rn——t* happening to be at Dinner at my Lord Mayor's, in the latter Part of Queen *Anne's* Reign, after two or three Healths, the Ministry was toasted; but when it came to *Tom's* Turn to drink, he diverted it for some Time, by telling a Story to the Person who sat next him: The Chief Magistrate of the City not seeing his Toast go round, called out, Gentlemen, *where sticks the Ministry?* *At nothing, by G——d, says Tom, and so drank off his Glass.*

## 18 JOE MILLER'S JESTS.

89. My Lord *Craven*, in King *James* the First's Reign, was very desirous to see *Ben Johnson*, which being told to *Ben*, he went to my Lord's House, but being in a very tatter'd Condition, as Poets sometimes are, the Porter refused him Admittance, with some saucy Language, which the other did not fail to return: My Lord happening to come out while they were wrangling, ask'd the Occasion of it? *Ben*, who stood in Need of No-body to speak for him, said, He understood his Lordship desired to see him. You, Friend, said my Lord, who are you? *Ben Johnson*, replied the other: No, no, quoth my Lord, you cannot be *Ben Johnson*, who wrote the *Silent Woman*; you look as if you could not say *Bo* to a Goose: *Bo*, cry'd *Ben*: Very well, said my Lord, who was better pleased at the Joke than offended at the Affront, I am now convinced, by your Wit, you are *Ben Johnson*.

90. A certain Fop was boasting in Company, that he had every *Sense* in Perfection; No, by G——d, said one who was by, *there is one you are entirely without, and that is Common Sense*.

91. Dr. *Tadloe*, who was a Man of an enormous Size, happening to go *Thump, Thump*, with his great Legs, thro' a Street in *Oxford*, where the Pavours were at Work, in the Middle of *July*, the Fellows immediately laid down their Rammers, *Ab! God bless you, Master*, cries one of them, *it was very kind of you to come this Way, it saves us a great deal of Trouble this hot Weather*.

92. G——s E——l, who, tho' he is very rich, is remarkable for his sordid Covetousness, told *Cibber* one Night, in the *Green-Room*, that he was going out of Town, and was sorry to part with him, for Faith he loved him. *Ab! said Colley, I wish I was a Shilling for your Sake*: Why so, said the other? *Because then, cry'd the Laureat, I should be sure you loved me*.

93. Lord C——by, coming out of the House of Lords one Day, call'd out, where's my *Fellow*? Not in England, by G——d, said a Gentleman who stood by.

94. Mr.



## JOE MILLER'S JESTS. 19

94. Mr. Serjeant G——d——r, being lame of one Leg, and pleading before Judge For——e, who has little or no Nose, the Judge told him, He was afraid he had but a lame Cause of it: *Oh! my Lord,* said the Serjeant, *have but a little Patience, and I'll warrant I prove every Thing as plain as the Nose on your Face.*

95. A Gentleman eating some Mutton that was very tough, said, It put him in Mind of an old *English* Poet: Being ask'd who that was, *Chau——cer*, replied he.

96. A certain *Roman Catholic* Lord, having renounc'd the *Popish* Religion, was ask'd, not long after, by a Protestant Peer, Whether the Ministers of State or the Ministers of the Gospel had the greatest Share in his Conversion? To whom he replied, *That when he renounc'd Popery, he had also renounced auricular Confession.*

97. *Michael Angelo*, in his Picture of the last Judgment, in the Pope's Chapel, painted, among the Figures in Hell, that of a certain Cardinal, who was his Enemy, so like, that every Body knew it at first Sight: Whereupon the Cardinal, complaining to Pope Clement the Seventh, of the Affront, and desiring it might be defaced; *You know very well,* said the Pope, *I have Power to deliver a Soul out of Purgatory, but not out of Hell.*

98. A Gentleman being at Dinner at a Friend's House, the first Thing that came upon the Table was a Dish of Whittings, and one being put upon his Plate, he found it stink so much, that he could not eat a Bit of it, but he laid his Mouth down to the Fish, as if he was whispering with it, and then took up the Plate, and put it to his own Ear; the Gentleman at whose Table he was, enquiring into the Meaning, he told him, That he had a Brother lost at Sea about a *Fortnight* ago, and he was asking that Fish if he knew any Thing of him: And what Answer made he, said the Gentleman? *He told me,* reply'd the other, *that he could give no Account of him, for he had not been at Sea these three Weeks.*

I would not have any of my Readers apply this Story as an unfortunate Gentleman did once, who the next

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Day after he had first heard it, was whispering a stinking *Rump of Beef*, at a Friend's House.

99. A certain Author was telling *George Sewel*, that a Passage he found Fault with in his Poem might be justified, and that he thought it a *Metaphor*: *It is such a one then*, said the Doctor, *as truly I never Met-a-fore*.

100. Two *Oxford* Scholars, meeting on the Road with a *Yorkshire* Ostler, they fell to bantering him, and told the Fellow, That they would prove him to be a *Horse*, or an *Afs*. Well, said the Ostler, and I can prove your Saddle to be a *Mule*. A *Mule*! cry'd one of them, how can that be? *Because*, said the Ostler, *it is something between a Horse and an Afs*.

101. An *English* Gentleman happening to be in *Brecknockshire*, used sometimes to divert himself with Shooting, but being suspected not to be qualified by one of the little *Welch* Justices, his Worship told him, That unless he could produce his Qualification he should not allow him to shoot there, and he had *two little Manors*. Yes, Sir said the *Englishman*, any body may perceive that. Perceive what? cry'd the *Welchman*. *That you have too little Manners*, said the other.

102. The Chaplain's Boy of a Man of War, being sent out of his own Ship of an Errand to another; the two Boys were conferring Notes about their Manner of Living; How often, said one, do you go to Prayers now? Why, answered the other, in Case of a *Storm*, or the Apprehension of any Danger from the Enemy. Ay, said the first, there's some Sense in that, but my Master makes us go to Prayers when there is no more Occasion for it, than for my leaping over-board.

103. Not much unlike this Story is one a Midshipman told one Night, in Company with my dear Friend *Joe Miller* and myself; who said, That being once in great Danger at Sea, every body was observed to be upon their Knees but one Man, who being called upon to come with the rest to Prayers: *Not I*, said he, *it is your Business to take Care of the Ship, I'm but a Passenger*.

104. Three or four roguish Scholars walking out one Day from the University of *Oxford*, espy'd a poor Fellow near *Abingdon*, asleep in a Ditch, with an *Afs* by him, laden

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loaden with Earthen-Ware, holding the Bridle in his Hand; says one of the Scholars to the rest, If you'll assist me, I'll help you to a little Money, for you know we are bare at present: No doubt of it they were not long consenting; Why then, said he, we'll go and sell this old Fellow's Afs at *Abingdon*, for you know the Fair is To-morrow, and we shall meet with Chapmen enough; therefore, do you take the Panniers off, and put them upon my Back, and that Bridle over my Head, and then lead the Afs to Market, and let me alone with the old Man. This being done accordingly, in a little Time after the poor Man waking, was strangely surprized to see his Afs thus metamorphosed: Oh! for God's Sake, said the Scholar, take this Bridle out of my Mouth, and this Load from my Back. Zoons, how came you here, replied the old Man? Why, said he, my Father, who is a Necromancer, upon an idle Thing I did to disoblige him, transformed me into an Afs, but now his Heart has relented, and I am come to my own Shape again, I beg you will let me go Home and thank him: By all Means, said the Crockery Merchant, I don't desire to have any Thing to do with Conjurat[i]on; and so set the Scholar at Liberty, who went directly to his Comrades, that by this Time were making merry with the Money they had sold the Afs for: But the old Fellow was forced to go the next Day to seek for a new one in the Fair, and after having look'd on several, his own was shewn him for a very good one: *Oh, ho!* said he, *what has he and his Father quarrelled again?* No, no, *I'll have nothing to say to him.*

105. A certain Lady at *Whitehall*, of great Quality, but very little Modesty, having sent for a Linnen-Dra-per to bring her some *Hollands*; as soon as the young Fellow entered the Room, *Oh, Sir*, said she, *I find you're a Man fit for Business, for you no sooner look a Lady in the Face, but you've your Yard in one Hand, and are lifting up the Linnen with the other.*

106. A Country Farmer going cross his Grounds in the Dusk of the Evening, espy'd a young Fellow and a Lass very busy near a Five-Bar Gate, in one of his Fields, and calling to them to know what they were



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about, said the young Man, *No Harm, Farmer, we are only going to prop-a-gate.*

107. King *Charles II.* being prevailed upon, by one of his Courtiers to knight a very worthless Fellow, of a mean Aspect; when he was going to lay the Sword upon his Shoulder, the new Knight drew a little back, and hung down his Head, as out of Countenance: *Don't be ashamed,* said the King, *'tis I have most Reason to be ashamed.*

108. King *Henry VIII.* designing to send a Nobleman on an Embassy to *Francis I.* at a very dangerous Juncture, he begg'd to be excus'd, saying, such a threatening Message to so hot a Prince as *Francis I.* might go near to cost him his Life. Fear not, said old *Harry*, if the *French King* should offer to take away your Life, I would revenge you by taking off the Heads of many *Frenchmen* now in my Power: *But of all these Heads,* replied the Nobleman, *there may not be one to fit my Shoulders.*

109. A Prince laughing at one of his Courtiers, whom he had employ'd in several Embassies, told him, He look'd like an Owl. *I know not,* answered the Courtier, *what I look like, but this I know, that I have had the Honour several Times to represent your Majesty's Person.*

110. A Country Fellow, who was just come to *London*, gaping about in every Shop he came to, at last look'd into a Scrivener's, where seeing only one Man sitting at a Desk, he could not imagine what Commodity was sold there; but calling to the Clerk, Pray, Sir, said he, what do you sell here? *Loggerheads,* cry'd the other. *Do you,* answer'd the Countryman, *Egad then you've special Trade, for I see you have but one left.*

111. *Manners*, who was himself but lately made Earl of *Rutland*, told Sir *Thomas Moore*, he was too much elated by his Preferment, that he verifi'd the old Proverb,

*Honores mutant Mores.*

No, my Lord, said Sir Thomas, the Pun will do much better in *Engliſh*,

*Honours change* MANNERS.

112. A Nobleman having choſen a very illiterate Perſon for his Library Keeper, one ſaid, *It was like a Seraglio kept by an Eunuch.*

113. When Sir Cloudeſly Shovel ſet out on his laſt Expedition, there was a Form of Prayer compoſed by the Archbiſhop of Canterbury, for the Succeſs of the Fleet, in which his Grace made Uſe of this unlucky Expreſſion, *That he begg'd God would be a Rock of Defence to the Fleet*; which occaſion'd the following Lines to be made upon the Monument ſet up for him in *Weſtminſter Abbey*, he being caſt away in that Expedition, on the Rocks called the *Biſhops and his Clerks*.

*As Lambeth pray'd, ſuch was the dire Event,  
Elſe had we wanted now this Monument;  
That God unto our Fleet would be a Rock,  
Nor did kind Heav'n the wiſe Petition mock;  
To what the Metropolitan ſaid then,  
The Biſhops and his Clerks reply'd, Amen.*

114. A poor dirty Shoe Boy going into a Church, one Sunday Evening, and ſeeing the Pariſh Boys ſtanding in a Row upon a Bench to be catechized, he gets up himſelf, and ſtands in the very firſt Place; ſo the Parſon of courſe beginning with him, aſked him, *What is your Name?* Rugged and Tough, answer'd he; *Who gave you that Name?* ſays Domine: Why the Boys in our Alley, reply'd poor Rugged and Tough, the Lord d—mn 'em.

115. A Mayor of Yarmouth, in ancient Times, being by his Office a Juſtice of the Peace, and one who was willing to diſpenſe the Laws wiſely, tho' he could hardly read, got him the Statute Book, where finding a Law againſt *ſtring a Beacon*, or cauſing a Beacon to be fired, after Nine of the Clock at Night; the poor Man

read it *frying of Bacon*, or *causing any Bacon to be fry'd*: and accordingly went out the next Night upon the *Scent*, and being directed by his *Nose* to the Carrier's House, he found the Man and his Wife both *frying Bacon*, the Husband holding the Pan while the Wife turned it: Being thus caught in the Fact, and having nothing to say for themselves, his Worship committed them both to Jail, without Bail or Mainprize.

116. The late facetious Mr. *Spiller*, being at the Rehearsal, on a *Saturday* Morning, the Time when the Actors are usually paid; was asking another, Whether Mr. *Wood*, the Treasurer of the House, had any Thing to say to them that Morning? No, Faith, *Jemy*, replied the other, I'm afraid there's no *Cole*, which is a cant Word for Money. *By G——d*, said *Spiller*, if there's no *Cole*, we must burn *Wood*.

117. A witty Knave coming into a Lace Shop upon *Ludgate-Hill*, said, He had Occasion for a small Quantity of very fine Lace, and having pitch'd upon that he liked, ask'd the Woman of the Shop, how much she would have for as much would reach from one of his Ears to the other, and measure which Way she pleased, either over his Head, or under his Chin; after some Words they agreed, and he paid the Money down, and began to measure, saying, *One of my Ears is here, and the other is nailed to the Pillory in Bristol, therefore I fear you have not enough to make good your Bargain; however, I will take this Piece in Part, and desire you will provide the rest with all Expedition.*

118. A prodigal Gallant, whose penurious Mother being lately dead, and had left a plentiful Estate, one Day being on his Frolics, quarrelled with his Coachman, and said, You damn'd Son of a Whore, I'll kick you into Hell. Will you, reply'd the Coachman, then when I come there I'll tell your Mother how extravagantly you are spending your Estate upon Earth.

119. A *Venetian* Ambassador going to the Court of *Rome*, passed thro' *Florence*, where he went to pay his Respects to the late Duke of *Tuscany*. The Duke complaining to him of the Ambassador the State of *Venice* had sent him, as a Man very unworthy of his  
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public Character. *Your Highness*, said he, *must not wonder at it, for we have many idle Pates at Venice. So have we*, reply'd the Duke, *in Florence, but we don't send them to treat of public Affairs.*

120. A Beggar asking Alms under the Name of a poor Scholar; a Gentleman to whom he apply'd himself, ask'd him a Question in *Latin*. The Fellow shaking his Head, said, He did not understand him: Why, said the Gentleman, did not you say you were a poor Scholar? *Yes*, reply'd the other, *a poor one indeed, Sir, for I don't understand one Word of Latin.*

121. A Parson preaching a tiresome Sermon on *Happiness*, or *Bliss*; when he had done, a Gentleman told him, he had forgot one Sort of Happiness: *Happy are they that did not hear your Sermon.*

122. A Lady's Age happening to be question'd, she affirm'd she was but *Forty*, and call'd upon a Gentleman, who was in Company, for his Opinion: Cousin, said she, do you believe I am in the Right, when I say I am but *Forty*? I am sure, Madam, reply'd he, I ought not to dispute it, for I have constantly heard you say so, for above these *Ten Years*.

123. It being prov'd on a Trial at *Guild-Hall*, that a Man's Name was really *Inch*, who pretended it was *Linch*. I see, said the Judge, the old Proverb is verified in this Man, who being allow'd an *Inch* has taken an *L*.

124. A certain Person came to a Cardinal in *Rome*, and told him, That he had brought his Eminence a dainty white *Palfry*, but he fell lame by the Way: Why then, said the Cardinal to him, I'll tell thee what thou shalt do; go to such a Cardinal, and such a one, naming half a Dozen, and tell them the same; and so as thy Horse, if it had been *sound*, could have pleased but *One*, with this *lame Horse* thou shalt please half a Dozen.

125. The Emperor *Augustus* being shewn a young *Grecian*, who very much resembled him, ask'd the young Man if his *Mother* had not been at *Rome*? No, Sir, answered the *Grecian*, but my *Father* has.

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126. *Cato*, the Censor, being ask'd, How it came to pass, that he had no Statue erected for him, who had so well deserved of the Common-Wealth? I had rather, said he, have this Question ask'd, than, *Why I had one?*

127. A Lady coming into a Room hastily, with her *Mantua*, brush'd down a *Cremona* Fiddle, that lay on a Chair, and broke it, upon which, a Gentleman that was present, burst into this Exclamation from *Virgil*.

*Mantua vae miserae nimium Vicina Cremona.*

*Ab! miserable Mantua, too near a Neighbour to Cremona.*

128. A devout Gentleman being very earnest in his Prayers, in the Church, it happen'd that a Pick-pocket being near him, stole away his Watch; who having ended his Prayers, miss'd it, and complained to his Friend, that his *Watch* was lost while he was at Prayers, to which his Friend replied, *Had you watch'd as well as pray'd, your Watch had been secure*; adding these following Lines:

*He that a Watch will wear, this must he do,  
Pocket his Watch, and watch his Pocket too.*

129. *George Cb—n*, who always was accounted a very blunt Speaker, asking a young Lady, one Day, What it was o'Clock? She told him her Watch *stood*: I don't wonder at that, Madam, said he, when it is so near your —.

130. A modest Gentlewoman being compelled by her Mother to accuse her Husband of Insufficiency, and being in the Court, she humbly desir'd of the Judge, that she might write her Mind, and not be oblig'd to speak it, for Modesty's Sake: The Judge gave her that Liberty, and the Clerk was immediately ordered to give her Pen, Ink, and Paper; whereupon she took the Pen without dipping it into the Ink, and made as if she would write. Says the Clerk to her, Madam, there's no Ink in your Pen. *Truly Sir*, says she, *that's just my Case, and therefore I need not explain myself any farther.*

## JOE MILLER'S JESTS. 27

131. A Lieutenant-Colonel to one of the *Irish* Regiments in the *French* Service, being dispatched by the Duke of *Berwick*, from *Fort-Keil*, to the King of *France*, with a Complaint relating to some Irregularities that had happened in the Regiment; his Majesty with some Emotion of Mind, told him, that the *Irish* Troops gave him more Uneasiness than all his Forces besides. Sir, says the Officer, *all your Majesty's Enemies make the same Complaint.*

132. Mr. G——n, the Surgeon, being sent for to a Gentleman who had just received a slight Wound in a Rencounter, gave Orders to his Servant to go home with all Haste imaginable, and fetch a certain Plaister; the Patient turning a little pale, Lord Sir, said he, *I hope there is no Danger? Yes, indeed is there,* answered the Surgeon, *for if the Fellow don't set up a good Pair of Heels, the Wound will heal before he returns.*

133. Not many Years ago, a certain Temporal Peer having, in a most pathetic and elegant Speech, exposed the Vices and Irregularities of the Clergy, and vindicated the Gentlemen of the Army from some Imputations unjustly thrown upon them: A Prelate, irritated at the Nature, as well as at the Length of the Speech, desir'd to know when the noble Lord would leave off Preaching? The other answer'd, The very Day he was made a Bishop,

134. It chanced that a Merchant Ship was so violently tossed in a Storm at Sea, that all despairing of Safety, betook themselves to Prayer, saving one Mariner, who was ever wishing to see two Stars: Oh! said he, that I could see but two Stars, or but one of the Two; and of these Words he made so frequent Repetition, that, disturbing the Meditations of the rest, at length one ask'd him, What two Stars, or what one Star he meant? To whom he reply'd, *Oh! that I could but see the Star in Cheapside, or the Star in Coleman-street, I care not which.*

135. A Country Fellow, subpoena'd for a Witness upon a Trial on an Action for Defamation, he being sworn, the Judge bad him repeat the very same Words he had heard spoken: The Fellow was loth to speak, but humm'd



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humm'd and haw'd for a good Space; but being urg'd by the Judge, he at last spoke; *My Lord*, said he, *you're a Cuckold*: The Judge seeing the People begin to laugh, call'd to him, and bade him speak to the Jury, *there were twelve of them*.

136. A Courtier, who was a Confidant in the Amours of *Henry IV. of France*, obtained a Grant from the King, for the Dispatch whereof he apply'd himself to the Lord High Chancellor; who finding some Obstacle in it, the Courtier still insisted upon it, and would not allow of any Impediment. *Que chacun se mêle de son Metier*, said the Chancellor to him; that is, *Let every one meddle with his own Business*. The Courtier imagining he reflected upon him for his Pimping; *My Employment*, said he, is such, that if the King were twenty Years younger, I would not exchange it for three of yours.

237. A young Fellow in the Country, after having an Affair with a Girl in the Neighbourhood, cried, What shall we do, *Bess*, if you prove with Child? O! very well, said she, for I'm to be married To-morrow.

138. A Gentleman saying one Day at Table, that he could not endure a Breast of Mutton: You said so the other Day, cried another, of a Breast of Veal. Very true, answered the First, I do not love the Breast of any Thing but of a Woman, and that goes against my *Stomach*.

139. A Gentleman in the Country having the Misfortune to have his Wife hang herself on an Apple-Tree, a Neighbour of his came to him, and begged he would give him a Cyon of that Tree that he might graft it upon one in his own Orchard; *For who knows*, said he, *but it may bear the same Fruit*.

140. A Gentlewoman who thought her Servants always cheated her when they went to *Billinggate* to buy Fish, was resolved to go thither one Day herself; and asking the Price of some Fish, which she thought too dear, she bid the Fish-Wife about half what she ask'd. Lord, Madam, said the Woman, I must have stole it to sell it at that Price, but you shall have it, if you will tell me what you do to make your Hands look so white.

Nothing,

Nothing, good Woman, answer'd the Gentlewoman, but wear *Dog Skin Gloves*. *D——mn you for a lying B——ch*, reply'd the other, *my Husband has worn Dog-Skin Breeches these ten Years, and his A——se is as brown as a Nutmeg.*

141. Dr. Heylin, a noted Author, especially for his *Cosmography*, happening one Day to lose his Way going to *Oxford*, in the Forest of *Whichwood*, being then attended by one of his Brother's Men, the Man earnestly intreated him to lead the Way; but the Doctor telling him he did not know it: *How*, said the Fellow, *that's very strange, that you who have made a Book of the whole World, cannot find the Way out of this little Wood.*

142. Monsieur *Vaugelas* having obtain'd a Pension from the *French King*, by the Interest of Cardinal *Rich-lieu*, the Cardinal told him, he hoped he would not forget the Word *Pension* in his Dictionary. No, my Lord, said *Vaugelas*, nor the Word *Gratitude.*

143. A melting Sermon being preached in a Country Church, all fell a weeping but one Man, who being ask'd, Why he did not weep with the rest? *Oh!* said he, *I belong to another Parish.*

144. A Gentlewoman growing big with Child, who had two Gallants, one of them with a wooden Leg, the Question was put, which of the two should Father the Child. He who had a wooden Leg offered to decide it thus: *If the Child*, said he, *comes into the World with a wooden Leg I will Father it, if not, it must be yours.*

145. A Gentleman who had been out a Shooting, brought home a small Bird with him, and having an *Irish* Servant, he ask'd him, If he had shot that little Bird? Yes, he told him. *Arrah!* by my *Shoul*, *Honey*, reply'd the *Irishman*, *it was not worth Powder and Shot, for this little Thing would have died in the Fall.*

146. The same *Irishman* being at a Tavern where the Cook was dressing some Carp, he observed that some of the Fish moved after they were gutted and put in the Pan, which very much surprizing Teague; *Well*, now, *Faith*, said he, *of all the Christian Creatures that*

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*ever I saw, this same Carp will live the longest after it is dead.*

147. A Gentleman happening to turn up against a House to make Water, did not see two young Ladies looking out of a Window close by him; 'till he heard them giggling; then looking towards them, he asked, What made them so merry? O! Lord, Sir, said one of them, *a very little Thing will make us laugh.*

148. A Gentleman hearing a Parson preach upon the Story of the Children being devoured by the two *She Bears* who reviled the old Man, and not much liking his Sermon, some Time after seeing the same Parson come into the Pulpit to preach at another Church, *Oh, oh!* said he, *What are you here with your Bears again?*

149. A young Fellow riding down a steep Hill, and doubting the Foot of it was boggish, call'd out to a Clown that was ditching, and ask'd him if it was hard at the Bottom. Ay, answered the Countryman, it is hard enough at the Bottom, I'll warrant you: But in half a Dozen Steps the Horse sunk up to the Saddle Skirts, which made the young Gallant whip, spur, curse, and swear. Why thou Whoreson Rascal, said he to the Ditcher, didst thou not tell me it was hard at the Bottom? Ay, replied the other, *but you are not half Way to the Bottom yet.*

150. It was said of one that remember'd every Thing that he lent, but nothing that he borrow'd, that *he had lost half his Memory.*

151. One speaking of *Titus Oates*, said, he was a Villain in Grain, and deserv'd to be *well thresh'd.*

152. It was said of *Henry Duke of Guise*, that he was the greatest Usurer in all France, for he had turned all his Estate into *Obligations*; meaning he had sold and mortgaged his Patrimony, to make Presents to other Men.

153. An *Englishman* and a *Welshman* disputing in whose Country was the best Living; said the *Welshman*, There is such noble House-keeping in *Wales*, that I have known above a Dozen Cooks employed at one Wedding Dinner: Ay, answered the *Englishman*, *that was because every Man toasted his own Cheese.*

154. The



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154. The late Sir Godfrey Kneller, had always a great Contempt, I will not pretend to say how justly, for *Jervais*, the Painter; and being one Day about twenty Miles from London, one of his Servants told him at Dinner, That there was Mr. *Jervais* come that Day into the same Town with a Coach and Four. *Ay*, said Sir Godfrey, *if his Horses draw no better than himself, they'll never carry him to Town again.*

155. Some Women speaking of the Pains of Child-birth, For my Part, said one of them, it is less Trouble to me, than to swallow a poach'd Egg: Then, sure, Madam, answered another, your Throat is very narrow.

156. A Gentleman ask'd Nanny Rochford, Why the Whigs in their Mourning for Queen Anne, all wore Silk Stockings? Because, said she, the Tories were worsted.

157. A Counsellor pleading at the Bar with Spectacles on, who was blind with one Eye, said, he would produce nothing but what was *ad Rem*. Then, said one of the adverse Party, You must take out one of the Glasses of your Spectacles, which I am sure is of no Use.

158. The famous Tom Thynne, who was very remarkable for his good House-keeping and Hospitality, standing one Day at his Gate in the Country, a Beggar coming up to him, cry'd, he begg'd his Worship would give him a Mug of his Small Beer. Why, how now, said he, what Times are these, when Beggars must be Gboosers! I say, bring this Fellow a Mug of Strong-Beer.

159. It was said of a Person, who always eat at other Peoples Tables, and was a great Railer, That he never opened his Mouth but to some body's Cost.

160. Pope Sixtus Quintus, who was a poor Man's Son, and his Father's House ill thatch'd, so that the Sun came in at many Places of it, would himself make a Jest of his Birth, and say, *That he was, Nato di Casa illustre, Son of an illustrious House.*

161. Diogenes begging, as was the Custom among many Philosophers, ask'd a prodigal Man for more than any one else: Whereupon one said to him, *I see your Business, that when you find a liberal Mind, you will take the most of him.* No, said Diogenes, but I mean to beg of the rest again.

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162. A Gentleman speaking of his Servant, said, *I believe I command more than any Man, for before my Servant will obey in one thing, I must command him ten Times over.*

163. A poor Fellow that was carrying to Execution, had a Reprieve just as he came to the Gallows, and was carried back by a Sheriff's Officer, who told him, He was a happy Fellow, and ask'd him, if he knew nothing, of the Reprieve before-hand? *No*, replied the Fellow, *not thought any more of it, than I did of my Dying-Day.*

164. A Spanish Lady reading in a French Romance, a long Conversation betwixt two Lovers; *What a deal of Wit*, said she, *is here thrown away, when two Lovers are got together by themselves, and No-body by?*

165. Two very honest Gentlemen, who dealt in Brooms, meeting one Day in the Street, one ask'd the other, How the Devil he could afford to under-sell him every where as he did, when he stole the Stuff, and made the Brooms himself? *Why you silly Dog*, answered the other, *I steal them ready made.*

166. An Irishman admiring the stately Fabric of St. Paul's, ask'd, *Whether it was made in England, or brought from beyond Sea?*

167. Fabricius, the Roman Consul, shew'd a great Nobleness of Mind, when the Physician of King Pyrrhus made him a Proposal to poison his Master, by sending the Physician back to Pyrrhus, with these memorable Words: *Learn, O King, to make a better Choice both of thy Friends, and of thy Foes.*

168. A Lady who had generally a pretty many Intrigues upon her Hands, not liking her Brother's extravagant Passion for Play, ask'd him, When he design'd to leave off Gaming? *When you cease Loving*, said he. *Then*, replied the Lady, *you are like to continue a Gamester as long as you live.*

169. A Soldier was bragging before Julius Caesar of the Wounds he had received in his Face. Caesar knowing him to be a Coward, told him, *He had best take Head the next time he ran away, how he looked back.*

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170. The *Trojan* sending Ambassadors to condole with *Tiberius*, upon the Death of his Father-in-law *Agrippa*, it was so long after, that the Emperor hardly thought it a Compliment; but told them, He was likewise sorry, that they had lost so valiant a Knight as  *Hector*, who was slain above a thousand Years before.

171. *Cato Major* used to say, *That wise Men learn more from Fools, than Fools from wise Men.*

172. A *Braggadocio* chancing, upon an Occasion, to run away full Speed, was asked by one, What was become of that Courage he used so much to talk of. *It is* got, said he, *all into my Heels.*

173. Somebody asking my Lord *Bacon* what he thought of Poets. *Why,* said he, *I think them the very best Writers next to those who write in Prose.*

174. A profligate young Nobleman being in Company with some sober People, desired Leave to toast the Devil. The Gentleman who sat next him said, *He had no Objection to any of his Lordship's Friends.*

175. A *Scotsman* was very angry with an *English Gentleman*, who, he said, had abused him; and called him *false Scot.* Indeed, said the *Englishman*, *I said no such thing; but that you were a true Scot.*

176. *C-----ll*, the Bookfeller, being under Examination at the Bar of the House of Lords, for publishing the Posthumous Works of the late Duke of *Buckingham*, without Leave of the Family, told their Lordships in his Defence, *That if the Duke was living, he was sure he would readily pardon the Offence.*

177. A Gentleman said of a young *Wench*, who constantly plied about the *Temple*, that if she had as much Law in her Head as she had in her Tail, she would be one of the ablest Counsel in *England.*

178. *Mr. E-----ll-----s*, the Painter, having finish'd a very good Picture of *Fig* the Prize-Fighter, who had been famous for getting the better of several *Irishmen* of the same Profession, the Piece was shewn to old *Johnson* the Player, who was told at the same Time, that *Mr. E-----ll-----s* designed to have a *Metzotinto* print taken from it, but wanted a Motto to be put under



der it. Then, said old *Johnson*, I'll give you one: *A Fig for the Irish.*

179. Some Gentlemen going into a Bawdy-House Tavern at *Charing-Cross*, found great Fault with the Wine, and sending for the Master of the House, told him, It was sad Stuff, and very weak. *It may be so*, said he, *for my Trade don't depend upon the Strength of my Wine, but on that of my Tables and Chairs.*

180. A Gentleman, coming to an Inn in *Smithfield*, and seeing the Ostler expert and tractable about the Horses, ask'd, How long he had lived there, and what Countryman he was? *I'm Yorkshire*, said the Fellow, *as he lived Sixteen Years here.* I wonder replied the Gentleman, *that in so long a Time, so clever a Fellow as you seem to be, have not come to be Master of the Inn yourself.* *Oh*, answer'd the Ostler, *but Master's Yerkshire.*

181. The late Colonel *Chartres* reflecting on his ill Life and Character, told a certain Nobleman, That if such a Thing as a good Name was to be purchased, he would freely give 10,000 Pounds for one. The Nobleman said, It would certainly be the worst Money he ever laid out in his Life. Why so, said the honest Colonel? *Because*, answered the Lord, *you would forfeit it again in less than a Week.*

182. A Tiddy, poor, half-pay Captain, who was much given to blabbing every thing he heard, was told, There was but one Secret in the World he could keep, and that was, *where he lodged.*

183. *Jack Moore*—a going one Day into the Apartments at *St. James's*, found a Lady of his Acquaintance sitting in one of the Windows, who very courteously ask'd him to sit down by her, telling him there was a Place. *No, Madam*, said he, *I do not come to Court for a Place.*

If the gentle Reader should have a Desire to repeat this Story, let him not make the same Blunder that a certain *English-Irish*, foolish Lord did, who made the Lady ask *Jack* to sit down by her, telling him there was *Room*.

184. A certain Lady of Quality sending her Jiff Footman to fetch Home a Pair of new Stays, faithfully charged him to take Coach if it rained, for Fear of wetting them: But a great Shower of Rain falling, the Fellow returned with the Stays dropping wet; and being severely reprimanded for not doing as he was ordered, he said, He had obeyed his Orders. How, then, answered the Lady, could the Stays be wet, if you took them into the Coach with you? No, replied honest Teague, *I know my Place better, I did not go into the Coach, but rode behind as I always used to do.*

185. Tom Warner, the late Publisher of News Papers and Pamphlets, being very near his End, a Gentlewoman in the Neighbourhood sending her Maid to enquire how he did, he bid the Girl tell her Mistress, That he hoped he was going to the *New Jerusalem.* Ah, dear Sir, said she, *I dare say the Air of Islington would do you more good.*

186. A Person said, The Scotch were certainly the best trained up for Soldiers of any People in the World, for they began to *handle their Arms* almost as soon as they were born.

187. A Woman once prosecuted a Gentleman for a Rape: Upon the Trial, the Judge asked if she made any Resistance? *I cry'd out, and please you my Lord.* *Why* said one of the Witnesses, *but that was Nine Months after.*

188. A young Lady, who had been married but a short Time, seeing her Husband going to rise pretty early in the Morning, said, What, my Dear, are you getting up already? Pray lie a little longer, and rest yourself. No, my Dear, replied the Husband, *I'll get up and rest myself.*

189. The Deputies of *Rochel* attending to speak with *Henry the Fourth, of France*, met with a Physician who had renounced the Protestant Religion, and embraced the Popish Communion, whom they began to revile most grievously. The King hearing of it, told the Deputies he advised them to change their Religion too; For *it is a dangerous Symptom, says he, that your Religion is not long-lived, when a Physician has given it over.*

190. A *Frenchman* travelling between *Dover* and *London*, came into an Inn to lodge, where the Host perceiving him a close-fisted Cur, having call'd for nothing but a Pint of Beer and a Pennyworth of Bread, to eat with a Sallad he had gather'd by the Way, resolv'd to fit him for it, therefore seemingly paid him an extraordinary Respect, laid him a clean Cloth for Supper, and complimented him with the best Bed in the House. In the Morning he sat a good Sallad before him, with cold Meat, Butter, &c. which provok'd the Monsieur to the Generosity of calling for half a Pint of Wine; then coming to pay, the Host gave him a Bill, which, for the best Bed, Wine, Sallad, and other Appurtenances, he had enhanced to the Value of Twenty Shillings. *Vat you mean*, says the *Frenchman*, *Jornie Twenty Shillings!* *Vat you mean!* But all his spluttering was in vain, for the Host, with a great deal of Tavern-Elocution, made him sensible that nothing could be abated. The Monsieur therefore seeing no Remedy but Patience, seem'd to pay it chearfully. After which, he told the Host, that his House being so extremely troubled with Rats, he could give him a Receipt to drive them away so as they should never return again. The Host being very desirous to be rid of those troublesome Guests, who were every Day doing him one Mischief or other, at length concluded to give Monsieur Twenty Shillings for a Receipt; which done, *By Gar*, says the Monsieur, *you make all de Rats one such Bill as you make me, and if ever dey trouble your House again me will be hang.*

191. A *Westminster* Justice taking Coach in the City, and being set down at *Young Man's* Coffee house, *Charing-Cross*, the Driver demanded Eighteen-pence as his Fare. The Justice ask'd him, if he would swear that the Ground came to the Money. The Man said, He would take his Oath on't. The Justice replied, *Friend, I'm a Magistrate*; and pulling the Book out of his Pocket, administred the Oath, and then gave the Fellow Six-pence, saying, *He must reserve the Shilling to himself for the Affidavit.*

192. A Countryman passing along the *Strand*, saw a Coach overturned, and asking what the Matter was, he

was



was told, That three or four Members of Parliament were overturned in that Coach. Oh, says he, there let them lie, my Father always advised me not to meddle with State Affairs.

193. One saying that Mr. Dennis was an excellent Critic, was answered, That indeed his Writings were much to be valued, for that by his Criticism he taught Men how to write well; and by his Poetry shewed them what it was to write ill; so that the World was sure to edify by him.

194. One going to see a Friend who had lain a considerable Time in the *Marbalssea* Prison in a starving Condition, was persuading him, rather than run the Hazard of lying again in that miserable Way, if he should get discharged, to go to Sea; which not agreeing with his high Spirit, *I thank you for your Advice*, replied the Prisoner, *but, if I do go to Sea, I am resolved it shall be upon good Ground.*

195. The late Earl of S—— kept an *Irish* Footman, who, perhaps, was as expert in making Bulls as the most Learned of his Countrymen. My Lord having sent him one Day with a Present to a certain Judge, the Judge in Return sent my Lord half a Dozen live Partridges with a Letter; the Partridges fluttering in the Basket upon Teague's Back, as he was carrying them Home, he set down the Basket, and opened the Lid of it to quiet them, whereupon they all flew away. Oh! the Devil burn ye, said he, I am glad ye are gone; but when he came Home, and my Lord had read the Letter, Why Teague, said my Lord, *I find there are half a Dozen Partridges in the Letter*: Now, Arrah, dear Honey, said Teague, I am glad you have found them in the Letter, for they are all *lost* out of the Basket.

196. The same Nobleman going out one Day, called Teague to the Side of his Chariot, and bade him tell Mr. *Such-a-one*, if he came, that he should be at Home at Dinner. But when my Lord was got across the Square in which he lived, Teague came puffing after him, and calling to the Coachman to stop; upon which, my Lord, pulling the String, desired to know what Teague wanted; My Lord, said he, you bade me tell Mr. *Such-a-one*,

If he came, that you would dine at Home; *But what stuff I say if he don't come.*

197. A Drunken Fellow carrying his Wife's Bible to pawn for a Quatern of Gin to the Alehouse, the Man of the House refused to take it. *What a Pity*, said the Fellow, *will neither my Word, nor the Word of God pass with you.*

198. A certain Justice of Peace that was not far from Clerkenwell, in the first Year of King George I. when the Fellow whom he hired to officiate as his Clerk, was reading a Mitimus to him, coming to *Anno Domini 1714*. *How now*, said he, with some Warmth, *and why not Georgio Domini, sure you forget yourself strangely.*

199. A little, dastardly, half-witted Squire, being once surprized by his Rival in his Mistress's Chamber, of whom he was sorely afraid, desired, for God's Sake, to be concealed; but there being no Closet or Bed in the Room, nor, indeed, any Place proper to hold him, but an India Chest the Lady put her Cloaths in, they lock'd him in there. His Man being in the same Danger with himself, said, Rather than fail, he could creep under the Maid's Petticoats. *Oh, you silly Dog*, says his Master, *that's the commonest Place in the House.*

200. The Lord N-----th and G-----y being once at an Assembly at the Theatre Royal in the Hay Market, was pleas'd to tell Mr. H-----d-----gg-----r, he would make him a Present of 100*l.* if he would produce an uglier Face in the whole Kingdom than his, the said H-----d-----gg-----r's, within a Year and a Day. Mr. H-----d-----gg-----r went instantly and fetch'd a Looking-Glass, and presenting it to his Lordship, said, *He did not doubt but his Lordship had Honour enough to keep his Promise.*

201. A young Fellow praising his Mistress before a very amorous Acquaintance of his, after having run through most of her Charms, he came at Length to her Majestic Gait, fine Air, and delicate slender Waist: *Hold*, says his Friend, *go no lower if you love me. But, by your Leave*, says the other, *I hope to go lower if she loves me.*



202. The old Lord *Strangford* taking a Bottle with the Parson of the Parish, was commending his own Wine: Here, Doctor, said he, I can send a Couple of Ho-ho-ho-hounds to *Fra-Fra-France* (for his Lordship had a great Impediment in his Speech) and have a Ho-ho-hoghead of Wine for them; what do you say to that Doctor? Why, replied he, I say that your Lordship has your Wine *Dog cheap*.

203. The famous *Jack Ogle*, of facetious Memory, having borrowed on Note the Sum of Five Pounds, and failing in Payment, the Gentleman who had lent the Money, took Occasion indiscreetly to talk of it in the public Coffee-house, which obliged *Jack* to take Notice of it, so that it came to a Challenge. Being got into the Field, the Gentleman, a little tender in Point of Courage, offered him the Note to make the Matter up; to which our Hero readily consented, and had the Note delivered. But now, said the Gentleman, if we should return without fighting, our Companions will laugh at us; therefore let us give one another a slight Scratch, and say we wounded one another. With all my Heart, says *Jack*; Come, I'll wound you first; so drawing his Sword, he whipt it thro' the fleshy Part of his Antagonist's Arm, 'till he brought the very Tears in his Eyes. This being done, and the Wound ty'd up with a Handkerchief: Come, says the Gentleman, now where shall I wound you? *Jack* putting himself in a fighting Posture, cried, *Where you can, by G—d, Sir*: Well, well, says the other, I can swear I received this Wound of you; and so march'd off contentedly.

204. In Eighty Eight, when Queen *Elizabeth* went from *Temple-Bar* along *Fleet-street*, on some Procession, the Lawyers were ranged on one Side of the Way, and the Citizens on the other; says the Lord *Bacon*, then a Student, to a Lawyer that stood next him, *Do but observe the Courtiers; if they bow first to the Citizens, they are in Debt; if to us, they are in Law*.

205. Some Gentlemen having a Hare for Supper at a Tavern, the Cook, instead of a Pudding, had cramm'd the Belly full of *Thyme*, but had not above half roasted the Hare, the Legs being almost raw; which one of



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the Company observing, said, There was too much Thyme, (Time) in the Belly, and too little in the Legs.

206. Two Countrymen who had never seen a Play in their Lives, nor had any Notion of it, went to the Theatre in *Drury-Lane*, when they placed themselves snug in the Corner of the Middle Gallery; the first Music play'd, which they liked well enough; then the Second and Third, to their great Satisfaction: At length the Curtain drew up, and three or four Actors entered to begin the Play; upon which, one of the Countrymen cry'd to the other, *Come, Hodge, let's be going, ma'hap the Gentlemen are talking about Business.*

207. Two inseparable Comrades in the Guards in *Flanders*, had every Thing in common between them. One of them being an extravagant Fellow, and unfit to be trusted with Money, the other was always Purse-bearer, which yet he gained little by, for the former would, at Night, frequently pick his Pocket to the last Stiver; to prevent which, he bethought himself of a Stratagem; and coming among his Companions the next Day, he told them he had bit his Comrade. *Ay, how?* said they; *Why*, replied he, *I hid my Money in his own Pocket last Night, and I was sure he would never look for it there.*

208. The famous Sir George Rooke, when he was a Captain of Marines, was quartered at a Village where he buried a pretty many of his Men; at length the Parson refused to perform the Ceremony of their Interment any more, unless he was paid for it, which being told Captain Rooke, he ordered six Men of his Company to carry the Corpse of the Soldier then dead, and lay him upon the Parson's Hall-Table. This so embarrassed the Priest, that he sent the Captain Word, *If he would fetch the Man away, he'd bury him and all his Company for nothing.*

209. A reverend and charitable Divine, for the Benefit of the Country where he resided, caused a large Causeway to be begun: And as he was one Day overlooking the Work, a certain Nobleman came by; *Well, Doctor*, said he, *for all your great Pains and Charity,*

*I don't take this to be the Highway to Heaven: Very true, my Lord, reply'd the Doctor, for if it had, I should have wonder'd to have met your Lordship here.*

210. Two Jesuits having pack'd together an innumerable Parcel of miraculous Lies, a Person who heard them, without taking upon him to contradict them, told them one of his own: That at St. Alban's there was a Stone Cistern, in which Water was always preserved for the Use of that Saint; and that ever since, if a Swine should eat out of it, he would instantly die. The Jesuits hugging themselves at the Story, set out the next Day to St. Alban's, where they found themselves miserably deceived. On their Return, they upbraided the Person with telling them so monstrous a Story. *Look ye there now, said he, you told me a hundred Lies t'other Night, and I had more Breeding than to contradict you; I told you but one, and you have rid twenty Miles to confute me, which is very uncivil.*

211. A Welchman and an Englishman vapouring one Day at the Fruitfulness of their Countries, the Englishman said, There was a Close near the Town where he was born, which was so very fertile, that if a Kiboo was thrown in over Night, it would be so cover'd with Grass that it would be difficult to find it the next Day. *Splut, says the Welchman, What's that? There's a Close where hur was born, where you may put your Horse in over Night, and not be able to find him next Morning.*

212. A Country Fellow in Charles the II'd's Time, selling his Load of Hay in the Haymarket, two Gentlemen, who came out of the Blue Posts, were talking of Affairs; one said, That Things did not go right, the King had been at the House, and prorogued the Parliament. The Countryman coming Home, was asked, What News in London? *Odd's-heart, said he, there's something to do there; the King has, it seems, berogued the Parliament sadly.*

213. A wild young Gentleman having married a very discreet, virtuous, young Lady, the better to reclaim him, she caused it to be given out, at his Return from his Travels, that she was dead, and had been buried: In the mean Time, she had so placed herself in Disguise,



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as to be able to observe how he took the News; and finding him still the same gay, inconstant Man, he always had been, she appeared to him as the Ghost of herself, at which he seemed not at all dismayed; at length, disclosing herself to him, he then appeared pretty much surprized; a Person by said, *Why, Sir, you seem more afraid now than before.* Ay, replied he, *most Men are more afraid of a living Wife than of a dead one.*

214. An under Officer of the Customs at the Port of Liverpool, running heedlessly along the Ship's Gunnel, happened to tip over Board, and was drown'd; being soon after taken up, the Coroner's Jury was summon'd to sit upon the Body: One of the Jurymen returning Home, was call'd to by an Alderman of the Town, and ask'd what Verdict they brought it, and whether they found it *Felo de se?* Ay, ay, says the Juryman, shaking his Noddle, *he fell into the Sea sure enough.*

215. One losing a Bag of Money of about 50*l.* between the Temple-Gate and Temple-Bar, fixed a Paper up, offering 10*l.* Reward to those who took it up, and should return it: Upon which, the Person that had it, came and writ underneath to the following Effect, *Sir, I thank you, but you really bid me to my Loss.*

216. Two Brothers coming once to be executed for some enormous Crime, the Eldest was turned off first, without speaking one Word: The other mounting the Ladder, began to harangue the Crowd, whose Ears were attentively open to hear him, expecting some Confession from him. *Good People,* says he, *my Brother hangs before my Face, and you see what a lamentable Spectacle he makes; in a few Moments I shall be turned off too, and then you will see a Pair of Spectacles.*

217. It was an usual Saying of King Charles II. That Sailors got their Money like Horses, and spent it like Asses. The following Story is somewhat an Instance of it: One Sailor coming to see another on Pay-Day, desired to borrow Twenty Shillings of him. The Monied Man fell to telling out the Sum in Shillings, but a Half Crown thrusting its Head in, put him out, and he began to tell again; but then an impertinent Crown-piece was as officious as his Half-Brother had been, and  
again



again interrupted the Tale; so that taking up a Handful of Silver, he cry'd, Here, Jack, give me a Handful when your Ship's paid, *what a Pox signifies counting it.*

218. A Person enquiring what became of *Such-a-one*? Oh! dear, says one of the Company, poor Fellow, he died insolvent, and was buried by the Parish. Died in *solvent*, cries another, that's a Lie, for he died in England, *I am sure I was at his burying.*

219. A humorous Countryman having bought a Barn in Partnership with a Neighbour of his, neglected to make the least Use of it, whilst the other had plentifully stored his Part with Corn and Hay. In a little Time the latter came to him, and conscientiously expostulated with him upon laying out his Money so fruitlessly, *Pray Neighbour, says he, ne'er trouble your Head, you may do what you will with your Part of the Barn, but I will set mine on Fire.*

220. An Irishman whom King Charles II. had some Respect for, being only an inferior Servant of the Household, one Day coming into the King's Presence, his Majesty ask'd him, How his Wife did? who had just before been cut for a *Fistula* on her Backside. I humbly thank your Majesty, replied *Teague*, she's like to do well, but the Surgeon says, *It will be an Eye-sore as long as she lives.*

221. A young Gentlewoman who had married a very wild Spark, that had run thro' a plentiful Fortune, and was reduced to some Streights, was innocently saying to him one Day, *My Dear, I want some Shifts sadly.* D--mr, Madam, replies he, *how can that be, when we make so many every Day?*

222. A Fellow once standing in the Pillory at Temple-Bar, it occasioned a Stop, so that a Carman with a Load of Cheeses had much ado to pass; and driving just up to the Pillory, he asked, What that was that was wrote over the Person's Head: They told him it was a Paper to signify his Crime, that he stood there for *Forgery*. Ay, said he, What is *Forgery*? They answered him, That *Forgery* was counterfeiting another's Hand, with Intent to cheat People: To which the Carman replied,

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man replied, looking up at the Offender, *Oh, Pox, this comes of your Writing and Reading, you silly Dog.*

223. Master *Johnny* sitting one Summer's Evening on the Green with his Mother's Chambermaid, among other little Familiarities, as kissing, pressing her Bubbles, and the like, took the Liberty, unawares, to satisfy himself whereabouts she tied her Garters, and by an unlucky Slip, went farther than he should have done. At which, the poor Creature blushing, cried, *Be quiet, Mr. John, I'll throw a Stone at your Head else.* *Ay, Child,* said he, *I'll sling two at your Tail if you do.*

224. When the Prince of Orange, came over, at the Time of the Revolution, Five of the Seven Bishops who were sent to the Tower, declared for his Highness, and the two others would not come into Measures; upon which, Mr. *Dryden*, said, *That the Seven Golden Candlesticks were sent to be essayed in the Tower, and five of them prov'd Prince's Metal.*

225. A Dog coming open-mouth'd at a Serjeant upon a March, he ran the Spear of his Halbert into his Throat, and kill'd him. The Owner coming out, rav'd extremely that his Dog was kill'd, and ask'd the Serjeant, *Why he could not as well have struck at him with the blunt End of his Halbert?* *So I would,* says he, *if he had run at me with his Tail.*

226. King *Charles II.* being in Company with the Lord *Rocheſter*, and others of the Nobility, who had been drinking the best Part of the Night, *Killigrew* came in. Now, says the King, we shall hear of our Faults: *No, Faith,* says *Killigrew*, *I don't care to trouble my Head with that which all the Town talks of.*

227. A rich old Miser finding himself very ill, sent for a Parson to administer the last Consolation of the Church to him: Whilst the Ceremony was performing, old *Gripewell* falls into a Fit; on his Recovery the Doctor offered the Chalice to him. *Indeed,* cries he, *I can't afford to lend you above Twenty Shillings upon't; I can't upon my Word.*

228. A Person who had a chargeable Stomach, used often to assuage his Hunger at a Lady's Table, having promised, one Time or other, to help her to a Husband.

At

At length he came to her, Now, Madam, says he, I have brought you a Knight, a Man of Worship and Dignity, one that will furnish out a Table well. Phoo, says the Lady, your Mind's ever running on your Belly. No, says he, *'tis sometimes running o' your's, you see.*

229. One, who had been a very termagant Wife, lying on her Death-Bed, desired her Husband, That, as she had brought him a Fortune, she might have Liberty to make her Will, for bestowing a few Legacies to her Relations. No, by G——d, Madam, says he, *you have had your Will all your Life-time, and now I will have mine.*

230. When the Lord Jefferies, before he was a Judge, was pleading at the Bar once, a Country Fellow giving Evidence against his Client, pushed the Matter very Home on the Side he swore of. Jefferies, after his usual Way, called out to the Fellow, Hark you, you Fellow in the Leather-Doublet, what have you for Swearing? To which the Countryman smartly reply'd, *Faith, Sir, if you had no more for Lying, than I have for Swearing, you might e'en wear a Leather-Doublet too.*

231. The same Jefferies afterwards, on the Bench, told an old Fellow with a long Beard, that he supposed he had a Conscience as long as his Beard. *Does your Lordship,* replied the old Man, *measure Consciences by Beards? If so, your Lordship has no Beard at all.*

232. Apelles the famous Painter, having drawn the Picture of Alexander the Great on Horseback, brought it, and presented it to that Prince; but he not bestowing that Praise on it which so excellent a Piece deserv'd, Apelles desir'd a living Horse might be brought; who, moved by Nature, fell a Prancing and Neighing, as tho' it had been actually a living Creature of the same Species; whereupon Apelles told Alexander, That his Horse understood Painting better than himself.

233. An old Gentleman who had married a fine young Lady, being terribly afraid of Cuckoldom, took her to Task one Day, and asked her, If she had considered what a crying Sin it was in a Woman to cuckold her Husband? Lord, my Dear, said she, *what do*



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do you mean? I never had such a Thing in my Head, nor never will. No, no, replied he, *I shall have it in my Head, you will have it somewhere else.*

234. The Lord Dorset in a former Reign, was asking a certain Bishop, Why he conferred Orders on so many Blockheads? *Oh, my Lord,* said he, *It is better the Ground should be ploughed by Asses, than lie quite untilled.*

235. A certain Lady to excuse herself for a Frailty she had lately fallen into, said to an intimate Friend of her's, *Lord! how is it possible for a Woman to keep her Cabinet unpickt, when every Fellow has got a Key to it!*

236. Mr. Dryden once at Dinner, being offered by a Lady the Rump of a Fowl, and refusing it, the Lady said, *Pray Mr. Dryden take it, the Rump is the best Part of the Fowl.* Yes Madam, said he, *and so I think it is of the Fair.*

237. A Company of Gamesters falling out at a Tavern gave one another very scurvy Language: At length, those dreadful Messengers of Anger, the Bottles and Glasses, flew about like hail Shot; one of which, mistaking its Errand, and hitting the Wainscoat, instead of the Person's Head it was thrown at, brought the Drawer rushing in; who cried, *D'ye call, Gentlemen?* Call Gentlemen, says one of the Standers by, *no, they don't call Gentlemen, but they call one another Rogue and Rascal as fast as they can.*

238. An amorous young Fellow making very warm Addresses to a married Woman, *Pray, Sir, be quiet,* said she, *I have a Husband that won't thank you for making him a Cuckold.* No, Madam, replied he, *but you will, I hope.*

239. One observing a crooked Fellow in close Argument with another, who would have dissuaded him from some inconsiderable Resolution, said to his Friend, *Prithce let him alone, and say no more to him, you see he's bent upon it.*

240. Bully Dawson was overturned in a Hackney-Coach once, pretty near his Lodgings, and being got on his Legs again, he said, *'Twas the greatest Piece of*  
of

of Providence that ever befel him, for it had saved him the Trouble of bilking the Coachman.

241. A vigorous young Officer, who made Love to a Widow, coming a little unawares upon her once, caught her fast in his Arms. Heydey, said she, what do you fight after the *French Way*; take Towns before you declare War? No, Faith, Widow, said he, but I should glad to imitate them so far, as to be in the Middle of the Country before you could resist me.

242. Sir Godfrey Kneller, the Painter, and the late Dr. Ratcliffe had a Garden in common, but with one Gate: Sir Godfrey, upon some Occasion, ordered the Gate to be nailed up. When the Doctor heard of it, he said, He did not Care what Sir Godfrey did to the Gate, so he did not *paint* it. This being told Sir Godfrey, Well, replied he, *I can take that or any Thing but Physic from my good Friend Dr. Ratcliffe.*

243. The same Physician, who was not the *humblest* Man in the World, being sent for by Sir Edward Seymour, who was said to be one of the *proudest*, the Knight received him while he was dressing his Feet, and picking his Toes, being at that Time troubled with a *Diabetes*, and upon the Doctor's entering the Room, accosted him in this Manner: *So Quack*, said he, *I'm a dead Man, for I piss sweet.* Do you, replied the Doctor, *then pry'-thee piss upon your Toes, for they stink damnably*; and so turning round on his Heel, went out of the Room.

244. A certain worthy Gentleman having among his Friends, the Nick-Name of *Bos*, which was a Kind of Contraction of his real Name; when his late Majesty conferr'd the Honour of Peerage upon him, a Pamphlet was soon after published, with many sarcastical Jokes upon him, and had this Part of a Line from *Horace* as a Motto, *viz.*

———*Optat Epiippia Bos*———

My Lord ask'd a Friend who could read *Latin*, What that meant? It is as much as to say, my Lord, said he, that you become *Honours as a Sow does a Saddle.* Oh! very fine! said my Lord. Soon after, another Friend  
coming

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coming to see him, the Pamphlet was again spoken of. I would, says my Lord, give five hundred Pounds to know the Author of it. I don't know the Author of the Pamphlet, said his Friend, but I know who wrote the *Motto*. Ay, cried my Lord, prithee who was it? *Horace*, answered the other. *How*, replied his Lordship, *a dirty Dog! is that the Return he makes for all the Services I have done him and his Brother!*

245. A wild Gentleman having picked up his own Wife, in Disguise, for a Mistress, the Man, to keep his Master in Countenance, got to Bed to the Maid too. In the Morning, when the Affair was discovered, the Fellow was obliged, in Attonement for his Offence, to make the Girl Amends by marrying her. *Well*, says he, *little did my Master and I think, last Night, that we were robbing our own Orchards.*

246. One seeing a kept Whore, who made a very great Figure, ask'd, What Estate she had? *Oh*, says another, *a very good Estate in Tail.*

247. In the great Dispute between *South* and *Sherlock*, the latter, who was a great Courtier, said, His Adversary reasoned well, but he bark'd like a Cur. To which the other replied, *That Fawning was the Property of a Cur, as well as Barking.*

248. Second Thoughts, we commonly say, are best, and young Women, who pretend to be averse to Marriage, desire not to be taken at their Words. One asking a Girl, If she would have him? *Faith*, no John, says she, *but you may have me if you will.*

249. A Gentleman lying on his Death-Bed, called to his Coachman, who had been an old Servant, and said, *Ab, Tom, I am going a long rugged Journey, worse than ever you drove me.* *Oh, dear Sir*, replied the Fellow, (he having been but an indifferent Master to him) *ne'er let that discourage you, for it is all down Hill.*

250. An honest bluff Country Farmer, meeting the Parson of the Parish in a Bye-Lane, and not giving him the Way so readily as he expected, the Parson, with an erected Crest, told him, He was better fed than taught.

Very



Very true, indeed, Sir, replied the Farmer, for you teach me, and I feed myself.

251. A famous Teacher of *Arithmetick*, who had long been married, without being able to get his Wife with Child; one said to her, Madam, your Husband is an excellent *Arithmetician*. Yes, replied she, *only he cannot Multiply*.

252. An arch Boy being at a Table where there was a piping-hot Apple-pye, putting a Bit into his Mouth, burnt it so that the Tears ran down his Cheeks. A Gentleman that sat by, ask'd him, Why he wept? only, said he, because it is just come into my Remembrance that my poor Grandmother dy'd this Day Twelvemonth. Phoo, said the other, is that all? So, whipping a large Piece into his Mouth, he quickly sympathiz'd with the Boy; who seeing his Eyes brim full, with a malicious Sneer, ask'd him, Why he wept? *A Pox on you*, said he, *because you were not hang'd, you young Dog, the same Day your Grandmother died*.

253. A Lady who had married a Gentleman that was a tolerable Poet, one Day sitting alone with him, she said, Come, My Dear, you write upon other People, pr'ythee write something for me; let me see what Epitaph you'll bestow upon me when I die: Oh, my Dear, replied he, that's a melancholic Subject, pr'ythee don't think of it: Nay, upon my Life you shall, adds she; come, I'll begin,

*Here lies Bid:*

To which he answer'd,

*Ab! I wish she did.*

254. A Cowardly Servant having been hunting with his Lord, they had kill'd a Wild-Boar; the Fellow seeing the Boar stir, betook himself to a Tree; upon which his Master call'd to him, and ask'd him, what he was afraid of, the Boar's Guts were out; *No Matter for that*, said he, *his Teeth are in*.

255. One telling another that he had once so excellent a Gun that it went off immediately upon a Thief's coming into the House, altho' it was not charged: How the Devil can that be, said the other? *Because*, said the

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First,

First, the Thief carried it off, and what was worse, before I had time to charge him with it.

256. Some Gentlemen coming out of a Tavern pretty merry, a Link Boy cried, Have a Light, Gentlemen? Light yourself to the Devil you Dog, says one of the Company. Bless you, Master, replied the Boy, we can find the Way in the Dark: Shall we light your Worship thither?

257. A Person was once try'd at Kingston before the late Lord Chief Justice Holt, for having two Wives, where one Unit was to have been the chief Evidence against him. After much calling for him, Word was brought that they could hear nothing of him. No, says his Lordship, why then all I can say is, Mr. Unit stands for a Cypher.

258. It is certainly the most transcendent Pleasure to be agreeably surpriz'd with the Confession of Love, from an ador'd Mistress. A young Gentleman, after a very great Misfortune, came to his Mistress, and told her, he was reduc'd even to the Want of five Guineas. To which she replied, I am glad of it with all my Heart. Are you so, Madam, adds he, suspecting her Constancy; Pray, why so? Because, says she, I can furnish you with Five Thousand.

259. On a public Night of Rejoicing, when Bonfires and Illuminations were made, some honest Fellows were drinking the King's Health, and Prosperity to England, as long as the Sun and Moon endured. Ay, says one, and 500 Years after, for I have put both my Sons Apprentices to a Tallow-Chandler.

260. A young Fellow who had made an End of all he had, even to his last suit of Cloaths; one said to him, Now, I hope, you'll own yourself a happy Man, for you have made an End of all your Cares. How so, said the Gentleman? Because, said the other, you have nothing left to take care of.

261. Some Years ago, when his Majesty used to hunt frequently in Richmond-Park, it brought such Crowds of People thither, that Orders were given to admit none when the King was there himself, but the Servants of the

the Household. A fat Country Parson having, on one of those Days, a strong Inclination to make one of the Company, Captain B——d——ns promised to introduce him; but coming to the Gate, the Keepers would have stopp'd him, by telling him, that none but the Household were admitted, Why, d——mn you, said the Captain, don't you know the Gentleman? *He's his Majesty's Hunting Chaplain.* Upon which, the Keepers asked Pardon, and suffered the reverend Gentleman to follow his Sport.

262. The learned Mr. Charles Barnard, Serjeant Surgeon to Queen Anne, being very severe upon Parsons having *Pluralities*, a reverend and worthy Divine heard him a good while with Patience, but at length took him up with this Question: *Why do you, Mr. Serjeant Barnard, rail thus at Pluralities, who have always so many Sine Cures upon your Hands?*

263. Dr. Lloyd, Bishop of Worcester, so eminent for his *Prophecies*, when, by his Sollicitations and Compliance at Court, he got removed from a poor *Welsh* Bishopric, to a rich *English* one, a reverend Dean of the Church said, *That he found his Brother Lloyd spelt Prophet with an F.\**

264. A worthy old Gentleman in the Country having employ'd an Attorney, of whom he had a pretty good Opinion, to do some Law Business for him in London, he was greatly surpriz'd, on his coming to Town, and demanding his Bill of Law Charges, to find that it amounted to at least three Times the Sum he expected; the *honest* Attorney assured him, that there was no Article in his Bill, but what was *fair and reasonable*: Nay, said the Country Gentleman, there's one of them I am sure cannot be so, for you have set down three Shillings and four Pence for going to *Southwark*, when none of my Business lay that Way; pray what is the Meaning of that, Sir? Oh, Sir, said he, *that was for fetching the Chine and Turkey, from the Carrier's, that you sent me for a Present out of the Country.*

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\* Most of the Clergy follow this Spelling.



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265. A Gentleman going into a Meeting-House, and stumbling over one of the Forms that were set there, cry'd out in a Passion, *Who the Devil expected Set Forms in a Meeting-house?*

266. My Lord Chief Justice *Jefferies* had a Cause before him between a *Jew* that was Plaintiff, and a *Christian* Defendant. The latter pleaded, though the Debt was very just, that the *Jew* had no Right, by the Laws of *England*, to bring an Action. Well, says my Lord, have you no other Plea? No, my Lord, says he, I insist on this Plea. *Do you, says my Lord, then let me tell you, you are the greater Jew of the two.*

267. A Butcher in *Smithfield*, that lay on his Death-Bed, said to his Wife, My Dear, I am not a Man for this World, therefore I advise you to marry our Man *John*, he is a lussy strong Fellow, fit for your Business. Oh, dear Husband, said she, *if that's all, never let it trouble you, for John and I have agreed that Matter already.*

268. A Gentleman having bespoke a Supper at an Inn, desir'd his Landlord to sup with him. The Host came up, and thinking to pay a greater Compliment than ordinary to his Guest, pretended to find Fault with the laying the Cloth, and took the Plates and Knives, and threw them down Stairs. The Gentleman resolving not to baulk his Humour, threw the Bottles and Glasses down also; at which the Host being surpriz'd, enquired the Reason of his so doing. *Nay, nothing,* reply'd the Gentleman, *but when I saw you throw the Plates and Knives down Stairs, I thought you had a Mind to sup below.*

269. A Philosopher carrying something hid under his Cloak, an impertinent Person ask'd him, What he had under his Cloak? To which the Philosopher answered, *I carry it there that you might not know.*

270. When his late Majesty, in coming from *Holland*, happened to meet with a violent Storm at Sea, the Captain of the Yacht cried to the Chaplain, In five Minutes, more, Doctor, we shall be with the Lord; *The Lord forbid,* answered the Doctor.

## JOE MILLER'S JESTS. 53

271. A Gentleman who had been a great Traveller, would oftentimes talk so extravagantly of the wonderful Things he had seen Abroad, that a Friend of his took Notice to him of his exposing himself as he did to all Companies, and ask'd him the Meaning of it? Why, says the Traveller, I have got such a Habit of Lying since I have been Abroad, that I really hardly know when I lye, and when I speak Truth, and should be very much oblig'd to you, if you would tread upon my Toe at any Time, when I am likely to give myself too much Liberty that Way: His Friend promised he would; and accordingly, not long after, being at a Tavern with him and other Company, when the Traveller was, amongst other strange Things, giving an Account of a Church he had seen in *Italy*, that was above two Miles long, he trod on his Toe, just as one of the Company had ask'd, How broad that same Church might be? Oh, said he, not above two Foot. Upon which, the Company bursting into a loud Laugh; *Zounds*, said he, *if you had not trod upon my Toe, I should have made it as broad as it was long.*

272. A Justice of Peace seeing a Parson on a very stately Horse, riding between *London* and *Hampstead*, said to some Gentlemen who were with him, Do you see what a beautiful Horse that Proud Parson has got, I'll banter him a little. *Doctor*, said he, *you don't follow the Example of your great Master, who was humbly content to ride upon an Ass.* Why really, Sir, replied the Parson, *the King has made so many Asses Justices, that an honest Clergyman can hardly find one to ride if he had a Mind to it.*

273. A great deal of Company being at Dinner at a Gentleman's House, where a Silver Spoon was laid at the Side of every Plate, one of the Company watching for a convenient Opportunity, as he thought, slid one of them into his Pocket; but being observed more narrowly than he was aware of, the Gentleman who sat opposite to him, took up another, and stuck it in the Button-Hole of his Bosom? which the Master of the House perceiving, ask'd him, in good Humour, What was his Fancy in that? *Why*, said he, *I thought every*

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*Man was to have one, because I saw that Gentleman, over-against me, put one in his Pocket.*

274. The Duchess of Newcastle, who wrote Plays and Romances in King Charles the Second's Time, ask'd Bishop Wilkins, How she should get up to the World in the Moon, which he had discover'd; for, as the Journey must needs be very long, there would be no Possibility of going through it, without resting on the Way? *Oh, Madam, said the Bishop, your Grace has built so many Castles in the Air, that you cannot want a Place to bait at.*

275. An old Man who had married a young Wife, complained to a Friend, how unhappy he had always been: *When I was young, said he, I went Abroad for Want of a Wife; and now I am old, my Wife goes Abroad for Want of a Husband.*

276. A rich Farmer's Son, who had been bred at the University, coming Home to visit his Father and Mother, they being one Night at Supper on a Couple of Fowls, he told them, that by *Logick and Arithmetick*, he could prove those two Fowls to be three. Well, let us hear, said the old Man. Why, this cried the Scholar, is *one*, and this, continued he, is *two*, two and one, you know, make *three*. Since you have made it out so well, answered the old Man, *your Mother shall have the first Fowl, I will have the Second, and the Third you may keep yourself, for your great Learning.*

277. A young Spark dining at a Friend's House, and having promised a Lady to meet her in the Afternoon, but being obliged to stay and play at Cards, he sent his Man with an Excuse to the Lady, and whisper'd him, that when he came back, he might deliver his Answer before the Company aloud, as if he came from a Gentleman; accordingly away went the Servant, and being call'd in on his Return, well, said his Master, was the Gentleman at Home? Yes, Sir, answered the Man. And what said he, replied the Master? That it was very well, for he was engaged this Evening. And what was he doing? *Putting on his Hood and Mantle to go to the Play, Sir, said the Footman.*



278. A Gentleman who had a suit in Chancery, was call'd upon by his Counsel to put in his Answer, for Fear of incurring a Contempt. And why, said the Gentleman, is not my Answer put in? How should I draw your Answer, cried the Lawyer, 'till I know what you can swear? *Pox on your Scruples*, replied the Client, *pry'thee, do you do your Part as a Lawyer, and draw a sufficient Answer, and let me alone to do the Part of a Gentleman, and swear to it.*

279. A Country Lass with a Pail of Milk on her Head, going to Market, was reckoning all the Way, what she might make of it. This Milk, said she, will bring me so much Money, that Money will buy so many Eggs, those Eggs so many Chickens, and, with the Fox's Leave, those Chickens will make me Mistress of a Pig, and that Pig may grow a fat Hog, and when I have sold that, I may buy a Cow and Calf: And then, says she, comes a Sweetheart, perhaps a Farmer; him I marry, and my Neighbours will say, *How do you do, Goody Such a-one?* and I'll answer, *Thank you, Neighbour, how do you?* But may be my Sweetheart may be a Yeoman, and then it will be, *How do you do, Mrs. Such-a-one?* I'll say, *Thank you.* Oh! but suppose I should marry a Gentleman; then they'll say, *Your Servant, Madam;* but then I'll toss up my Head, and say nothing. Upon the Transport of this Thought, and with the Motion of her Head, down came the Milk, which put an End at once to her fine Scheme of her Eggs, her Chickens, her Pig, her Hog, and her Husband.

280. Daniel Purcel, who was a Nonjuror, was telling a Friend of his, when King George the First landed at Greenwich, that he had a full View of him. Then, said his Friend, you know him by Sight? *Yes*, replied Daniel, *I think I know him, but I can't swear to him.*

281. An Englishman going into one of the French Ordinaries in Soho, and finding a large Dish of Soop, with about half a Pound of Mutton in the Middle of it, began to pull off his Wig, his Stock, and then his Coat; at which, one of the Monsieurs, being much surpriz'd, ask'd him, What he was going to do? *Why, Monsieur,*

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said he, *I mean to strip, that I may swim thro' this Ocean of Porridge to yon little Island of Mutton.*

282. A Countryman driving an Ass by *St. James's Gate* one Day, which, being dull and restif, he was forced to beat it very much; a Gentleman coming out of the Gate, chid the Fellow for using his Beast so cruelly; *Ob, dear Sir,* said the Countryman, *I am glad to find my Ass has a Friend at Court.*

283. A Lady perceiving her Maid to be with Child, ask'd her, Who was the Father of it? Indeed, Madam, said she, my Master. And where did he get it, said the Lady? In your Chamber, Madam, answered the other, after you were gone to Bed. And why did not you cry out, said the Lady? *Indeed, Madam,* replied the other, *I made no Noise for Fear of awaking you.*

284. One Irishman meeting another, ask'd, What was become of their old Acquaintance *Patrick Murphy*? *Arrah, now, dear Honey,* answered the other, *poor Patty was condemn'd to be hang'd; but he saved his Life by dying in Prison.*

285. Another Irishman getting on a high mettled Horse, it ran away with him; upon which, one of his Companions called to him to stop him: *Arrah, Honey,* cried he, *how can I do that, when I have got no Spurs.*

286. An honest Welch Carpenter, coming out of *Cardiganshire*, got Work in *Bristol*, where, in a few Months, he had saved, besides his Expences, about *Twelve Shillings*; and with this prodigious Sum of Money, returning into his own Country, when he came upon *Mile-Hill*, he look'd back on the Town: *Ah, poor Pristow,* said he, *if one or two more of her Countrymen were to give her such another Shake as her has done, it would be poor Pristow indeed.*

287. It being ask'd in Company with my Lord C—d, whether the *Piers of Westminster-Bridge* would be of Stone or Wood. *Ob,* said my Lord, *of Stone to be sure, for we have too many Wooden Piers (Peers) already at Westminster.*

288. When the late Lords L—ch—re and Ca—d—n had a Rencounter in the Upper Park, the first coming Home to his Lady, told her what had hap-

pened; and said, He was sure he was touched by my Lord C——n's Sword; and stripping himself, desired her to look if he had no Wound or Prick about him; upon which, the good Lady, searching very diligently, told him, *She saw but one, and that was a very small one, at the Bottom of his Belly.*

289. One telling Charles XII. of Sweden, just before the Battle of Narva, that the Enemy was three to one: *I am glad to hear it,* answered the King, *for then there will be enough to kill, enough to take Prisoners, and enough to run away.*

290. A poor ingenious Lad, who was a Servitor at Oxford, not having wherewithal to buy a new Pair of Shoes, when his old ones were very bad, got them capp'd at the Toes, upon which, being banter'd by some of his Companions, *Why should they not be capp'd,* said he, *I am sure they are FELLOWS.*

291. The Standers-by, to comfort a poor Man, who lay on his Death-Bed, told him, He should be carried to Church by four proper Fellows: *I thank ye,* said he, *but I had much rather go by myself.*

292. When poor Daniel Button died, one of his punning Customers being at his Burial, and looking on the Grave, cried out, *This is a more lasting Button-Hole than any made by a Taylor.*

293. One asking a Painter how he could paint such pretty Faces in his Pictures, and yet get such homely Children? *Because,* said he, *I make the first by Day-Light, and the other in the Dark.*

294. A toping Fellow was one Night making his Will over his Bottle; I will give, said he, Fifty Pounds to Five Taverns, to drink to my Memory when I am dead: Ten Pounds to the *Salutation* for Courtiers; Ten Pounds to the *Castle* for Soldiers; Ten Pounds to the *Mitre* for Parsons; Ten Pounds to the *Horn* for Citizens; and Ten Pounds to the *Devil* for the Lawyers.

295. A Gentleman calling for Small Beer at another Gentleman's Table, finding it very hard, gave it the Servant again without drinking. What, said the Master of the House, don't you like the Beer? *It is not to be found*



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*found Fault with, answered the other, for one should never speak ill of the Dead.*

296. Some Men and their Wives, who all lived in the same Street, and on the same Side of the Way, being merry making at a Neighbour's House, said one of the Husbands, It is reported, that all the Men in our Row are Cuckolds but one: His Wife soon after being a little thoughtful, What makes you so sad, my Dear? said her Husband, I hope you are not offended at what I said. No, replied she, *I am only considering who that one can be in our Row that is not a Cuckold.*

297. A certain Lord who had a termagant Wife, and at the same Time a Chaplain, who was a tolerable Poet, my Lord desired him to write a Copy of Verses on a Shrew. *I cannot imagine,* said the Parson, *why your Lordship should want a Copy who have so good an Original.*

298. A Parson in his Sermon having vehemently inveighed against Usury, and said, That lending Money upon Use was as great a Sin as *Wilful Murder*; having some time after an Occasion to borrow Twenty Pounds himself, and coming to one of his Parishioners with that Intent; the other ask'd him, If he would have him guilty of a Crime, he had spoke so much against, and lend out Money upon Use. No, said the Parson, I would have you lend it *Gratis*. Ay, replied the other, *but in my Opinion, if lending Money upon Use be as bad as Wilful Murder, lending it Gratis can be little better than Felo-de-se.*

299. A Gentleman talking of his Travels, a Lady in Company said, She had been a great deal farther, and seen more Countries than he. *Nay then, Madam,* replied the Gentleman, *as Travellers, we my lie together by Authority.*

300. One ask'd his Friend, Why he, being so proper a Man himself, had married so small a Wife. *Why Friend,* said he, *I thought you had known, that of all Evils we should chuse the least.*

301. A Lady seeing a Gentleman dance, found Fault with him, and said, He straddled too much. *Oh, Madam,* replied the Gallant, *if you had that between your Legs*

*Legs that I have, you would straddle a great deal more, I dare say.*

302. A Gentleman speaking of Peggy Y—, the famous Courtezan, who has always an Abundance of fine Cloaths, said, *She was like a Squirrel, for she always covered her Back with her Tail.*

303. A Gentleman threatening to go to Law, was dissuaded from it by his Friend, who desired him to consider, for the Law was chargeable: I don't care, replied the other, I will not consider, I will go to Law. Right, said his Friend, *for if you go to Law I am sure you don't consider.*

304. A Man and his Wife being in Bed together, towards Morning, Madam, pretending to be much out of Order, desired to lie on her Husband's Side; the good Man, to humour her, came over, but made some short Stay in the Middle; about half an Hour after, she wanted to come on her own Side of the Bed again; the good Man obliged her the second Time; but, not content with this, a little while after she would needs change Places again: How can it be? said the Husband, Why can't you come the same Way you did before? answered the Wife. *No, by my Troth, replied he, I would rather go five Miles about.*

305. A certain Lord would fain have persuaded a Dependant on his Lordship to marry his cast-off Mistress, for tho', said he, she has been a little used, when she has got a good Husband she may turn: *Ay, but my Lord,* replied the other, *she has been so much used that I fear she is not worth turning.*

306. One good Housewife, who was a notable Woman at turning and torturing her old Rags, was recommending her Dyer to another, as an excellent Fellow in his Way; That's impossible, said the other, for I hear he is a great Drunkard, and beats his Wife, and runs in every body's Debt. What then, said the First, he may be never the worse Dyer for all these Things, No, answered the other, *can you imagine so bad a Liver can die well!*

307. A Wench swearing a Bastard Child to a Gentleman in the Country, the Justice having a Respect  
for

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for the Gentleman's Lady, took upon him to jobe the Gentleman, and ask'd him, Why he would defile his Marriage Bed? *There was no Bed in the Case*, answered the Gentleman, good Mr. Justice, *for it was done in a Field.*

308. One wished a young married Man Joy, for she heard his Wife was *quick* already, she told him. *Ay*, said he, *quick indeed, for I have been married but Six Months, and she was brought To-bed Yesterday.*

309. A certain Lieutenant of a Man of War, under the Command of the late Lord Torrington, having in the Engagement with the Spaniards in the Mediterranean, one of his Arms shot off within a few Inches of his Shoulder, while the Surgeon was dressing it could not forbear laughing; one standing by, ask'd him the Reason. *Why*, said he, *I cannot help thinking of a Wish I have often made, that a certain Part about me was as long as my Arm, and now I believe it is three or four Inches longer.*

310. A poor Fellow, who growing rich on a sudden, from a very mean and beggarly Condition, and taking great State upon him, was met one Day by one of his poor Acquaintance, who accosting him in a very humble Manner, but having no Notice taken of him, cried out, *Nay, it is no great Wonder that you should not know me, when you have forgot yourself.*

311. A Country Fellow getting into a Gentleman's Orchard one Night, with Design of robbing a Mulberry Tree, had not been long in it, before one of the Men and one of the Maids came just under the Place where he was, which made him lay as snug as he could 'till the Business they came about was over; when the Chambermaid began to give Vent to those Fears which the Fury of her Appetite would not admit into her Thoughts before. Lord, *John*, said she, now you have had your filthy Will, what if I should prove with Child, who will take Care of it? There is one above, replied *John*, I hope will provide for it. *Is there so*, said the Countryman, *but I'd have you to know, that if I provide for any Body's Bastard, it shall be for one of my own begetting.*



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312. *Marcus Livius*, who was Governor of *Tarentum* when *Hannibal* took it, being envious to see so much Honour done to *Fabius Maximus*, said one Day in open Senate, That it was himself, not *Fabius Maximus*, that was the Cause of retaking the City of *Tarentum*. *Fabius* said smilingly, *Indeed, thou speakest Truth, for hadst thou not lost it, I should never have retaken it.*

313. One asking another which Way a Man might use Tobacco to have any Benefit from it: *By setting up a Shop to sell it*, said he, *for certainly there is no Profit to be had from it any other Way.*

314. The same Wagg, an arch one to be sure, said, Taylors were like Woodcocks, for they got their Sustainance by their *long Bills*.

315. *Ben Johnson* being one Night at the *Devil Tavern*, there was a Country Gentleman in the Company, who interrupted all other Discourse, with an Account of his Lands and Tenements; at last, *Ben*, able to bear it no longer, said to him, What signifies your Dirt and your Clods to us, where you have one Acre of Land I have ten Acres of Wit. *Have you so*, said the Countryman, *good Mr. Wiseacre?* This unexpected Repartee from the Clown, struck *Ben* quite mute for a Time. Why, how now, *Ben*, said one of the Company, you seem to be quite flung? *I never was so prick'd by a Hobnail before*, replied he.

316. A Taylor sent his Bill to a Lawyer for Money; the Lawyer bid the Boy tell his Master, that he was not running away, but very busy at that Time. The Boy comes again, and tells him he must needs have the Money. Didst tell thy Master, said the Lawyer, that I was not running away. Yes, Sir, answered the Boy, but he bade me tell you *that he was*.

317. A certain ancient Duchess having had a Present made to her of a fine Stallion, going the next Day into her Stable-Yard, ordered him to be brought out for her to see, and then would needs have a Mare brought to him: The Groom asking which? *Old Bess*, said she, Lord, Madam, answered the Groom, that will be to little Purpose; *Old Bess* is too old to be with Foal. No Matter

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Matter for that, cry'd she, it will *refresh* the poor old Creature.

By this we may guess what her Grace thought a *Refreshment* for a poor old Creature.

318. A smart Fellow, thinking to shew his Wit one Night at the Tavern, called to the Drawer, Here, *Mercury*, said he, take away this Bottle full of Emptiness: Said one of the Company, *Do you speak that, Jack, of your own Head.*

319. An extravagant young Fellow, rallying a frugal Country 'Squire, who had a good Estate, and spent but little of it, said, among other things, I'll warrant you, that Plate-button'd Suit was your Great Grand-Father's. *Yes*, said the other, *and I have my Great-Grand-Father's Lands too.*

320. A noisy talkative Spark, who had a handsome Place in the King's Revenue, more than he merited, was holding an Argument one Day with a Gentleman at a public Coffee house; the Controversy turned upon some Point of Government, and his Antagonist, who had somewhat galled him by the Strength of his Argument, referred him to such a Place in History, where he would find how much he was mistaken in the Dispute. —Phoo, says he, d'ye think I've no other Business but to read Histories? *Faith*, says the other, 'tis Pity you had, 'till you had read more.

321. A Gentleman having sent for his Carpenter's Servant to knock a Nail or two in his Study, the Fellow, after he had done, scratched his Ears, and said, He hoped the Gentleman would give him something to make him drink. *Make you drink*, says the Gentleman, *there's a Pickle Herring for you, and if that don't make you drink, I'll give you another.*

322. A young Gentleman having got his Neighbour's Maid with Child, the Master, a grave Man, came to expostulate with him about it. Lord, Sir, said he, I wonder how you could do so: *Prithee, where is the Wonder?* said the other, *if she had got me with Child you might have wonder'd indeed.*

323. *Alphonso*, King of Naples, sent a Moor, who had been his Captive a long Time, to *Barbary*, with a considerable

considerable Sum of Money to purchase Horses, and to return by such a Time. There was about the King a Buffoon, or Jester, who had a Table-book wherein he used to register any remarkable Absurdity that happened at Court. The Day the Moor was dispatch'd to *Barbary*, the said Jester waiting on the King at Supper, the King called for his Table-book, in which the Jester kept a regular Journal of Absurdities: The King took the Book, and read, How *Alphonso*, King of *Naples*, had sent *Beltram* the Moor, who had been a long Time his Prisoner, to *Morocco*, his own Country, with so many thousand Crowns, to buy Horses. The King turned to the Jester, and ask'd, Why he insert'd that, Because, said he, I think he will never come back to be a Prisoner again; and so you have lost both Man and Money: But, if he does come, says the King, then your Jest is marr'd: No, Sir, replies the Buffoon, *for if he should return, I will blot out your Name, and put in his for a Fool.*

324. A Sharper of the Town seeing a Country Gentleman sit alone at an Inn, and thinking something might be made of him, he went and sat near him, and took the Liberty to drink to him. Having thus introduced himself, he called for a Paper of Tobacco, and said, Do you smoke, Sir? *Yes*, said the Gentleman, very gravely, *any one that has a Design upon me.*

325. A certain Country Farmer was observed never to be in a good Humour when he was hungry: For this Reason, his Wife was fain carefully to watch the Time of his coming Home, and always have Dinner ready on the Table; one Day he surpriz'd her, and she had only Time to set a Mess of Broth ready for him; who soon, according to Custom, began to open his Pipes, and maulndering over his Broth, forgetting what he was about, burnt his Mouth to some Purpose. The good Wife seeing him in that spluttering Condition, comforted him as follows: *See what it is now, had you kept your Breath to cool your Pottage, you had not burnt your Mouth* John.

326. The same Woman taking up Dinner once on a Sunday, it happened that the liquorish Plow-Boy, who lay under a strong and violent Temptation, pinch'd off the Corner of a Plumb Dumpling; which his Dame  
espying,



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espying, in a great Rage, laid the Wooden Ladle over his Pate, saying, *Can't you stay, Sirrah, 'till your Betters are served before you?* The Boy clapping his Hand to his Head, and seeing the Blood come, *'Tis very hard,* said he. *So it is, Sirrah,* said she, *or it had not broke my Ladle.*

327. Three Gentlemen being at a Tavern, whose Names were *Moore, Strange,* and *Wright*: Said the last, there is but one Cuckold in Company, and that is *Strange*! Yes, answered *Strange*, there is one *Moore*: Ay, said *Moore*, that's *Wright*.

321. A Scotch Bag-piper travelling to Ireland, open'd his Wallet by a Wood Side, and set down to Dinner; no sooner had he said Grace, but three Wolves came about him. To one he threw Bread, to another Meat, 'till his Provender was all gone.—At length he took up his Bag-pipes, and began to play, at which the Wolves ran away.—*The Deel saw me,* said *Sawney*, *an I had keen'd you low'd Musick so, ye should have had it before Dinner.*

329. *Metullus Nepos* asking *Cicero*, the Roman Orator, in a scoffing Manner, Who was his Father? *Cicero* replied, *Thy Mother has made that Question harder for thee to answer.*

330. The Arch-Duke of *Austria* having been forced to raise the Siege of a Town called *Grave*, in *Holland*, and to retreat privately in the Night: Queen *Elizabeth* said to his Secretary here, — *What, your Master is risen from the Grave without Sound of Trumpet.*

331. Soon after the Death of a great Officer, who was judg'd to have been no great Advancer of the King's Affairs; the King said to his Solicitor *Bacon*, who was Kinsman to that Lord; Now, *Bacon*, tell me truly, What say you of your Cousin? Mr. *Bacon* answered, — Since your Majesty charges me to speak, I will deal plainly with you, and give you such a Character of him, as though I was to write his Story.—I do think he was no fit Counsellor to have made your Affairs better, yet he was fit to have kept them from growing worse. O my *Saul*, quoth the King, *in the first thou speak'st like a true Man; and in the latter like a Kinsman.*

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332. The same King, in one of his Progresses, ask'd How far it was to such a Town? They told him, Six Miles. Half an Hour after, he ask'd again; one said, Six Miles and a Half. He alighted out of his Coach, and went under the Shoulder of one of the Led-Horses.

—When some ask'd his Majesty what he meant? *I must stalk*, said he, *for yonder Town is shy, and flies me.*

333. Lawyers and Chambermaids, said a wicked young Fellow, are like *Balaam's Ass*, *They never speak unless they see an Angel.*

334. One being at his Wife's Funeral, and the Bearers going pretty quick along, he cry'd out to them, *Don't go so fast; What need we make a Toil of a Pleasure?*

335. A Country 'Squire being in Company with his Mistress, and wanting his Servant, cry'd out, Where is this Blockhead? *Upon your Shoulders*, said the Lady.

336. A Philosopher being ask'd, Why learned Men frequented rich Men's Houses, but rich Men seldom visited the Learned, —Answered, *That the first know what they wanted, but the latter did not.*

337. Among the Articles exhibited to King Henry by the *Irish*, against the Earl of Kildare, the last concluded thus: —*And finally all Ireland cannot rule the Earl.* Then, said the King, *the Earl shall rule all Ireland:* And so made him his Deputy.

338. Some Divines make Use of the Fathers and Councils, as Beaus do of their Canes, not for Support or Defence, but meer Shew and Ornament. Is not one good Argument worth a thousand Citations? To quote *St. Gregory*, *St. Austin*, or any other Rubric Saint, to prove any such important Truth as this: *That Virtue is commendable, and all Excess is to be avoided*, is like sending for the Sheriff to come with his *Posse Comitatus*, to disperse a few Boys that are robbing an Orchard.

339. *Plutarch* used to say of Men of small Capacities put into great Places, like some of our late Ambassadors, that they were like little Statues set upon great Pillars, made to appear the less by their Advancement.

340. A young Fellow being told that his Mistress was married, to convince him of it, the Gentleman who told him, said, He had seen the Bride and Bride-



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groom. Pr'ythee, said the forsaken Swain, do not call them by those Names, I cannot bear to hear them.——

Shall I call them Dog and Cat, answered the other? *Oh, no, for Heaven's Sake,* reply'd the first, *that sounds ten Times more like Man and Wife than t'other.*

341. Some thievish Fellows being at a Tavern, they agreed among themselves to steal the Silver Cup that was brought up to them; and when they were going by the Bar, *You are welcome, Gentlemen; kindly welcome,* cry'd my Landlord. *Ah,* said the Fellow with the Cup to himself, *I wish we were well gone too.*

342. A Sea Officer, who, for his Courage in a former Engagement, where he had lost his Leg, had been preferr'd to the Command of a good Ship; in the Heat of the next Engagement, a Cannon-Ball took off his Wooden Deputy, so that he fell upon the Deck: A Seaman, thinking he had been fresh wounded, called out for the Surgeon. *No, no,* said the Captain, *the Carpenter will do.*

343. A Gentleman saying he had bought the Stockings he had on, in *Wales*. *Really, Sir,* answered another, *I thought so, for they seem to be Well-chose, i. e. Welch-hose.*

344. A Nobleman, in a certain King's Reign, being appointed Groom of the Stole, his Majesty took Notice to him of the odd Sort of Perukes he used to wear, and desired he would now get something that was graver, and more suitable to his Age, and the high Office he had conferred on him: The next Sunday his Lordship appear'd at Court in a very decent Peruke, which being observed by another Nobleman, famous for the Art of Punning, he came up to him, and told him, *That he saw he was obliged to alter his Locks now he had got the Key\*.*

345. The late Sir Robert Henley, having received a Commission, constituting him Captain of the *Eleanor* Fire-ship, was the same Evening passing Home to his Lodgings, when a fine Madam meeting him in the Street, earnestly

\* The Groom of the Stole wears a Gold Key, tied with a blue Ribbon, at his left Pocket.



neftly intreated the Favour of a Glafs of Wine; the Baronet curfing her for a filly Whore, faid, *He was well content with one Firefhip in one Day.*

346. A Gentleman named *Ball* being about to purchafe a Cornecy in a Regiment of Horfe, was prefented to the Colonel for Approbation; who being a Nobleman, declared he did not like the Name, and would have no *Balls* in his Regiment. *Nor Powder neither*, faid the Gentleman, *if your Lordfhip could help it.*

347. Two *Irifhmen* having travelled on Foot from *Chefter* to *Barnet*, were confoundedly tired and fatigu'd with their Journey; and the more fo, when they were told they had ftill about ten Miles to *London*. *By my Shoul and St. Patrick*, cries one of them, *it is but five Miles a piece, let's e'en walk on.*

348. Young Fellows, faid a mettled Girl, are generally in the Wrong, fo very impudent that they are naufeous; or fo modeft that they are ufelefs.

349. Married Women, faid one, ufually fhew all their Modefty the firft Day, as married Men fhew all their Love the firft Night.

350. For a King to engage his People in a War, to carry off every little Humour in the State, is like a Phyfician's ordering his Patient to be flux'd for a Pimple.

351. A Waterman belonging to the *Towyer*, being put, by one of the Players, into the Upper Gallery in *Covent-Garden* Playhoufe, the Fellow, not being very fober, and falling afleep, tumbled into the Pit; but having the old Proverb on his Side, received little or no Hurt. And being told, by fome of his Companions, that he was now free of the Houfe, he went to Mr. *Rich* to put in his Claim, who very readily allowed it, with this Proviso, *That he fhould always go out the fame Way as he did at this Time.*

352. A Country Fellow being fent to a notorious Bawdy-Houfe, formerly in *Salifbury Court*, and having remembred to forget his Errand, when he came into the Neighbourhood, he faid, He wanted a *Bedfordfhire* Woman, but had forgot her Name.—Forgot her Name, faid one, then who the Devil fhould tell you any Thing of her? Now you name the *Devil*, faid the

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Fellow, you have brought it into my Head? it is the Sign of the *Angel*: Nay, answered another, *if you had named the Devil at first, we had sent you thither.*

353. An amorous young Fellow, who designed a Favour to his Neighbour's Wife, the Chambermaid came running in, and told them her Master was at the Door: 'Sdeath, said the Lover, can't I get out thro' the Parlour Window. No, no, replied the Girl, *there are some Iron Bars there; but if you will run up three Pair of Stairs, you may jump out of the Garret Window easy enough.*

354. Mr. Pope being at Dinner with a noble Duke, had his own Servant in Livery waiting on him: The Duke ask'd him, Why he, that eat mostly at other People's Tables, should be such a Fool as to keep a Fellow in Livery only to laugh at him? 'Tis true, the Poet answered, *he kept but one to laugh at him; but his Grace had the Honour to keep a Dozen.*

355. An Irish Fellow, vaunting of his Birth and Family, affirmed, That when he came first to *England*, he made such a Figure, that the Bells rang thro' all the Towns he passed to *London*: Ay, said a Gentleman in Company, *I suppose that was because you came up in a Waggon with a Bell-Team.*

356. One meeting an old Acquaintance, whom the World had frowned upon a little, asked him, Where he liv'd? *Where I live*, said he, *I don't know; but I stare down towards Wapping and that Way.*

357. Two Country Attornies overtaking a Waggoner on the Road, and thinking to break a Joke upon him; ask'd him, Why his Fore-Horse was so fat, and the rest so lean? The Waggoner knowing them to be Limbs of the Law, answered them, *That his Fore-Horse was a Lawyer, and the rest were his Clients.*

358. An old Bawd being carried before Justice M——, for keeping a disorderly House, strongly denied all that was charged upon her: *Housewife! Housewife!* said the Justice, how have you the Assurance to deny it; you do keep a Bawdy-House, and I will maintain it. *Will you?* reply'd the old Lady, *the Lord bless you! I always heard you were a kind-hearted Gentleman.*



359. In a Cause try'd at the *King's-Bench Bar*, a Witness was produced who had a very red Nose, and one of the Counsel, a good impudent Fellow, being desirous to put him out of Countenance, called out to him, after he was sworn, Well, let's hear what you have to say with your Copper-Nose: *Why, Sir*, said he, *by the Oath I have taken, I would not exchange my Copper-Nose for your Brazen-Face.*

360. A Gentleman in the Country who had three Daughters, discoursing one Evening on rural Affairs, and the Nature of Vegetation, ask'd one of his Daughters what Plant or Herb she thought grew the fastest? The young Lady replied, *Asparagus*; Then he ask'd the Second, she answered, *A Pompion, or Gourd*: And when the same Question was put to the Youngest, she reply'd, *The Pommel of a Saddle*; which very much surprizing the old Gentleman, he desired to know what she meant, and how she could make it out: *Why*, said she, when I was one Day riding behind our *John*, and the Ways being so rough that I was afraid I should fall off, he cry'd, *Miss, put your Hand about my Waist, and lay hold of the Pommel of the Saddle*; and I am sure, Pappa, when I first took hold of it, it was not much bigger than my Finger; and, in less than a Minute, it was thicker than my Wrist.

361. A Gentleman having received some Abuse in passing through one of the *Inns of Chancery*, from some of the impudent Clerks, he was advised to complain to the *Principal*, which he did accordingly, and coming before him, accosted him in the following Manner; *I have been grossly abused here by some of the Rascals of this House, and understanding you are the Principal, I am come to acquaint you with it.*

362. An old Roundhead in *Oliver's Time*, complaining of some heavy Rain that fell, said a Cavalier, standing by, *What unreasonable Fellows you Roundheads are, who will neither be pleased when God rains, nor when the King reigns.*

363. An old Cavalier told a great Rumper, that he saw his Master *Oliver* hang'd, and he stunk damnably. *Ay*, said the last, *no doubt but he stunk after he had been*



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*dead so long, but he would have made you stink if he had been alive.*

364. A young Curate, with more Pertness than Wit, or Learning, being ask'd in Company, How he came to take it into his Head to enter into the Ministry of the Church? Because, said he, the Lord had Need of me. *That may be,* replied a Gentleman present, *for I have often read that the Lord had once Need of an Ass.*

365. A very ignorant, but very foppish, young Fellow, going into a Bookseller's Shop with a Relation, who went thither to buy something he wanted, seeing his Cousin look into a particular Book, and smile, ask'd him, What there was in that Book that made him smile? Why, answered the other, this Book is dedicated to you, Cousin Jack: Is it so, said he, pray let me see it, for I never knew before that I had such an Honour done to me: Upon which, taking it into his Hand, he found it to be *Perkin's Catechism*, dedicated to all ignorant Persons.

366. There was a short Time when Mr. *Handel*, notwithstanding his Merit, was deserted, and his Opera at the *Hay Market* neglected almost by every body but his M——y, for that of *Porpora* at *Lincoln's-Inn Fields*; at this Time another Nobleman asking the Earl of C——d if he would go one Night to the Opera? My Lord ask'd, Which? Oh, to that in the *Hay-Market*, answered the other, *No, my Lord*, said the Earl, *I have no Occasion for a private Audience of his M——y To-Night.*

367. Some Scholars, on a Time, going to steal Conneys, by the Way they warned a Novice amongst them to make no Noise, for Fear of spoiling their Game: But he no sooner espied some, but he cried out aloud, *Ecce Conniculi multi.* Whereupon the Coneys ran with all Speed into their Burrows; upon which his Fellows chiding him; *Who the Devil,* says he, *would have thought that the Coneys understood Latin?*

368. A Fellow and a Wench being taken in comical Circumstances in a Pound, and brought before a Justice of Peace; but both averring their Innocence, the Justice called the Wench aside, and promised her, if she would confess, she should go free for that Fact; upon which,

which, she owned the Truth, and the Fellow was sent to Prison: But upon taking her Leave, the Justice called the Wench back again, and asked her, What the Fellow gave her? If it please your Worship, said she, *Half a Crown.* Truly Woman, answered he, *that does not please me; and tho' for the Fact you have confessed, I have acquitted you, as I promised; yet I must commit you for such Extortion, as taking Half a Crown in the Pound.*

369. One was joking with a Lawyer for tarrying so long from his Wife upon the Circuit, saying, In his Absence she might want due Benevolence: I shall give her Use for that, answered the Lawyer, at my Return; and put the Case any one owed you you Fifty Pounds, would you not rather have it in a Lump, than Shilling by Shilling? *It is true,* replied the other, *most People would rather have their Money all together; but yet it would vex you if your Wife should want a Shilling in your Absence and be forced to borrow it.*

370. A Drunken Fellow having sold all his Goods, to maintain himself at his Pot, except his Feather-Bed, at last made away with that too; when being reproved for it by some of his Friends; *Why,* said he, *I am very well, thank God; and Why should I keep my Bed.*

371. An old Lady meeting a Cambridge Man, ask'd him, How her Nephew behaved himself? Truly, Madam, says he, he's a brave Fellow, and sticks close to *Catharine-Hall\**. I vow, said she, *I fear'd as much, he was always hankering after the Wenches from a Boy.*

372. A Boy driving a Sow and Pigs along the Road, was met by a Gentleman riding by, who observing they were fine ones, ask'd the Boy, Whose Pigs they were; *The Sow's,* reply'd the Boy.—Ay, says the Gentleman. But whose Sow is it? *My Father's,* says the Boy. And, pr'ythee, says the Gentleman, Who is thy Father? *If you please to look after my Sow and Pigs,* replies the Boy, *I'll go and ask my Mother.*

373. A Gentleman being arrested for a pretty large Sum of Money, sent to an Acquaintance, who had often

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\* The Name of a College in that University.



professed a great Friendship for him, to beg he would bail him; the other told him, That he had promised never to be Bail for any body; but with much Kindness said, *I'll tell you what you may do, you may get somebody else if you can.*

374. In a Town where there had been a remarkable Slaughter of Maidenheads, and as great a Propagation of Horns, by a small Body of *Red Coats*, which had been quarter'd there; one was saying, That he wonder'd why the Women were so fond of Soldiers! Phob, says another, I don't wonder at it; the Gentlemen in *Red*, and their Brethren in *Black* have, for many Ages, been in Possession of the Sex; the latter, upon Account of their Secrecy, and the other, from the heroic Performances they may expect from them. *In fine*, adds he, *Women are like Mackarel, bait but a Hook with a Piece of Scarlet Cloth\*, and you infallibly take them.*

375. When King Charles the First was in great Anxiety about signing the Warrant for the Earl of *Strafford's* Execution, saying, It was next to Death to part with so able a Minister, and so loyal a Subject, a certain Favourite of the King's standing by, soon resolv'd his Majesty, by telling him, *That in such an Exigence, a Man had better part with his Crutch than his Leg.*

376. A Complaint being made to the Court of *Spain* of a certain Viceroy of *Mexico*, the Secretary of State, who was his Friend, wrote him Word, That he was accus'd at Court of having extorted great Sums of Money from the People under his Government; Which, said the Secretary, *I hope in God is true, or else you are undone.*

377. Some rattling young Fellows from *London* putting into a Country Inn, seeing a plain rough-hewn Farmer there; says one of them, You shall see me dumbfound that Countryman: — So coming up to him, he gives his Hat a Twirl round, saying, *There's Half a Crown for you, Countryman.* The Farmer, after re-

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\* A Piece of red Cloth, the common Bait for a Mackarel.



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recovering a little from his Surprize, rear'd his Oaken Towel, and surveying him very gravely, gave him two very handsome Drubs on the Shoulder, saying, *I thank you for your Kindness, Friend, there's two Shillings of your Money again.*

378. One of the aforefaid rattling Blades having been once a little kick'd for his Impertinence, demanded of his Benefactor, with a bluff Face, Whether he was in Earnest, or not? Yes, Faith, said the other, in very good Earnest, laying his Hand on his Sword——*Say ye so, reply'd he, I'm glad of that with all my Heart, for I don't like such Jests.*

379. A Person being driven by a Shower of Rain, one Sunday Morning, into Chelsea-College Chapel, the Minister was furiously inveighing against *Covetousness*: The Gentleman afterwards meeting the Parson, I fancy Doctor, said he, before your Congregation, it would have been more edifying to have preach'd against *pilfering, and robbing of Hen-roosts.*

380. A Poet going over *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, one, who pretended to be a poor maim'd Soldier, begg'd his Charity. The Poet ask'd him by what Authority he went a Begging? I have a Licence for it, answered the Soldier. Licence, said the Poet! *Lice thou may'st have but Sense thou can'st have none, to beg of a Poet.*

381. At the Masquerade in the *Hay-Market*, one appearing in the Habit of a Bishop, another, for the Jest's Sake, bow'd his Knee to ask Blessing, The former laying his Hand on his Head, very demurely said, *Pr'ythee rise, there's nothing in't indeed, Friend.*

382. A certain humorous old Knight, named Sir *Sampson*, thinking to recommend himself to the Favour of a fine young Lady, in the Way of Marriage, said in the Conclusion of his Compliments.——*Od, Madam, we Sampsons were strong Dogs from the Beginning.* Take Care, Sir *Sampson*, replied the young Lady——*Remember the Strongest of your Name pull'd an old House o'er his Head.*

383. A Parson thinking to banter an honest Quaker, ask'd him, where his Religion was before *George Fox's* Time? where thine was, says the Quaker, before  
Harry

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*Harry Tudor's Time.* Now thou hast been free with me, added the Quaker, pr'ythee let me ask thee a Question. — Where was *Jacob* going when he was turned of Ten Years of Age; Can'st thou tell that? No, said the Parson, nor you neither, I believe. *Yes I can,* replies the Quaker, *he was going into his Eleventh Year; was he not?*

384. A Country Fellow that had served several Years in the Army Abroad, when the War was over, coming Home to his Friends, was receiv'd among them with great Rejoicing; who heard, with no small Pleasure, the miraculous Stories he related. — Well, said the old Father, and pr'ythee, *Jack*, what did'st learn there? *Learn, Sir, why I learnt to know, That when I turned my Shirt, the Lice had a Day's March to my Skin again.*

385. The old Earl of *B——d*, one of the most facetious Men of his Time, being once in Waiting at Court, made an Excuse one Morning to leave the King, assuring his Majesty he would be back to wait on him before 12 o'Clock, there being great Occasion for his Attendance. The King had enquired for him several Times, his Lordship having exceeded his Time: At length he came, and going to the Clock in the Drawing-Room, heard it strike One; at which, being a little enraged, he up with his Cane, and broke the Glass of the Clock. The King ask'd him afterwards, What made him break the Clock? I am sure, says my Lord, your Majesty won't be angry when you hear: Pr'ythee said the King what was it? *Why, Blood, my Liege, the Clock struck first.*

386. *Æmilia*, says one, give her her Due, has the best Reputation of any young Woman in Town, who has Beauty enough to provoke Detraction: I grant you, replies another, her Virtue and Discretion are sufficient to keep her from being corrupted by any Thing but a Husband. How! a Husband, says the former. Yes, a Husband, answered the other, — *I have known many a Woman make a Difficulty of losing a Maidenhead, who have made none afterwards of making a Cuckold.*



387. A Person having been put to great Shifts to get Money to support his Credit; some of his Creditors at length sent him Word, that they would give him Trouble. *Pox*, says he, *I have had Trouble enough to borrow the Money, and had not need be troubled to pay it again.*

388. A Country Woman being sick, bequeath'd her Sow with Pig to the Parson, who thinking she would hardly recover, came soon after, and took the Sow away. The good Wife recovering, ask'd for her Sow, and being told the Parson she had left it to come, when she was very bad, and had taken her away: *Bless us*, says she, *the Parson is worse than the Devil, for one may call upon him twenty Times to take one before he'll do it; but I did but once bid the Parson take my Sow, and he fetch'd her immediately.*

389. Queen Elizabeth seeing a Gentleman in her Garden, who had not felt the Effect of her Favours so soon as he expected, looking out of her Window said to him in *Italian*, *What does a Man think of, Sir Edward, when he thinks of nothing?* After a little Pause, he answer'd, *He thinks, Madam, of a Woman's Promise.* The Queen shrunk in her Head, but was heard to say, *Well, Sir Edward, I must not confute you: Anger makes dull Men witty, but it keeps them poor.*

390. A Lady, whose Beauty was very much upon the Decline, having sent her Picture to a Gentleman that was to come a wooing to her, bid her Chambermaid, when she was going to dress her, take Care in repairing her Decays a little, or she should not look like her Picture. *I warrant you, Madam*, says she, *laying on the Bavarian Red, a little Art once made your Picture like you, now a little of the same Art shall make you like your Picture; Your Picture must fit to you.*

391. A beautiful young Lady, but extremely fanciful and humorous, being on the Point of resigning herself into the Arms of her Lover, began to enter on Conditions, that she expected should be observed after the Articles were sign'd and executed.—Among the rest, says she, positively, I will lie in Bed as long as I please in a Morning: *With all my Heart, Madam*, says he, *provided I may get up when I please.*



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392. A termagant Sempstress coming to dun a young Fellow at his Lodgings, where he was terribly afraid to have his Landlady hear ; she began to open her Quail Pipes at a great Rate ; but was presently seiz'd with a Fit of Coughing. Lord, says she, I have got such a Cold I can hardly speak. Nay, as to that, says he, I don't care how softly you speak. Don't tell me of speaking softly, says she, let me have my Money, or I'll take the Law of you.——Do, says he, *then you'll be forc'd to hold your Tongue, for the Law allows no Body to scold in their own Cause.*

393. One who had married a light heel'd Wife, instead of an innocent Country Girl, which he took her for, was severely rallied, upon the Discovery, by his Acquaintance. Among the rest, a young Lady having been very severe with him, he called to her Lover, who was present, saying, Sir, take off your Wasp, I'll have a Fly-flap else : —— *You'll have Occasion for't*, says she, *your Wife has been blown upon.*

394. Some Persons talking of a fine Lady that had many Suitors : Well, says one among them, you may talk of this great Man, and that great Man, of this Lord, and t'other Knight ; but I know a Fellow without a Foot of Estate, that will carry her before them all. *Phoo, damme, that's impossible*, says another, *unless you mean her Coachman.*

395. A Woman may learn one useful Hint from the Game of *Back-gammon*, which is not to take up her Man 'till she is sure of binding him.——Had poor *M——d* thought of this, when she had once gain'd her Point, she would never afterwards have made such a Blot in her Tables.

396. Count Gondemar, the *Spanish* Ambassador here, in Queen *Elizabeth's* Time, sent a Compliment to the Lord *St. Albans*, with whom he liv'd in no good Terms, wishing him a merry *Easter*. My Lord thank'd the Messenger, and said, he could not requite the Count better, *than by wishing him a good PASS-OVER.*

397. A certain Philosopher, when he saw Men in a hurry to finish any Matter, us'd to say, *Stay a little, that we may make an End the sooner.*

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398. Sir Francis Bacon was wont to say of a passionate Man, who suppress'd his Anger, *that he thought worse than he spoke*; and of an angry Man, that would vent his Passion in Words, *That he spoke worse than he thought*.

399. The same Gentleman us'd to say, that Power in an ill Man, was like the Power of a Witch, he could do Harm, but no Good; as the Magicians, says he, could turn Water into Blood, but could not turn Blood into Water again.

400. He was likewise wont to commend much the Advice of a plain old Man at *Buxton*, who sold Brooms. A proud lazy young Fellow came to him for a Beesom upon Trust, to whom the old Man said, *Friend, hast thou no Money? borrow of thy Back and of thy Belly, they'll ne'er ask thee for't; I shall be dunning thee every Day*.

401. When Recruits were raising for the late Wars, a Serjeant told his Captain that he had got him a very extraordinary Man: Ay, says the Captain, pr'ythee what's he? *A Butcher*, Sir, replies the Serjeant, *and your Honour will have double Service of him, for we had two Sheep-stealers in the Company before*.

402. A harmless Country Fellow having commenced a Suit against a Gentleman that had beat down his Fences, and spoil'd his Corn; when the Assizes grew near, his Adversary brib'd his only Evidence to keep out of the Way: Well, says the Fellow, I'm resolv'd I'll up to Town, and the King shall know it: The King know it, says his Landlord, who was an Attorney, pr'ythee what Good will that do you, if the Man keeps out of the Way? *Why, Sir, says the poor Fellow, I have heard you say the King could make a Man A P E E R at any Time*.

403. One speaking of an agreeable young Fellow, said, He had Wit enough to call his Good-nature in Question, and yet Good-nature enough to make his Wit suspected.

404. To what an Ebb of Taste are Women fallen, that it should be in the Power of a lac'd Coat and a Feather to recommend a Gallant to them: Taylors and Perriwig-makers are become the Bawds of the Nation: That Fop that has not wherewithal, by Nature, to  
move



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move a Cookmaid, shall, by a little of their Assistance, be able to subdue a Countess.

405. A Lady seeing a tolerable pretty Fellow, who by the Help of his Taylor and Sempstres had transform'd himself into a Beau, said—What Pity 'tis to see one, whom Nature has made no Fool; so industrious to pass for an Ass: Rather, says another, one should pity those whom Nature abuses than those who abuse Nature: *Besides the Town would be robb'd of one half of its Diversion, if it should become a Crime to laugh at a Fool.*

406. Of all Coxcombs, the most intolerable in Conversation is your fighting Fool, and your opinionated Wit; the one is always talking to shew his Parts, and the other always quarrelling to shew his Valour.

407. In *Oliver's Time*; when People were married by a Justice of Peace, one giving a Reason for it, said; *That none was so fit to marry others; as he, that by Virtue of his Office, was empower'd to lay People by the Heels.*

408. When the late Dauphin of France said to the facetious Duke of *Roquelaure*, Stand farther off, *Roquelaure*, for you stink; the Duke replied, *I ask your Pardon, Sir, 'tis you that smell, not I.*

409. One said of a fantastical Fellow, that he was the Folio of himself, bound up in his own Calf's Leather, and gilt about the Edges.

410. A decay'd Gentleman coming to one who had been a Servant, to borrow Money of him, received a very scurvy Answer, concluding in the following Words: *Lord, Sir, what do you trouble me for? I've no Money to lend. I'm sure you lye, says the Gentleman, for If you was not rich you durst not be so saucy.*

411. The *Roman Catholicks* make a Sacrament of Matrimony, and in Consequence of that Notion, pretend that it confers Grace: The Protestant Divines do not carry Matters so high, but say, This ought to be understood in a qualified Sense; and that Marriage so far confers Grace, as that, generally speaking, *it brings Repentance, which every body knows is one Step towards Grace.*



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412. A Lady, who had a Mind, she told another, to quarrel with an impertinent teasing young Fellow she did not like, said, she could not tell how to provoke him, he was so very assiduous and submissive. 'Slife, said her Friend, I'd spit in his Face. *Alas, reply'd she, that won't do, when Men are fawning like Lap-Dogs, they'll take that for a Favour.*

413. An extravagant young Gentleman, to whom the Title of Lord, and a good Estate, was just fallen, being a little harrafs'd by Duns, bid his Steward tell them, *That whilst he was a private Gentleman, he had Leisure to run in Debt, but being now advanc'd to a higher Rank, he was too busy to pay them.*

414. A wild young Fellow that had spent his Fortune, being ask'd, What he intended to do with himself? said, He design'd to go into the Army. How can that be, says one, you are a *Jacobite*, and can't take the Oaths. You may as well tell me, says he, that I can't take Orders, because I am an *Atheist*. I ask your Pardon, replied the other, — *I did not know the Strength of your Conscience so well as I did the Weakness of your Purse.*

415. An old Fellow having a great Itch after his Neighbour's Wife, employed her Chambermaid in the Business. At the next Meeting, he enquired, What Answer the Lady had sent him? Answer, said the Girl, why she has sent you this for a Token; (giving him a smart Slap in the Face) *Ay, cry'd the old Fellow, rubbing his Chops, and you have lost none of it by the Way; I thank you.*

416. A Gentleman complaining of a Misfortune, said, it was long of that drunken Sot his Man, who could not keep himself sober. — *With Respect to your Worship, said the Fellow, I know very few drunken Sots that do keep themselves sober.*

417. One said of a young Woman, whose Chastity was violently assaulted by a handsome young Fellow, *That she was in as fair a Way to be ruined, as a Boy was to be a Rogue, when he was first put Clerk to an Attorney.*

418. A Divine ought to calculate his Sermon, as an Astrologer does his Almanack, to the *Meridian* of the Place and People where it is published. What Stuff it

is to preach against Usury towards *St. James's*, and Fornication in *Lombard-street*; no, invert the Tables, preach against Usury in the City, and Fornication at *St. James's*.

419. A certain *Irishman* making strong Love to a great Fortune told her; *He could not sleep for dreaming of her.*

420. A plain Country Yeoman bringing his Daughter to Town said, For all she was brought up altogether in the Country, she was a Girl of Sense. Yes, says a pert young Female in the Company, *Country Sense. Why, Faith, Madam, says the Fellow, Country Sense is better sometimes than London Impudence.*

421. A Thousand Actions pass in the World for virtuous, tho' they proceed from a quite different Principle. My Lord released *Arsennus* out of Prison, and paid his Debts; this every one applauded as an Act of the highest and most disinterested Generosity. They little knew that his Lordship lay every Night with *Arsennus's* Sister.

422. Give me a Man without a Fortune, said a sensible young Lady, rather than a Fortune without a Man.

423. I'll swear, says a Gentleman to his Mistress, you are very handsome. Phoo, said she, so you'd say, tho' you did not think so. *And so you'd think,* answered he, *though I should not say so.*

424. A Gentleman in King *Charles* the II'd Time, who had paid a tedious Attendance at Court for a Place, and had had a thousand Promises, at length resolved to see the King himself; so getting himself introduced, he told his Majesty what Pretensions he had to his Favour, and boldly ask'd him for the Place just then vacant. The King hearing his Story, told him, he had just given the Place away. Upon which, the Gentleman made a very low Obeisance to the King, and thank'd him extremely; which he repeated often. The King observing how over-thankful he was, called him again, and ask'd the Reason, Why he gave him such extraordinary Thanks, when he had denied his Suit? The rather an't please your Majesty, replied the Gentleman; your Courtiers have kept me waiting here these two Years. and gave me a thousand Put-offs; but your Majesty has sav'd me all that Trouble, and generously given me



me my Answer at once. *Gads fsh, Man,* says the King, *thou shalt have the Place for thy downright Honesty.*

425. A merry drolling Fellow, who lived with a Lady that was just on the Point of Matrimony, being sent with a How-d'ye to an Acquaintance of her's, who lived a few Miles off, was ask'd, How his Lady did? *Ah, dear Madam,* replied the Fellow, *she can never live long in this Condition.*

426. 'Twas a beautiful Turn given by a great Lady, who being asked, Where her Husband was, when he lay concealed for having been deeply concerned in a Conspiracy? resolutely answered, *She had hid him.* This Confession drew her before the King, who told her, Nothing but her discovering where her Lord was concealed, could save her from the Torture. And will that do, says the Lady? Yes, says the King, I give you my Word for it. *Then,* says she, *I have hid him in my Heart; there you'll find him.* Which surprizing Answer charm'd her Enemies.

427. A Person advising a Lady in Town to marry a Country Gentleman, to recommend the Match in the stronger Terms, told her, it would be more convenient for her, because his *Concerns* in the Country join'd to her's. *Ay,* says the Lady, *but his CONCERNS shall never join to mine in the City.*

428. An *English* Gentleman travelling to *France* had made Choice of an Abbot as wicked as himself, for the Companion of his Pleasures: One of his Countrymen told him, *That though the Abbot and he differed about the Way to Heaven, they were in a fair Way of going to the Devil together.*

429. Two Persons quarrelling at a Tavern; after the Heat was a little over, one of them being straiten'd for a Conveniency to make Water, by being hemm'd in, said to his Antagonist. — *How shall I get by you?* Get by me, said the other, *Why, what a Pox did I ever get by you?*

430. A very grave Person being carried before a Magistrate, for having a little thing as big as a Bastard laid to him; one that was passing by, ask'd, What was the Matter? Only, says another, an old Gentle-



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man is apprehended upon Suspicion of *Manbood*. *Manhood*, says the former, What has he committed Murder? *Quite contrary*, replied the other. *He has committed Fornication, and got a Subject, not kill'd one.*

431. A petulant self-will'd Coxcomb was threatening, If his Humour was not gratified, to leave his Relations and Family, and go away to *France*. *Let him alone*, says one, *He will come back from France, before he gets half Way to Dover.*

432. A Countryman in the Street enquiring the Way to *Newgate*, an arch Fellow that heard him, said, he'd shew him presently. *Do but go cross the Way*, said he, *to yon Goldsmith's Shop, and move off with one of those Silver Tankards, and it will bring you thither presently.*

433. Men sometimes blurt out very unlucky Truths. A Town Beggar was very importunate with a rich Miser, whom he accosted in the following Phrase: Pray, Sir, bestow your Charity; good, dear Sir, bestow your Charity. *Pr'ythee, Friend, be quiet*, replied old Gripus, *I have it not.*

434. A certain Priest in a rich Abbey in *Florence*, being a Fisherman's Son, caused a Net to be spread every Day, on a Table in his Apartment, to put him in Mind of his Original: The Abbot dying, this dissembled Humility procured him to be chosen Abbot; after which, the Net was used no more. Being asked the Reason, he answered, *There is no Occasion for the Net now this Fish is caught.*

435. A Farmer, who had a very great Name in the Country for his Dexterity in manly Exercises, such as Wrestling, Throwing the Bar, and the like, drew upon himself many Occasions to try his Skill, with such as came far and near to challenge him: Among the rest, a conceited Fellow rode a great Way to visit this Champion; and being told, that he was in his Ground behind the House, he alighted, and walked with his Horse in his Hand, 'till he came where he found him at Work; so hanging his Horse upon the Pails, he accosted him thus: That having heard much of his Fame, he was come forty Miles to try a Fall with him. The Champion, without more Words, came up to him, and  
closing

closing with him, took him upon such an advantageous Lock, that he pitch'd him clear over the Pails: so, with a great deal of Unconcern, took up his Spade, and fell to Work again. The Fellow getting upon his Legs again, as nimbly as he could, called to speak to him. Well, says the Champion, have you any more to say to me? No, no, replied the Fellow, *only to desire you would be so kind as to throw my Horse after me.*

436. A busy Impertinent, entertaining Aristotle the Philosopher one Day with a tedious Discourse, and observing that he did not much regard him, made an Apology, That he was afraid he had interrupted him. No, really, replied the Philosopher, *you han't interrupted me at all, for I have not minded one Word you said.*

437. If your Wife has cuckolded you, 'tis in vain to grieve; e'en shake Hands with your Neighbours. One telling his Friend he was a Cuckold,——If I had not known it, replies he, *I should have been angry with you for telling me on't.*

438. Two conceited Coxcombs wrangling and exposing one another before Company, one told them, That they had both done like Wits: *For you Wits,* says he, *never give over 'till you prove one another Fools.*

439. One seeing an affected Coxcomb buying Books, told him, His Bookseller was properly his Upholsterer, for he furnished his Room rather than his Head.

440. A young Lady with a good Fortune having bestowed herself on a wild young Fellow: Well, says the old Lady her Aunt, *For all you were so eager to have him, you'll have your Belly full of him in a little Time, I'll warrant you.*

441. One meeting a Whore, she ask'd him, For a Bottle and a Beef Steak. Why, says he, *Betty,* you can't want, you had a good Bubble last Night: but I have heard, you Ladies love that Man best who beats you, and takes your Money from you again. *Yes,* says she, *just as a Privateer loves to engage a Man of War.*

442. A Taylor's Boy being at Church, heard it said, That a Remnant only should be saved. *Egad,* says the Boy, *then my Master makes plaguy large Remnants.*

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443. A Person having two very ungracious Sons, the one robb'd him of his Money, and t'other of his Goods: His Neighbour coming to condol with him, told him, *He might sue the County, for he had been robb'd between Son and Son.*

444. *Du Val*, who was a very famous Highwayman, and at length suffered for his Robberies, was likewise as famous for gaining the Hearts of the Women, being a smart dapper Fellow: After his Death, he had this Epitaph bestow'd on him.

*Here lies Du Val:—Reader, if Male thou art,*

*Look to thy Purse;—if Female to thy Heart:*

*Much Harvock he has made in both;—for all*

*The Men he made to stand,—the Women fall.*

445. A Person speaking to the Earl of C—d, of the false Taste of several People of Quality, and their Ignorance in many Things that they pretend to understand: *Why*, said my Lord, *most of our People of Quality judge of every Thing by their Ears but the Opera, and that they go to see.*

446. *Tom P—*, a good honest Fellow, but with very little Manners, being one Day at Dinner at Lord L—'s, several Ladies being at Table, my Lord told him, that Mr. *Such-a-one*, naming a Gentleman in the Neighbourhood, had taken something very ill of him, and would take an Occasion, he heard, to resent it: Mr. *Such-a-one*, reply'd *Tom*, may kiss my A—: Upon such a coarse Expression, the Ladies all started, and my Lord cry'd, *Fie, Tom*, I thought you would not have used such a Word before Ladies: *Why*, my Lord, said *Tom*, A— an't Bawdy, is it? *No*, said my Lord, *but it is within half an Inch of it.*

447. A Citizen dying greatly in Debt, it coming to his Creditors Ears, Farewel, said one, there is so much of mine gone with him: And he carried so much of mine said another: One hearing them make their several Complaints, said, *Well, I see now, that though a*

*Man*



*Man can carry nothing of his own out of the World, yet he may carry a great deal of other Mens.*

448. A mad Crew went to a Tavern with a (devilish) Resolution to be damnable drunk; one being more overpowered than the rest, spew'd perpetually; and seeing that he could no longer bear them Company, called for a Reckoning: Why, said one, cannot you tell that, that have so often cast up what you drank? No, marry, I cannot, said he, *for I was so busy in casting up the Account, that I did not mind the Reckoning.*

449. Three young conceited Wits, as they thought themselves, passing along the Road near Oxford, met a grave old Gentleman, with whom they had a Mind to be rudely merry; Good-Morrow, Father Abraham, said one: Good-Morrow, Father Isaac, said the next: Good-Morrow, Father Jacob, cry'd the last. *I am neither Abraham, Isaac, nor Jacob, reply'd the old Gentleman, but Saul the Son of Kish, who went out to seek his Father's Asses; and lo! here I have found them.*

450. A young Maid coming fresh out of the Country, was courted by a Person of Quality, who she understood was infected by the foul Disease: My Lord paid his constant Devours to her, and promised her Marriage, which she refusing, some of her Friends ask'd her, Why she, who was meanly born, would not marry one that would not only enrich her, but ennoble her Blood; *I will not, says she, corrupt my Flesh, to better my Blood, for any Lord in Christendom.*

451. An ingenious young Gentleman at the University of Oxford, being appointed to preach before the Vice Chancellor, and the Heads of the Colleges, at St. Mary's, and having formerly observed the Drowsiness of the Vice-Chancellor, took this Place of Scripture for his Text, *What! cannot ye watch one Hour?* At every Division he concluded with his Text, which, by Reason of the Vice-Chancellor's sitting so near the Pulpit, often awak'd him: This was so noted among the Wits, that it was the Talk of the whole University, and withal it did so nettle the Vice-Chancellor, that he complain'd to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who, willing to redress him, sent for this Scholar up to London to defend

himself against the Crime laid to his Charge; where coming, he gave so many Proofs of his extraordinary Wit, that the Archbishop enjoined him to preach before King James. After some Excuses, he at length condescended; and coming into the Pulpit, begins, *James the First and the Sixth, Waver not*; meaning the first King of England, and the sixth of Scotland; at first the King was something amazed at the Text, but in the End, was so well pleased with his Sermon, that he made him one of his Chaplains in ordinary: After this Advancement, the Archbishop sent him down to Oxford to make his Recantation to the Vice-Chancellor, and to take Leave of the University, which he accordingly did, and took the latter Part of the Verse of the former Text, *Sleep on now and take your Rest*: Concluding his Sermon, he made his Apology to the Vice-Chancellor, saying, *Whereas I said before*, which gave Offence, *What! Cannot you watch one Hour?* I say now, *Sleep on and take your Rest*; and so left the University.

452. A plain Country Fellow born in *Effex*, coming to London, which Place he had never seen before, as he walk'd in a certain Street, not a great Way from *Mark Lane*, 'spy'd a Rope hanging at a Merchant's Door, with a Handle to it, and wondering what it meant, he takes it in his Hand, play'd with it to and fro; at length, pulling it hard, he heard a Bell ring; it so happened that the Merchant being near the Door, went himself, and demanded what the Fellow would have. Nothing, Sir, said he, I did but play with this pretty Thing which hangs at your Door. What Countryman are you, said the Merchant? An *Effexman* an't please you, replied the other. I thought so, replied the Merchant, for I have often heard say, That if a Man beat a Bush in *Effex*, there presently comes forth a Calf. *It may be so*, replied the Countryman, *and I think a Man can no sooner ring a Bell in London, but out pops a Cuckold*.

453. A young Man married to an ill-temper'd Woman, who not contented, tho' he was very kind to her, made continual Complaints to her Father, to the great Grief of both Families; the Husband being no longer able to endure this scurvy Humour, bang'd her soundly:

Here-



Hereupon she complain'd to her Father, who understanding well the Perverseness of her Humour, took her to Task, and laced her Sides soundly too; saying, *Go and commend me to your Husband, and tell him, I am now even with him, for I have cudgell'd his Wife, as he hath beaten my Daughter.*

454. A Fellow hearing one say, according to the Italian Proverb, *That three Women make a Market with their chattering*: Nay, then, said he, *add my Wife to them, and they will make a Fair.*

455. A Gentlewoman delighting in Plurality of Lovers, chanced to admit to her Embraces two Gentlemen who loved one another intirely, but were unacquainted with each other's Intrigue; one of them having lain with this Gentlewoman one Night, lost his Ring in the Bed, which the other found in it the Morning after; the Day following the first sees it on his Friend's Finger; after a great many Arguings about it, they came to understand one another's Intrigue: The Man who lost it demands his Ring, the other refuses; at last, it was agreed, that it should be left to the next Comer-by, who should have the Ring; it chanced to be the Husband of the Woman, who, hearing the whole Matter, adjudg'd the Ring should belong to him who own'd the Sheets: *Marry then, said they, for your excellent Judgment you shall have the Ring.*

456. A Man and his Dog, named *Cuckold*, going together in the Evening, in returning Home, the Dog ran in a Doors first; Oh, Mother, says the Boy, *Cuckold's come*; Nay, then, says the Mother, *your Father is not far off, I am sure.*

457. A Scholar, in *College-Hall*, declaiming, having a bad Memory, was at a Stand, whereupon, in a low Voice, he desired one that stood close by, to help him out; No, says the other, *methinks, you are out enough already.*

458. A Country Gentleman riding down *Cornhill*, his Horse stumbled, and threw him at a Shop Door; the Mistress whereof being a pleasant Woman, and seeing there was no Hurt done, ask'd him, Whether his Horse used to serve him so? Yes, said he, whenever he comes



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o the Door of a Cuckold: *Lord, Sir, said she, I would advise you to go back again, for you will have a hundred Falls else, before you come to the Top of Cheapside.*

459. A foolish Wench, meerly out of Revenge, complained to a Justice, that such a Man would have ravish'd her: What did he do? says he, He ty'd my Hands so fast I could not stir them; And what else? *Why, Sir, said she, he would have ty'd my Legs too, but I had the Wit to keep them far enough asunder.*

460. A Gentleman riding near the Forest of *Which-wood*, in *Oxfordshire*, ask'd a Fellow, What that Wood was called? He said, *Which-wood, Sir.* Why that Wood, said the Gentleman. *Which-wood, Sir:* Why that Wood I tell thee; he still said, *Which-wood.* I think, said the Gentleman, thou art as senseless as the Wood that grows there: *It may be so, replied the other, but you know not Which-wood.*

461. A young bucksome Baggage, with a Candle in her Hand, was set upon by a Hot-spur, who by all Means must have a Bout with her; but she vowed, If he meddled with her, she would burn him: Will you so, says he, *I'll try that, and thereupon blew out the Candle, thinking himself safe from the Threat; however, not long after, he found she was as good as her Word.*

462. A Physician was wont to say, when he met a Friend, *I am glad to see you well.* In Troth, Sir, said one, *I think you do but dissemble, for the World always goes ill with you when it goes well with your Friends.*

463. A Gentleman fallen to decay, shifted where he could; among the rest, he visited an old Acquaintance, and stay'd with him seven or eight Days, in which Time, the Man began to be weary of his Guest, and to be rid of him, feign'd a falling out with his Wife, by which Means their Fare was very slender: The Gentleman, perceiving their Drift, but not knowing whither to go to better himself, told them, *He had been there seven Days, and had not seen any falling out betwixt them before; and that he was resolved to stay seven Weeks longer, but he would see them Friends again.*

464. Fond Wives, said one, do by their Husbands, as barren Wives do by their Lap-Dogs, cram them with Sweetmeats, 'till they cloy their Stomachs.

465. A knavish Attorney asking a very worthy Gentleman, what was Honesty? *What is that to you*, said he, *meddle with those Things that concern you.*

466. A simple Bumpkin, coming to London, was very much taken with the Sight of a Chair, or Sedan, and bargained with the Chairmen to carry him to a Place he named. The Chairmen, observing the Curiosity of the Clown to be unsuitable to the Meanness of his Habit, privately took out the Bottom of their Chair, and then put him into it, which, when they took up, the Countryman's Feet were upon the Ground, and as the Chairmen advanced so did he; and to make the better Sport, if any Place was dirtier in the Way, than the rest, that they chose to go through; the Countryman not knowing but others used to be carried, or rather driven, in the same Manner, coming to his Lodgings, gave them their Demand: Returning into the Country, he related what rare Things he had seen in London, and withal, that he had been carried in a Sedan: Sedan! quoth one, What is that? *Why*, said he, *like our Watch House, only it is covered with Leather; but were it not for the Name of a Sedan a Man might as well walk on Foot.*

467. A conceited Person, after he had written several Verses in Praise of his Mistress, beginning first with her Head, and so proceeding upon every Member down to her Feet, missing no Part but the Neck; *Oh*, said one, *there is good Reason for that, he reserves the Neck Verse for himself, knowing he shall have Occasion for it hereafter.*

468. An ignorant Clown, who had the Reputation of being a great Scholar in the Country, because he could write and read, coming to London, and enquiring into all the strange Things he saw, at last, read on a Sign-Post, *Here are Horses to be let, 1745.* *Jesu*, said he, *if there are so many Horses in one Inn, how many are there in the whole City!*

499. One reading a witty Preface before a dull Book, said, He wondered how such a Preface come to be match'd



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match'd so preposterously to such a Book. *In Truth, Sir, said another, I see no Reason why they may not be match'd, for I'm sure they are not at all a kin.*

470. A very honest and prudent Gentleman had the ill Fortune to marry a Wife a Grain too light; one Day returning Home, he went up the Stairs, and found his Chamber-Door open, entering, he caught his Wife and the Adulterer, who were so intent upon their Sport that they minded nothing else, in the very act; the Gentleman seemingly unmov'd, said, *Wife, Wife, indeed you don't do well to expose your own and my Reputation thus to the Hazard of being lost by Carelessness; sure in a Business that so nearly concerns us both, you might have shut the Door; I pray, consider, what if any one else had come and caught you in this Posture?* And so went and left them: The Mildness of this Reproof so effectually wrought upon this Woman, that she ever after abhorred the Thought of enjoying any other Man but her Husband.

471. A Person not belonging to the College, put his Horse in a Field thereunto appertaining; being warn'd of so doing, and he taking no Notice thereof, the Master of that College sent his Man to him, bidding him say, *If he continued his Horse there, he would cut off his Tail.* Say you so, said the Person? Go tell your Master, *If he cuts off my Horse's Tail, I will cut off his Ears.* The Servant returning, told his Master what he said; whereupon he was sent back to bring the Person to him; who appearing, said the Master, *How now, Sir, what mean you by that Menace you sent me?* Sir, said the other, *I threaten'd you not, for I only said, if you cut off my Horse's Tail, I would cut off his Ears.*

472. One seeing a Scholar that look'd very much a squint, *Sure, says he, this Man must be more learned than his Fellows, for with one Cast of his Eyes, he can read both Sides of the Book at once.*

473. A Youth standing by, whilst his Father was at Play, observing him to lose a great deal of Money, burst into Tears; his Father ask'd him, *The Reason why he wept?* Oh, Sir, *I have heard that Alexander the*

*Great*



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*Great wept when he heard his Father Philip had conquer'd a great many Towns, Cities, and Countries, fearing that he would leave him nothing to win; but I wept the contrary way, fearing you will leave me nothing to lose.*

474. A rich Citizen of London, in his Will, left something considerable to *Christ's-Hospital*, but little or nothing to one of his extravagant Sons; at the Funeral the Blue-coat Boys were order'd, in Acknowledgement of so great a Gift, to sing before the Corpse to the Grave: As they march'd through *Cheapside*, this extravagant Son led his Mother, who observing the Boys make a Rest, he open'd his Pipes in such a Manner, that he was heard almost from one End of the Street to the other, and still leading his Mother, he continu'd thus singing 'till a Kinsman came to him, and stopping his Mouth ask'd him his Reason for his irreverent and indecent Carriage: *Why, Cousin, quoth this Ne'er-be-good, the Boys there at my Father's Death sing for something, and won't you let me sing for nothing.*

475. The famous Mr. *Amner* going thro' a Street in *Windser*, two Boys looked out of a one Pair of Stairs Window, and cry'd, there goes Mr. *Amner* that makes so many Bulls. He hearing them, look'd up, saying, *For Rascals, I know you well enough, and if I had you here, I'd kick you down Stairs.*

476. The same Gentlemen crossing the Water in a Ferry-Boat at *Datchet*, the good Man being from Home, his Wife did his Office, and not putting in the Boat just at the Landing-Place, Mr. *Amner* at his Landing sunk into the Mud over his Shoes, and going a little farther he met with a Friend who ask'd, How he came so dirty? *Fore Gad*, reply'd Mr. *Amner*, *no Man was ever so abused as I have been, for, coming over Datchet Ferry, a fearful Woman Waterman put over the Boat, and landed me clean in the Mire.*

477. A Gentleman having invited several Friends to Supper, a Couple of Rabbits in a Dish being under his Hand, as he was carving, his Wife called to him, Husband, pr'ythee give me a Flap of the Coney: The good Man, seeming abashed at her Words, answered her, *How now Wife! not before all this Company.*

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478. A poor Woman in the Country, sent her Son to a Gentleman's House, upon some Errand or other; The loitering Lad staid somewhat too long, looking upon a Dog in the Wheel that turned the Spit; so that when he came Home, his Mother beat him soundly: Execution ended, the Boy told her, If she had been there, she would have staid as long as he; and she demanding the Reason, he said, *Oh, Mother, it would have done you Good to have seen how daintily a Dog in a Wheel spinned Roast-Meat.*

479. In Flanders, by Accident, a Flemish Tyler falling from the Top of a House, upon a Spaniard, killed him, tho' he escaped himself. The next of the Blood prosecuted his Death with great Violence against the Tyler; and when he was offered pecuniary Recompence, nothing would serve him but *Lex Talionis*. Whereupon the Judge said unto him, That if he did urge that Kind of Sentence, it must be, *That he should go up to the Top of the same House, and from thence fall down upon the Tyler.*

480. A Bridegroom, the first Night he was in Bed with his Bride, said unto her, When I solicited thy Chastity, had'st thou then condescended, I would never have made thee my Wife, for I did it only to try thee. *Faith*, said she, *I did imagine as much, but I had been cozened so three or four Times before, and I was resolved to be fooled so no more.*

481. A Merchant in London, having bought a pretty Estate in Surry, and afterwards two or three more Fields adjoining to it, a Person speaking of his Purchase to a Friend, said, He did not think Mr. *Such-a-one*, had been in Circumstances to make so large a Purchase. O! dear, said the other, you don't know how considerable a Man he is, why since he bought that Estate in Surry he has bought *Moor-Fields*. *That must be a great Purchase, indeed*, replied the other.

482. A Lord intended to take in a great Part of the Common belonging to the Town, and he agreed with a Carpenter to have it rail'd in: My Lord, says he, it shall be done, and I think I can save you some Charges in the Business; For, says he, *do you but get Posts, and I doubt not but all the Neighbours round about will find you Railing enough.*



483. A young *Italian* Gentleman being led, by Curiosity, into *Holland*, where having lived some Time conversing with the most Ingenious, was one Day set upon by a Protestant Minister, who would needs engage him in a Controversy about Religion. The young Gentleman, knowing himself too weak for the Encounter, begg'd his Diverſion, and endeavoured to wave the Discourse; but the more he avoided it, the more hotly was he press'd by the Minister; whereupon the young *Italian*, in a very great Passion, conjur'd him by all that is good, to let him alone in Peace with his Religion. For, said he, *I cannot embrace your's, and if you make me lose my own, I will never make Choice of any other.*

484. A brave *Dutch* Captain being commanded by his Colonel, to go on a dangerous Exploit against the *French*, with Forces that were unlikely to atchieve the Enterprize, the Captain advis'd his Colonel to send but half so many Men: Why so, said the Colonel, to send but half so many Men? *Because*, replied the Captain, *they are enough to be knock'd on the Head.*

485. A Fellow hearing the Drums beat up for Volunteers for *France*, in the Expedition against the *Dutch*, imagined himself valiant enough, and thereupon list'd himself; returning again, he was ask'd, by his Friends, What Exploits he had done there? He said, *That he had cut off one of the Enemy's Legs*; and being told that it had been more honourable and manly to have cut off his Head: Oh, said he, *you must know his Head was cut off before.*

486. A Person of Quality coming in a Church to the Place where several of his Ancestors were buried, after he had said much in their Commendation, and prais'd them for worthy Men, *Well*, said he, *I am, resolved, if I live, to be buried as near them as possible.*

487. An *Irishman* having been obliged to live with his Master some Time in *Scotland*, when he came Home again some of his Companions ask'd him, How he liked *Scotland*? *I will tell you now*, said he, *by Chrest I was sick all de While I was dare, and if I had lived dare 'till this Time, I had been dead a Year ago.*



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488. A certain Duchess, in a late Reign, hearing that a Man in a high Office, which gave him an Opportunity of handling much Cash, had married his kept Mistress, *Good Lord*, said she, *that old Fellow is always robbing the Public.*

489. A Book being published in Queen Elizabeth's Time, that gave her Majesty much Offence, she ask'd Bacon if he could find no Treason in it. *No, Madam*, said he, *but Abundance of Felony, for the Author has stole half his Conceits out of Tacitus.*

490. A young Lady being sick, a Physician was sent for to feel her Pulse; she being very coy, and loath he should touch her naked Skin, pull'd her Smock Sleeve over her Hand; the Doctor observing it, took a Corner of his Coat, and laid it upon her Smock Sleeve; at which a Lady that stood by wondered: *O Madam*, said he, *a Linnen Pulse must always have a Woollen Physician.*

491. Tom Clarke of St. John's desired a Fellow of the same College to lend him Bishop Burnet's *History of the Reformation*; the other told him, He could not spare it out of his Chamber, but, if he pleas'd, he might come there and read in it all Day long: Some Time after the same Gentleman sends to Tom to borrow his Bellows, Tom sent him Word, That he could not possibly spare them out of his Chamber, but he might come there and use them all Day long if he would.

492. The Bishop of D——m had a slovenly Custom of keeping one Hand always in his Breeches, and being one Day to bring a Bill into the House of Peers relating to a Provision for Officers Widows, he came with the Papers in one Hand, and the other, as usual, in his Breeches; and beginning to speak, *I have something in my Hand*, my Lords, said he, for the Benefit of the Officers Widows — Upon which the Duke of Wh——n, immediately interrupting him, ask'd, *In which Hand, my Lord.*

493. King Charles II. on a certain Time paying a Visit to Dr. Busby, the Doctor is said to have strutted thro' his School with his Hat upon his Head, while his Majesty walk'd complaisantly behind him with his Hat under his Arm; but, when he was taking his Leave

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at the Door, the Doctor with great Humility thus address'd himself: *Sir, I hope your Majesty will excuse my Want of Respect hitherto; but if my Boys were to imagine there was a greater Man in the Kingdom than myself, I should never be able to rule them.*

494. A Bishop of *L—d—n* having misrepresented Dr. *R—ndle* to the King, and the Doctor being inform'd of it, told the Bishop he was an Incendiary, and had acted in a Manner very unbecoming his Character; which the Bishop complaining of to one of his Right Reverend Brethren, as they were walking in the Park, said, since they paid so little Regard to his Representations, he would concern himself no more with Church-Affairs, but retire to *F—m*, and endeavour to make his Peace with God. O! my Lord, reply'd his mitred Brother, with great Emotion, *never think of that I beg of you.*

495. Dr. *Hickringal*, who was one of King *Charles* the Second's Chaplains, whenever he preached before his Majesty, was sure to tell him of his Faults, and to scold him from the Pulpit very severely. One Day his Majesty walking in the *Mall*, observed the Doctor before him, and sent to speak to him: When he came, Doctor, says the King, what have I done to you that you are always quarreling with me? I hope your Majesty is not angry with me, quoth the Doctor, for telling the Truth. No, no, says the King, but I would have us, for the future, be Friends. Well, well, quoth the Doctor, I'll make it up with your Majesty on these Terms, *as you mend I'll mend.*

496. In a little Country Town, it happened that the Squire of the Parish's Lady came to Church after her Lying-in, to return Thanks to God, or, as it is commonly called, to be Churched: The Parson, aiming to be complaisant, and thinking plain *Woman* a little too familiar, instead of saying, *O Lord save this Woman*, said, *O Lord save this Lady.* The Clerk resolving not to be behind hand with him, answered, *Who putteth her Ladyship's Trust in thee.*

497. One of King *James* the First's Chaplains preaching before the Court at *Whitchall*, made use of the following



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lowing Quibbles in his Discourse. Speaking of the Depravity of the Age, almost *all Houses*, he said, were made *Ale-houses*; that Men made *Matrimony a Matter of Money*; and placed their *Paradise in a Pair of Dice*. Was it so in the Days of *Noah*? *Ah, no!*

498. The Rev. Mr. *H—n—y* waiting one Day at Sir *Robert's* Levee, was ask'd by the Knight what brought him there? The Orator reply'd, *I hear you want a good Pen*. No, said Sir *Robert*, *I don't*. Then, said the Orator, *I have a bad One, which perhaps you mayn't like*. Well, said the Knight, *if it is very bad, I must get one of the Secretaries of State to mend it*.

499. Two Ladies just returned from *Bath*, were telling a Gentleman how they liked the Place, and how it agreed with them; the first had been ill and found great Benefit from the Waters: But pray what did you go for, said he to the second. *Wantonness*, reply'd she. And pray, Madam, said he, *Did it cure you?*

500. A very fine Lady who had the Gout asked Dr. *M—* what was the Occasion of the Gout. *Whoring and Drinking*, Madam, said he.

501. Several Prefs-Gangs infesting the Streets of the City and Suburbs: One of which giving Umbrage to a merry Punster, who had just staggered from a Tavern, into the Middle of them: He said pleasantly enough, *God Bless his Majesty's Arms! But, as to the Supporters, they are Beasts*.

502. It was well answered by Archbishop *Tillotson* to King *William*, when he complained of the Shortness of his Sermon. Sir, said the Bishop, *could I have bestowed more Time on it, it would not have been so long*.

503. Mr. *Prior*, when Ambassador, being at one of the French Opera's at *Paris*, and seated in a Box with a Nobleman he was free with, who, as usual in *France*, sung louder than the Performer, burst into bitter Invectives against the last; upon which his Lordship gave over to enquire the Reason, adding, that the Person he exclaimed against so fiercely, was one of the finest Voices they had. Yes, replies his Excellency, *but he makes such a horrid Noise, that I can't have the Pleasure to hear your Lordship*.



504. A Living of 500 *l. per Annum* falling in the Gift of the late Lord Chancellor *T--b--t*, Sir *R--W--* recommended one of his Friends as very deserving of the Benefice, whom his Lordship approv'd of. In the Interim, the Curate, who had serv'd the last Incumbent many Years for poor 30 *l. per Annum*, came up with a Petition, sign'd by many of the Inhabitants, testifying his good Behaviour, setting forth, that he had a Wife and seven Children to maintain, and begging his Lordship would stand his Friend, that he might be continued in his Curacy; and, in Consideration of his large Family, if he could prevail with the next Incumbent to add 10 *l.* a Year, he should for ever pray. His Lordship, according to his usual Goodness, promised to use his utmost Endeavours to serve him; and the Reverend Gentleman for whom the Living was design'd, coming soon after to pay his Respects, my Lord told him the Affair of the Curate, with this Difference only, that he should allow him 60 *l.* a Year instead of 30 *l.* The Parson, in some Confusion, reply'd, He was sorry that he could not grant his Request, for that he had promis'd the Curacy to another, and could not go back from his Word. *How!* says my Lord, *have you promis'd the Curacy before you was possess'd of the Living?* Well, to keep your Word with your Friend, if you please, I'll give him the Curacy, but the Living, I assure you, I'll give to another: And saying this he left him. The next Day the poor Curate coming to know his Destiny, my Lord told him, That he had used his Endeavours to serve him as to the Curacy, but with no Success, the Reverend Gentleman having dispos'd of it before. The Curate, with a deep Sigh, return'd his Lordship Thanks for his Goodness, and was going to withdraw, when my Lord calling him back, said, with a Smile, *Well, my Friend, 'tis true, I have it not in my Power to give you the Curacy; but if you will accept of the Living, 'tis at your Service.* The Curate almost surpriz'd to Death with Joy, in the most moving Expressions of Gratitude, return'd his Lordship Thanks, whose Goodness had in a Moment rais'd him and his Family from a necessitous Condition, to a comfortable State of Life.

506. The said noble Lord, when he was under the Tuition of the Reverend —, who used to call him his little Chancellor, one Day reply'd, that when he was so, he would give him a good Living. One happening to fall soon after he was Chancellor, he recollected his Promise, and ordered the Presentation to be fill'd up for his old Master, who soon after came to his Lordship, to remind him of his Promise, and to ask for this Living. *Why really, said my Lord, I wish you had come a Day sooner, but I have given it away already, and when you see to whom, I dare say you will not think me to blame;* so putting the Presentation into his Hands, he convinced him that he had not forgot his Promise.

507. The Reverend Mr. *Wh--n*, the famous Astronomer, had made a Calculation that the World would be at an End in fifteen Years, and some Time afterwards offering to dispose of an Estate, he ask'd the Gentleman who was about it, at the Rate of thirty Years Purchase; upon which, the Gentleman, in a very great Surprise, demanded, How he could ask so many Years Purchase, when he very well knew the World would be at an End in half the Time.

508. A Country Curate being one *Friday* in *Lent* to examine his young Catechumens, and the Bell tolling for Prayers, he was obliged to leave a Game of *All-fours* unfinish'd, in which he had the Advantage; but told his Antagonist he would soon dispatch his Audience, and see him out. Now for fear any Tricks should be play'd with the Cards in his Absence, he put them in his Cassock; and asking one of the Children how many Commandments there were, which the Boy not readily answering, by Accident one of the Cards dropp'd out of his Sleeve; he had the Presence of Mind to bid the Boy take it up, and tell him what Card it was, which he readily did: When turning to the Parents of the Child, *Are you not asham'd*, said he, *to pay so little Regard to the eternal Welfare of your Children, as not to teach them their Commandments? I suspected your Neglect, and brought this Card with me, to detect your Immorality, in teaching your Children to know their Cards before their Commandments.*

509. Dr. South being one Morning visiting a Gentleman, he was ask'd to stay Dinner, which he accepting of, the Gentleman stepp'd into the next Room, and told his Wife he had invited the Doctor to Dinner, and desir'd her to provide something extraordinary. Here-upon she began to murmur and scold, and make a thousand Words, 'till at last her Husband, being very much provok'd at her Behaviour, protested, That if it was not for the Stranger in the next Room, he would kick her out of Doors. Upon which the Doctor, who had heard all that had pass'd, immediately stepp'd out, crying, *I beg, Sir, you'll make no Stranger of me.*

510. A notorious Bawd of Clerkenwell, having left in her Will a handsome Sum of Money, to be given to the Rev. Doctor Lee, to preach her Funeral Sermon, but on Condition that he should say nothing but what was *well* of her. Her Executors accordingly waited on the Doctor, and acquainted him with the Conditions of the Will; who being very much surpriz'd at such a Request, desired them to call again, and he would consider of it; soon after they came, when he agreed that on the Money's being paid directly, he would preach it the following Sunday. The Doctor kept his Word, and taking the Text, *Blessed are they*, &c. made an excellent Sermon on a well-spent Life, and the Reward they would have in the next World, concluding, Dear Friends, said he, as for the Deceas'd, of whom I am now going to speak, [which caus'd great Attention from the Congregation] all I shall say of her is, *That she was born at Camberwell, lived great Part of her Time in Bridewell, and died at Clerkenwell, and at last has done well; then let us pray that she may farewell, &c. &c.*

511. The Reverend Mr. B--n coming from Holland with the K—g, a terrible Hurricane arising, the Sloop was in great Danger of being lost: the facetious Mr. B—d, of Albemarle-street, being in the Cabbin with him, and very willing to prepare himself for another World, desired him to take notice that if they were cast away, the Shirt he had on belonged to Mr. G—, and that he might have it again; then falling on his Knees, attempted to rehearse the *Lord's Prayer*, but



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with such a Tone as frightened the Ship's Crew; on which the Captain running down, desir'd him to pray to himself, and to his great Surprize found the Doctor stripping himself: *Pray Doctor*, said he, *what do you design to do?* *Oh*, said he, *let him pray, I design to swim for my Life.*

512. The Lord Chief Justice *Wh——t*, of the King's Bench in *Ireland*, being esteem'd a very able Lawyer, and Judge *C——ed* and *B——t*, but very indifferent ones; Well, said an Attorney of that Court, no Bench was ever supply'd like ours, for we have got an *Hundred Judges* upon it. An *Hundred!* said another, How can that be? *Why*, reply'd the first, *there is a Figure of One and two Cyphers.*

513. King *Charles* the Second coming from *New Market* thro' *Shoreditch* to *London*, observing a Wall, or Bank, lately made there of *Horns*, as is common in that Road, bid *Rochester*, who was in the Coach with him, take notice of it. *Ay, Sir*, said he, *the Citizens seem to have been laying their Heads together to mend the Way against your Majesty came by.*

514. One Mr. *Ash*, who was himself a famous Punster in *Ireland*, coming into an Inn, desired the Landlord to lend him a Hand to pull off his Great Coat: Indeed, Sir, said he, I dare not.—Dare not? reply'd the other, What do you mean by that? *You know, Sir*, answered he, *there is an Act of Parliament against stripping of Ash.*

515. A Cordelier waiting to close the Eyes of an Archbishop, as soon as he was dead, having fix'd his Eyes upon a rich Crucifix, slipp'd it into one of his wide Sleeves, saying, *He was crucify'd for us.*

516. King *Charles* the Second, after the Restoration, told *Waller* the Poet, that he had made better Verses, and said finer Things of *Cromwell* than of him. *That may very well be*, replied *Waller*, *for Poets generally succeed better in imaginary Things than in real ones.*

517. A Lawyer and a Physician having a Dispute about Precedence, referred it to *Diogenes*, who gave it in Favour of the Lawyer, in these Terms: *Let the Thief go before, and the Executioner follow.*

518. The Cardinal *De Retz* being out of Favour at Court, and at last recalled to kiss the King's Hand, the King said to him, Your Eminence's Hair is grown quite white. To which he replied, *It would make a younger Man than I am look grey, to be so long in Disgrace with your Majesty as I have been.*

519. Upon the Death of the famous *Moliere*, a Poet waiting with his Epitaph upon the Prince of *Conde*, the Prince told him, *He should have been much better pleased, if Moliere had brought him his.*

520. The famous *Buchanan* being at Dinner where the Soup was exceeding hot, burnt his Mouth, and at the same Time breaking Wind backwards: *It was well for you*, said he, *that you made your Escape, for I should have burnt you alive if you had staid.*

521. A Bishop going in great Haste to *Rome* to be cardinalized, missed his Promotion, and returned; but got a violent Cold by the Way: *It is no Wonder*, said one who was told of it, *since he came so far without his Hat.*

522. Mr. *Smith* the Ordinary of *Newgate*, in the Reign of King *William*, one of the famous Scruple Drawers of his Time, had one impenitent Clipper once to deal with. Why, says the Fellow, what harm have I done? A Parcel of over-grown Shillings fell into my Hands, and I only pared off their Superfluities. They would have bought but twelve Pennyworth of Beef and Turnips at first, and they will buy twelve Pennyworth of Beef and Turnips still. Ay, but heark you, my Friend, cries the Ordinary, what is it to clip a Thing but to pare it round, and what is paring round call'd in Scripture, but Circumcision, and who under the Evangelical Dispensation dares practise Circumcision, but one that has actually renounced the Christian Religion, and is a Jew, a most obstinate perverse Jew in his Heart? Upon this the poor Clipper threw himself at his Feet, own'd the Heinousness of his Sin, confess'd that Sabbath-breaking had brought him to't, and wept like a Church-spout.

523. A Gentleman being very drunk came to a Friend's House, and told him, he came three Miles

on Purpose to sup with him ; to whom the other answer'd, *He was greatly obliged to him, since he came so far to see him before he came to himself.*

524. A Scotch Parson in the Rump Time, in his babbling Prayer, said, *Laird bless the Grand Council, the Parliament, and grant they may all hang together.* A Country Fellow standing by, said, *Yes, yes, with all my Heart, and the sooner the better ; and I am sure it is the Prayers of all good People.* But, Friends, said Sawney, I don't mean as that Fellow means, but pray they may all hang together in Accord and Concord. *No Matter what Cord,* reply'd the other, *so 'tis but a strong Cord.*

525. An Honest Higblander, walking along Holbourn, heard a Voice cry, *Rogue, Scot, Rogue, Scot ;* his Northern Blood, fir'd at the Insult, drew his broad Sword, looking round him on every Side, to discover the Object of his Indignation ; at last he found that it came from a Parrot, perch'd in a Balcony within his Reach : But the Generous Scot, disdaining to stain his trusty Blade with such ignoble Blood, put up his Sword again, with a sour Smile, saying, *Gin ye were a Mon, as ye're a Green Geuse, I would split your Ween.*

526. One of the Scotch Teachers preaching upon Drunkenness, told his Hearers, there were four Sorts of Drunkenness : 1. To be drunk like a Sow, tumbling in the Mire, like many of this Parish. 2. There is to be drunk like a Dog ; the Dog fills the Stomach of him, and spues all out again ; and thou John Jamison wast this Way drunk the other Day. 3. There is to be drunk like a Goose. Of all Drunkenness, Sirs, beware of the Drunkenness of the Goose, for it never rests, but constantly dips the Gobb of it in the Water. You are all drunk this Way, Sirs, I need name none of you. 4. There is to be drunk like a Sheep. The Sheep seldom or never drinks, but sometimes wets the Mouth of it in the Water, and rises up as well as ever ; and I myself use to be drunk thus, Sirs. But now, said he, I see two Gentlemen in the Kirk ; and, Gentlemen, you are both Strangers to me, but I must vindicate myself at your Hands. I have here the cursed 'st Parish that ever God put Breath in ; for all my preaching against Drunk-



Drunkennes, they will gang into an Alehouse after Sermon, and get a mickle Cupfull of hot Ale, and they will say, *Would we had the Minister in the Midst of it!* Now, Gentlemen, judge ye how I am rewarded for my good Preaching!

527. Mr. James Kirkton preaching upon *Jezebel*, said, That well-favour'd Whore, what became of her, Sirs? She fell from a Window Arse over Head, and her black Bottom was discovered: You may all guess what the Beholders saw, Beloved, *a black Sight you may be sure.*

528. The same Teacher preaching the Poverty of the People of God, gave this remarkable Instance; Brethren, says he, Criticks with their Frim-frams, and Whitie-whaties, may imagine a hundred Reasons for *Abraham's* going out of the Land of *Chaldea*; but I will tell you what was always my Opinion, I believe *Abraham*, poor Man, was forc'd to run out of the Land of *Chaldea* for Debt.

529. Another Scotch Parson preaching upon these Words, *Resist the Devil and he will fly from you*, began thus: My Beloved you are all here to Day, but wot ye who is among ye? Even the mickel horned Devil. Ye cannot see him; but by the Eye of Faith I see him. But some of you will say, What shall we do with him now we have him here? How shall we destroy him? We will hang him. Alas, my Beloved, there are not so many Tows in the Parish as will hang him, he is light as a Feather. Then some of you will say, we will drown him. Humph, my Beloved, there is too much Cork in his Arse, he's as souple as an Eel, he will not sink. Others of you will say we will burn him. Na, na, Sirs, you may scald your Sals, but ye canna burn him, for all the Fire in Hell could never yet singe a Hair of his Tail. Now, Sirs, ye canna find a Way among you all to kill him, but I will find it. What Way will this be, Sirs? We shall even shoot him, Wherewith shall we shoot him? We shall shoot him with the Bible. Now, Sirs, I shall shoot him presently. So, presenting the Bible as Soldiers do their Muskets, he cries out, *Toott, toott, toott*, Now he is shot; there lies the foul Thief as dead as a Haron.

530. The Reverend Mr. Brodie preaching one Day at the Kirk in *Edinburgh* on Hell-Torments, represented them to be intolerable, by the extreme Cold they suffer'd there. And it being at that Time very cold Weather, one of his Congregation after Sermon took upon him to ask him the Reason of his so doing, when all the eminent Divines had preach'd it up to be the Reverse. O, Sir, said he, *I had good Reason; for if I had told them it was hot, I should have had them all run away to Hell to warm themselves.*

531. An *Irishman* having a Looking-Glass in his Hand, shut his Eyes and placed it before his Face, another asking him, Why he did so? Upon my Shoul, said Teague, *it is to see how I look when I am asleep.*

532. Two Gentlemen standing together, as a young Lady passed by them, said one, *There goes the handsomest Woman I ever saw.* She hearing him, turned back, and seeing him very ugly, said, Sir, *I wish I could, in Return, say as much by you.* So you may, by G——, Madam, said he, *and lye as I did.*

533. An impudent ridiculous Fellow, being laugh'd at by all who came in his Company, told some of his Acquaintance, That he had a happy Quality of laughing at all who laugh'd at him. Then, said one of them, *you lead the merriest Life of any Man in Christendom.*

534. There is in *Rome* a certain broken Statue call'd *Pasquin*, to which, in the Night-Time, People affix the Libels which they dare not own. A Kind of dumb Satire on the Vices of the Grandees, not sparing even the Pope himself, as may be seen by the following Story.

A late Pope being descended from a very mean Family, on his Advancement to the Holy See, bestowed great Preferments on most of his beggarly Relations; whereupon *Pasquin*, on the next great Festival, early in the Morning, was observed to have an extreme dirty Shirt on, with a Scroll of Paper in his Hand, wherein was written; *How now, Pasquin, what so dirty on a Holiday!* And under that his Answer: *Alas! I can have no clean Linnen, because my Washer-Woman is made a Princess.*

535. Alexander the Great, ask'd Dionides, a famous Pirate, who was brought Prisoner to him, Why he was so bold as to rob and plunder in his Seas? He answered, That he did it for his Profit, and as Alexander himself was used to do: But because I do it with one single Galley, I am called a Pirate; but you, Sir, who do it with a great Army, are called a King. This bold Answer so pleased Alexander, that he set him at Liberty.

536. A Ploughman seeing the Archbishop of Cologne go by, attended by a great many Soldiers, laugh'd; the Archbishop press'd him to know the Reason: It is because I wonder, said the Ploughman, to see an Archbishop arm'd and followed, not by Churchmen, but by Soldiers, like a General of an Army. Friend, reply'd the Archbishop, in my Church I perform the Part of an Archbishop with my Clergy; but in the Field, I march like a Duke, accompanied by my Soldiers. I understand you, my Lord, answered the Peasant, but pray tell me, when my Lord Duke goes to the Devil, what will then become of my Lord Archbishop?

537. The Duke of Guise, after a Battle fought between Francis I. and Charles V. reproach'd one Villandry, that tho' he was in complete Armour, yet he had not been seen in the Fight. I'll make it out, answered Villandry, boldly, that I was there, and in a Place where you durst not be seen. The Duke, nettled at this Reproach, threatened to punish him severely; but he appeased him with these Words: I was, my Lord, with the Baggage, where your Courage would not suffer you to be.

538. Hermon was so covetous, according to the Testimony of Lucilius, that dreaming one Night he had spent some Money, hang'd himself in the Morning; but Dinarches Philo quitted the Design he had once taken to hang himself, because he grudged the Expence of a Rope.

539. A French Courtier who was a little suspected of Imbecility, one Day meeting the Poet Benseraud, who had often jeer'd him; Sir, said he, for all your silly Jests, my Wife was brought To-Bed of a Boy two Days



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Days ago. Faith, reply'd *Benseraud*, I never question'd your Wife.

540. A beautiful Creature of thirteen Years of Age, being to be married to a strapping Fellow of about thirty, the young Lady's Mother was severely rallied at a Tea-Table Conversation, for consenting to such an unequal Match; the old Gentlewoman said, in her Defence, *That she had much rather her Daughter should smart than itch.*

541. Dr. M——d, coming out of Tom's Coffee-House, an impudent broken Apothecary met him at the Door, and accosted him with a Request to lend him five Guineas; Sir, said the Doctor, *I am surpriz'd that you should apply to me for such a Favour, who do not know you!* Oh, dear Sir, reply'd the Apothecary, *it is for that very Reason; for those who do, won't lend me a Farthing.*

542. A Gentlewoman cheapening a Close-Stool, bid too little for it; the Cabinet-Maker, to persuade her to give more, desired her to look on the Goodness of the Lock and Key. *As for that,* answered the Gentlewoman, *I value it not, for I design to put nothing into it, but what I care not who steals out.*

543. An old superstitious Roman, who had his Buskins Rat-eaten, consulted Cato, in a grave Manner, what such an Accident might portend. Cato bad him set his Mind at rest, for there would come no Mischief on't. But, said the Philosopher, *if your Buskins had eaten the Rats, it might have been dangerous.*

544. Philip, King of Macedon, after the Battle of Cheronea, having generously set all his Athenian Prisoners free; upon their unconscionably demanding their Baggage, Sure, said he, *these Men fancy we had but a Mock-Fight.*

545. An Archbishop finding Fault with some Actions of Queen Elizabeth, brought her good Arguments out of the Scriptures, to prove that they favour'd more of the Politician than the Christian. *I see,* said she, *my Lord, you have read the Scriptures, but not the Book of Kings.*

546. In a Visit Queen Elizabeth made to the famous Lord Chancellor Bacon, at a small Country Seat, which he had built for himself, before his Preferment; she ask'd him, *How it came that he had made himself so small a House?* It is not I, Madam, answered he, who have made my House too small for myself, but your Majesty, who have made me too big for my House.

547. Some Persons praising a generous Prince for Virtues he had not; *Well*, said he, *I'll do my utmost to hinder your telling an Untruth.*

548. King William III. being upon a March, for some secret Expedition, was intreated by a General to tell him what his Design was: The King, instead of answering him, ask'd him, Whether, in Case he should tell him, he could keep it a Secret, and would let it go no farther; the General promised it should not. *Well*, answered his Majesty, *I know how to keep a Secret as well as you.*

549. One said Sir John Cutler looked very dismally when Night came on, not because it brought Darkness with it, but because Day-Light saved him a Candle.

550. Mr. T——s C——r, the Comedian, coming one Day to his Father, begg'd him to let him have an Hundred Pounds, which would make him perfectly easy in his Affairs. Why, *The'*, said the Father, it is very strange you can't live upon your Salary, your Benefit, and other Advantages; when I was of your Age, I never spent any of my Father's Money. *I do not know that*, answered the Son, *but I am sure you have spent a great many Hundred Pounds of my Father's Money.*

551. An ordinary Country Fellow being called as an Evidence in a Court of Judicature, in a Cause where the Terms of *Mortgager* and *Mortgagee* were frequently used, the Judge ask'd the Countryman if he knew the Difference between the *Mortgager* and the *Mortgagee*: Yes, said he, it is the same as between the *Nodder* and the *Noddee*. How is that, reply'd the Judge. Why, you sit there, my Lord, said the Clown, and I nod at you; then I am the *Nodder*, and your Lordship is the *Noddee*.

552. Two Fellows meeting, one ask'd the other, Why he look'd so sad? I have a very good Reason for it, answered the other; poor *Jack Such-a-one*, the greatest Chroney and best Friend I had in the World, was hang'd but two Days ago. What had he done, said the First? Alas, reply'd the other, he did no more than you or I should have done on the like Occasion; he found a Bridle in the Road, and took it up. What, answered the other, hang a Man for taking a Bridle! That's hard, indeed. To tell the Truth of the Matter, said the other, *there was a Horse ty'd to the other End of it.*

553. It was a fine Saying of my Lord *Ruffel*, who was beheaded in the Reign of King *Charles II.* when on the Scaffold, he delivered his Watch to Dr. *Gilbert Burnet*, afterwards Bishop of *Salisbury*: Here, Sir, said he, *take this, it shews Time; I am going into Eternity, and shall have no longer any Need of it.*

554. In the Days of Yore, said *Winefrid*, an *English* Bishop, the Priests were Gold Priests, and the Chalicees were Wooden Ones: But now, *O Tempora! O Mores!* How are Things overturned; we have Golden Chalicees, and Wooden Priests.

555. Queen *Elizabeth* having taken notice of the Duke *de Villa Medina's* gallant Behaviour at a Tournament, told him one Day, That she would absolutely know who his Mistress was: *Villa Medina* excused himself a-while, but at last yielding to her Curiosity, he promised to send Her her Picture. The next Morning he sent her Majesty a Packet; wherein the Queen finding nothing but a small Looking-glass, presently understood the *Spaniard's* Meaning.

It must needs be confessed, that this was a very ingenious Contrivance; and there's no Question, but this great and witty Princess, who was so pleas'd to be counted beautiful, was well enough satisfy'd with this dumb Declaration of Love.

556. A Dyer, in a Court of Justice, being order'd to hold up his Hand, that was all black; *Take off your Glove, Friend*, said the Judge to him. *Put on your Spectacles, my Lord*, answered the Dyer.



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557. A sober good Woman who was treating with a Maid-Servant about Work and Wages, ask'd her, among other Questions, *What Religion she was of?* A lack-a-Day, Madam, said the poor innocent Girl, I never troubled my Head about that, for Religion, I thought, was only for Gentlefolks.

558. A very forward Spark being somewhat importunate with a marry'd Lady, who was resolv'd no longer to suffer his Addresses, dismiss'd him with this modest Answer: *Sir, whilst I was a Child I obey'd my Mother, when I was grown up I obey'd my Father; and now that I am marry'd I obey my Husband: So that if you desire any Thing from me, you must get his Consent.*

559. Admiral Chatillon being on a Holyday gone to hear Mass in the Dominican Friars Chapel, a poor Fellow begg'd his Charity, just as he was most intent on his Devotions. He felt in his Pocket, and gave him several Pieces of Gold, without counting them, or minding what they were. The considerable Alms so dazzled the Beggar's Eyes, that he was amaz'd at it. As M. Chatillon was going out of the Church Door, where the poor Man waited for him, Sir, said he, shewing him, what he had given him, I cannot tell whether you intended to give me so large a Sum; if not, I am very ready to return it. The Admiral, wondering at the Honesty of the Man, said, *I did not, indeed, honest Man, intend to have given you so much; but, since you have the Generosity to offer to return it, I will have the Generosity to desire you to keep it.*

560. A certain Captain, who had made a greater Figure than his Fortune could well bear, and the Regiment not being paid as was expected, was forced to put off a great Part of his Equipage; a few Days after, as he was walking by the Road Side, he saw one of his Soldiers sitting lousing himself under an Hedge: *What are you doing there,* Tom, said the Officer. *Why Faith, Sir,* answered the Soldier, *I am following your Example, getting rid of Part of my Retinue.*

561. One who had formerly been rich, but had squandered away his Estate, and left himself no Furniture in his House but a sorry Bed, a little Table, a few  
broken

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Chairs, and some other odd Things, seeing a Parcel of Thieves, who knew not his Condition, breaking into his House in the Night, he cried out to them, *Are not you a damn'd Pack of Fools to think to find any Thing here in the Dark, where I can find nothing by Day-Light.*

562. A Man of Quality in the Country, whose Wife had not the best Reputation in the World, and whose Children had been very short liv'd, looking earnestly one Day upon a Peasant sitting at his own Door, with five or six lusty Boys about him. *Pr'ythee, honest Fellow, said my Lord, how do you poor Folks do to get so many brave healthy Children? when I, who am rich, and able to maintain them handsomely, can get none that will live. Why, an't please your Lordship,* answered the Bumpkin, *we poor Folks e'en take Pains to get them ourselves.*

563. A certain great Lord having, by his Extravagancies, run himself over Head and Ears in Debt; and seeming very little concern'd about it, one of his Friends told him, one Day, That he wondered how he could sleep quietly in his Bed, whilst he was so much in Debt. *For my Part,* said my Lord, *I sleep very well, but I wonder how my Creditors can.*

564. A Bishop of *Cervia* in *Italy* came in great Haste to the Pope, and told him, that it was generally reported, his Holiness had done him the Honour to make him Governor of *Rome*. *How,* said the Pope, *don't you know that Fame spreads a great many false Reports, and I dare say you'll find this one of them.*

565. A Gascon, one Day reading, in Company, a Letter he had just received from his Father, who, therein, acquainted him that he was threatened with an Assessment, which would be very hard upon him, whose whole Estate was not above two hundred Livres per Annum. This Sum was written in Figures, thus (200.) But the Gascon reading two Thousand instead of two Hundred, a Lady that stood behind him, and read the Letter without uttering a Word, so that he could not perceive her, hearing him say two Thousand; *Hold, hold, Sir,* said she, *there are but two Hundred. Let me*

be

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*be hang'd, said he, turning about to her, if the Coxcomb, meaning his Father, has not forgot a Cypher or w*

566. Another Gascon Officer, who had served under Henry IV. King of France, and not having received any Pay for a considerable Time, came to the King, and confidently said to him; *Sir, three Words with your Majesty, Money or Discharge, Four with you,* answered his Majesty, *neither one, nor t'other.*

567. A certain Italian having wrote a Book upon the Art of making Gold, dedicated it to Pope Leo X, in Hopes of a good Reward. His Holiness finding the Man constantly following him, at length gave him a large empty Purse, saying, *Sir, since you know how to make Gold, you can have no Need of any Thing but a Purse to put it in.*

568. A Scotch Pedlar, being very much distress'd for a Lodging, came at last to a Hut, where with some Difficulty he prevail'd on his Host to put him to Bed to a Couple of Countrymen, that were just got in before: They were fast a-sleep, and Sawney thrust in between them, in Hopes of warming himself; his Bedfellows being jolly Fellows, the Bed none of the largest, and the Night very cold, they endeavoured to keep as much in the Middle of it as possible, which made them squeeze the poor Scot extremely, who was very uneasy in his Post, and wanting to do what no body could do for him, and being unwilling to get up, lest they should refuse him Entrance again, play'd his Water-Engine on him that was in the Front; at which the Fellow awakened, and ask'd the Pedlar what he was about. *Hush,* says Sawney, *you are well off, for I am doing t'other Thing upon t'other.*

569. A Countryman seeing a Lady in the Street in a very odd Dress, as he thought, begg'd her to be pleas'd to tell him what she called it. The Lady, a little surprized at the Question, called him Impertinent Fellow. Nay, I hope no Offence, Madam, cry'd Hodge; I am a poor Countryman, just going out of Town, and my Wife always expects I should bring her an Account of the newest Fashion, which occasioned my enquiring what you call this that you wear. It is a Sack, said she, in a great Pet. *I have heard,* replied the



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*the Countryman, (heartily nettled at her Behaviour) of a Pig in a Poke, but never saw a Sow in a Sack before.*

470. A Man was reproached by another with Barbarity in beating his Wife so severely as he often did: Go, you are a Fool, and ignorant of the Scriptures, says he, else you would know that it is a Proof of my Love for her, otherwise I would not be at the Trouble: *But he that the Lord loveth he chastizeth; and he will not forsake him.*

571. Of all the disinterested Professors I have ever heard of, I take the Boatswain of *Dampier's Ship* to be the most impudent, but the most excusable. You are to know; that in the wild Searches that Navigator was making, they happen'd to be out at Sea, far distant from any Shore, in Want of all the Necessaries of Life: insomuch that they began to look, not without Hunger, on each other. The Boatswain was a fat, healthy, fresh Fellow; and attracted the Eyes of the whole Crew. In such an extreme Necessity, all Forms of Superiority were laid aside: The Captain and Lieutenant were safe only by being Carrion; and the unhappy Boatswain in Danger only by being worth eating. To be short, the Company were unanimous, and the Boatswain must be cut up. He saw their Intention, and desired he might speak a few Words before they proceeded; which being permitted, he delivered himself as follows:

Gentlemen Sailors,

*Far be it that I should speak it for any private Interest of my own; but I take it, that I should not die with a good Conscience, if I did not confess to you that I am not sound. I say, Gentlemen, Justice, and the Testimony of a good Conscience, as well as Love of my Country, to which I hope you will all return, obliges me to own, that Black Kate of Deptford has made me very unfit to eat; and, I speak it with Shame, I am afraid, Gentlemen, I shall poison you.*

This Speech had a good Effect in the Boatswain's Favour; but the Surgeon of the Ship protested he had cured him very well and offered to eat the first Steak himself.

The

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The Boatswain replied, (like an Orator, with a true Notion of the People, and in Hopes to gain Time) that he was heartily glad if he could be for their Service, and thanked the Surgeon for his Information: However, said he, I must inform you for your own good, that I have ever since my Cure been very Thirsty and Dropical; therefore I presume it would be much better to tap me, and drink me off, than eat me at once, and have no Man in the Ship fit to be drank. As he was going on with his Harangue, a fresh Gale arose, and gave the Crew Hopes of a better Repast at the nearest Shore, to which they arrived next Morning.

572. A proud Parson, and his Man, riding over a Common, saw a Shepherd tending his Flock, and having a new Coat on, the Parson asked him, in a haughty Tone, who gave him that Coat; the same, said the Shepherd, that cloathed you, the *Parish*. The Parson nettled at this, rode on, murmuring, a little Way, and then bade his Man go back, and ask the Shepherd if he'd come and live with Him, for he wanted a Fool. The Man going accordingly to the Shepherd, delivered his Master's Message, and concluded, as he was ordered, that his Master wanted a *Fool*; why are *You* going away then, said the Shepherd; no, answered the Other; then you may tell your Master, reply'd the Shepherd, his Living can't maintain *Three* of us.

573. An Old Woman, who had a very handsome Daughter, had a great Jealousy and Fear, that one Mr. *John Turner*, a young Fellow in the Neighbourhood, had a great Mind to be too busy with her; and as she apprehended, watching them pretty narrowly, she caught them in the very Fact upon the Bed in the Garret, upon which she hollow'd out, with a dismal Groan, O! *John Turner! John Turner!* No, I think, Mother, said he, *She lyes very well already.*

574. An idle young Lad, being lounging about in the Kitchen, in a Gentleman's House, one *Sunday* Morning, when all the Family were at Church, but the Cook, Maid and a Groom, who had a Mind to be about a little Business by themselves; the Wench asked him why he did not go to Church as the rest of the Family did? The



Boy said, he never was at Church in his Life, and did not know what to do when he came there, and knew no one that was there. O, said she, you are to do Nothing yourself, but mind what other People do and say, and as for Acquaintance there, you'll find enough, and those that have the most Business there. You know Mr. *Johnson*, said she, the Parson; yes, very well, answered the Boy: And Mr. *Adams* the Clerk, said she; Ay, to be sure, replied the Boy, what will they be there? Well they're very civil People, I shall come to no harm in their Company; and so away he marched. But in less than Half an Hour, the Boy came running home again in a terrible Fright; Why, what's the Matter, *Tom*, cry'd the Cook Maid, is Church done already? Nay, said the Boy, I know not whether or no the Church be done, but I am sure there's a great deal of Mischief done by this Time. How so, said the Maid. It's all owing to that Rogue *Adams*, said the Boy, I shall never have a good Opinion of him again, as long as I live. Mr. *Johnson* and he have had a lamentable Battle. Mr. *Johnson* got up into a Place and spoke very mildly and very civilly, I thought, to Mr. *Adams*, and to be sure he gave him two Words for one, and I don't know how many People joined with him, then Mr. *Johnson* spoke again to pacify them, but *Adams* and all his Gang were immediately at him again, and so they went on for a long Time, Nobody taking poor Mr. *Johnson*'s Part; however he talked so, that he made them quiet for a good while; but upon some Word, I suppose, that was taken amiss, up started *Adams*, and called for two *Staves* at once, and then all the People fell into such a Haloboloo, and I ran out of the Church, and I wish they have not killed poor Mr. *Johnson* by this Time.

575. As the last mentioned Lad seemed to know very little of what belonged to the Care of his Soul, so that Lad had as little Regard to his Body, who running along the Gunnel of a Ship, with a Can of Flip in his Hand, of which he was to have a Part himself, when a Cannon Ball came suddenly, and took off one of his Legs, *Look you there now, Damn it*, said he, *all the Flip's spilt*.

576. Lord Falkland, the Author of the Play called *The Marriage Night*, was chose very young to sit in Parliament



# JOE MILLER'S JESTS. 113

ment; and when he was first elected, some of the Members oppos'd his Admission, urging, *That he had not sowed his wild Oats*; then, reply'd he, *it will be the best Way to sow them in the House, where there are so many Geese to pick them up.*

577. The Duke of ——— asked a Friend, who he thought had undertaken the most difficult Task, Mr. Whiston, in his Attempt to discover the Longitude, or Mr. Lister, to find the Philosopher's Stone; the Friend answered, that he could not tell which was the most arduous Task of the two, which those Gentlemen had undertaken, but he was sure that he had himself engaged in a much more difficult Work than either of them; what is that said his Grace? *I have been these six Years endeavouring to prevail on you to pay your Debts,* reply'd the Friend.

578. When Mrs. W—— first acted Sir Harry Wildair at Drury-Lane Play-house, coming off the Stage into the Green-Room, I believe, said she, that one Half of the House take me really for a Man: To which said Mrs. Clive, *but the other Half, Madam, know to the contrary.*

579. A School-Master asking one of his Boys, in a sharp wintry Morning, what was Latin for Cold, the Boy hesitating a little, what Sirrah, said he, can't you tell? Yes, yes, replied the Boy, *I have it at my Fingers Ends.*

580. When the Gate, which joined to Whitehall, was ordered, by the House of Commons, to be pulled down, to make the Coach-way more open and commodious; a Member made a Motion, that the other, which was contiguous to it, might be taken down at the same Time; which was oppos'd by a Gentleman, who told the House that he had a very high Veneration for that ancient Fabric, that he looked upon it as a Noble Piece of Antiquity, that he had the Honour to have lived by it many Years; and therefore humbly begg'd the House would continue the Honour to him, which would really make him unhappy to be deprived of it now. Counsellor Hungerford seconded the Gentleman, and said, *'Twould be a thousand Pities, but he should be indulg'd to live still by his Gate, for he was sure he could never live by his Style.*

581. Two Persons, Male and Female, having at once met with three irresistible Temptations, Time, Place and

Consent, made use of the Occasion, and were very wickedly busy, but the Wench being more troubled about her Credit than Conscience, crys to him, *If this should come out I am utterly undone*; to which, he answered, *If it do not I am sure I shall be utterly undone.*

582. A Nobleman having presented King Charles II. with a fine Horse, his Majesty bade Killigrew, who was present, tell him his Age, whereupon Killigrew goes and examines the Tail: What are you doing, said the King? that is not the Place to find out his Age. O! Sir, said Killigrew, *Your Majesty knows one should never look a Gift Horse in the Mouth.*

583. A Gentleman who was travelling in Italy, saw one Day as he passed along the Road near Naples, a Man standing up to the Chin in a Puddle of dirty Water; not able to guess at the Meaning of it, he cry'd out to him, *What are you catching there, Friend?* Cold, reply'd the other, *for I am to sing the Bass Part in the Opera to Night*; but suppose, said the Gentleman, you catch your Death, why then said the other, *the Opera may be damn'd.*

584. A certain Poetafter, whose Head was full of a Play of his own Writing, was explaining the Plot and Design of it to a Courtier. *The Scene of it*, said he, *is in Cappadocia*; and to judge rightly of the Play, a Man must transport himself into the Country, and get acquainted with the Genius of the People. You say right, answered the Courtier, and I think it would be best to have it acted there.

585. A young Man, who was a very great Talker, making a Bargain with Isocrates to be taught by him, Isocrates asked double the Price that his other Scholars gave him; and the Reason, said he, is, *that I must teach thee two Sciences, one to Speak, and the other to hold thy Tongue.*

586. A Captain, not far from St. James's, having an amorous Design upon his Landlady, a comely young Mil-liner, to give her a Hint of what he'd be at, clap'd a Guinea on one of his Eyes, and stared her in the Face with the other. The Doxy, presently taking his Meaning, Sir, said she, *Love, I have been told, is not blind of one only, but both Eyes.*

587. A certain Couple going to *Dinner*, to claim the Fitch of Bacon, which is to be given to every married Pair, who can swear they have had no Dispute, nor once repented their Bargain in a Year and a Day; the Steward ready to deliver it, ask'd where they would put it; the Husband produced a Sack, and told him in that. That, answer'd the Steward, is not near big enough to hold it. So I told my Wife, reply'd the good Man; and I believe we have had an hundred Words about it. Ay, said the Steward, but they were not such as will butter any Cabbage to be eat with this Bacon; and so hangs the Fitch up again.

## MORAL SENTENCES.

THE surest Way of Governing, both in a private Family and a Kingdom, is, for a Husband and a Prince sometimes to drop their Prerogative.

The greatest Men may sometimes over-shoot themselves; but their very Mistakes are so many Lessons of Instruction.

Not only Religion and Law, but even Gold and Silver, are falsify'd to procure Gold and Silver.

If your Friend be in Want, don't carry him to a Tavern, where you treat yourself as well as him, and entail a Thirst and Head-ach upon him next Morning. Treating a poor Wretch with a Bottle of *Burgundy*, or filling his Snuff-Box, is like giving a Pair of lac'd Ruffles to a Man that has never a Shirt to his Back. Put somewhat in his Pocket.

Poverty keeps us in a due State of Mind and Body; Prosperity, as it is not every one's Fortune, so every one cannot bear it.

A beautiful Face is a silent Commendation—as a good Outside is the best Sir *Clement Cotterel* in a strange Place.

A Pen in a conceited Man's Hand is like a Sword in a Madman's, with this Difference only, that the Law lays hold of the former and acquits the latter.

A Woman never repents of a Fool so heartily, as in the Arms of a Man of Sense.

Were we to believe nothing but what we can comprehend,



hend, every Man upon the Face of the Earth, would be an Atheist.

A Fool, like a Coward, is more to be fear'd behind a Man's Back, than a witty Man. For as a Coward is more bloody than a brave Man, a Fool is more malicious than a Man of Wit.

Beauty soon obtains Pardon for the Pain it gives, when it applies the Balsam of Compassion to the Wound. But a fine Face, and a hard Heart is almost as bad as an ugly Face, and a soft one, both very troublesome to many poor Gentlemen.

Death only has the Key of a Miser's Chest, and the Devil unlocks it.

As 'tis a black Crime to forget the Favours we have receiv'd from others, so we should not be too mindful of the Favours which others have receiv'd from us.

He who laughs at Mischief, tells us he is pleas'd that it is done, tho' he is sorry that he had no Hand in it.

Collectors for the Poor provide usually for themselves first, imagining as they say, that Charity begins at Home.

The World is truly compar'd to a *State-Play*, by Reason there is so much Dissimulation in it, whence like Players, most Persons act the Part of others, and not their own.

'Tis very hard to know the Worth of Persons, by the common Characters which are given of them, Interest and Conceit, are loud and talkative, and Ignorance always go along with the Stream.

The Success of Gamesters, like the Sea, has its Ebbs and Flowings, and Fortune is the only coy Mistress that ever shunn'd her Admirers after Enjoyment.

What are Vices in some, are Virtues in others, according to the Circumstances and Constitutions of Mankind.

This Life is short and miserable at the best, it is no continuing City for the wisest and most virtuous of Men.

'Tis but a Pilgrimage, we are all Travellers, the whole World is but one large Inn, every Inhabitant of which is a Steward to God,

Princes, as they are said to be the Fountain of Honour,

nour, should never be dry, by being worse than their Words.

If we go empty handed to Court for Preferment, we must expect to come empty back too.

A Gamester, the greatest Master he is in his Art, the worse Man he is.

If Vices were upon the whole Matter profitable, the virtuous Man would be the Sinner.

In taking Revenge, the very Haste we make is criminal.

He that injures one threatens an Hundred.

That sick Man does ill for himself, who makes his Physician his Heir.

'Tis Part of the Gift, if you deny handsomely what is asked of you.

The Coward calls himself a wary Man, the Miser says he is frugal, and the Fool cries up his own Wit.

'Tis a strange Desire which Men have, to seek Power and lose Liberty.

Great Numbers import not much in Armies where Courage is wanting; for, as *Virgil* says, *It never troubles the Wolf how many the Sheep be.*

'Tis safer sleeping in a good Conscience than a whole Skin.

The sensible Man, and the silent Woman, are the best Conversation.

The best Company makes the Upper End of the Table, not the Salt.

The *Epicure* puts his Money in his Belly, and the Miser his Belly in his Purse. An envious Man keeps his Knife in his Hand, and swallows his Meat whole.

He that lets his Tongue run before his Wit, cuts other Men's Meat, and his own Fingers.

He who sins that he may repent, surfeits that he may take Physic.

A young Fellow who falls in love with a Whore, may be said to fall asleep in a Hog-stye.

A covetous rich Man may be said to freeze before the Fire; to be a mere Dog in a Wheel, that toils to roast Meat for other Men's eating.

Where Vice is a State Commodity, as in some Popish Countries,

Countries, he is the greatest Offender who never offends.

Those are aptest to domineer over others who by suffering Indignities have learn'd to offer them.

The Wounds of an ancient Enmity leave their Scars behind, which seldom are healed so well to the Sight, but they lie open to the Memory.

It is the wholsomest getting a Stomach by walking on one's own Ground; and the thriftiest Way of alswaging it, at another's Table.

Nothing is more amiable than true Modesty; and nothing more contemptible than that which is false; the one guards Virtue; the other betrays it. True Modesty is asham'd to do any thing that is repugnant to right Reason; false Modesty is asham'd to do any thing that is opposite to the Humour of those with whom the Party converses: True Modesty avoids every thing that is criminal; false Modesty every thing that is unfashionable. The latter is only a general, undetermin'd Instinct; the former is that Instinct limited and circumscrib'd by the Rules of Prudence and Religion.

Good-Nature is more agreeable in Conversation than Wit, and gives a certain Air to the Countenance, which is more amiable than Beauty. It shews Virtue in the fairest Light; takes off, in some Measure, from the Deformity of Vice, and makes even Folly and Impertinence supportable.

Cardinal *Wolsey*, who was the most absolute and wealthy Minister of State that *England* ever had; who seem'd to govern all *Europe*, as well as the Kingdom wherein he liv'd; when he came to the Period of his Life, left the World with his stinging Reflection on his own ill Conduct. *Had I been as diligent*, said he, *to serve my God, as I was to please my King, he wouldn't have abandon'd me thus in my grey Hairs.*—A melancholy Reflection for all worldly-minded-Men, who have the Power and Means of doing good in the World, and have not Resolution enough to do it.

Every Virtue gives a Man a Degree of Felicity in some Kind; Honesty gives him a good Report; Justice, Estimation; Prudence, Respect; Courtesy and Munificence universal



universal Affection; Temperance confers on him Health of Body, and Fortitude such a steady and quiet Mind, as not to be mov'd whatever happens.

Every State and Condition of Life, if attended with Virtue, is undisturb'd, and perfectly delightful.

The Madness of Love is to be sick of one Part, and cur'd by another. The Madness of Jealousy to seek diligently, yet hope to lose one's Labour.

The Means of begetting a Man, has more increas'd Mankind than the End.

Use makes every Posture familiar to the Body, and every Opinion to the Mind.

The Pleasure which Coxcombs afford, is like that of Drinking, only good when 'tis shar'd; and a Fool like a Bottle, which makes one merry in Company, makes one dull alone.

Railing is now grown so common, that 'tis more the Fashion than Malice; and the Absent think they are no more the worse for being rail'd at, than the Present think they are the better for being flattered.

A Woman may appear the greater Fortune, but not the greater Beauty, for her Dress: And as Fools are never more provoking, than when they are endeavouring at Wit, so ugly Women are never more nauseous, than when they would be Beauties.

A long Preface to a short Book is like a large Porch to a little House.

A handsome Wife and a fine House is a Country Parson's Coat of Arms: A Tithe Capon and a Tithe Pig are the two Supporters.

Five of the most agreeable Things on a Journey, are Money in one's Pocket, a good Road, a wholesome Bed, Fine Weather, and a kind Landlady; if she be handsome too, 'tis so much the better.

We may reasonably compare the Gifts of Fortune to an Eel, which we no sooner have in our Hands, but she slips thro' our Fingers.

Courage without Conduct in a General, is like Fancy in a Poet without Judgment; but how admirable is it when they meet in both.

One speaking of an old fashioned Country-House,  
said,

said, It look'd like *Noah's Ark*, as if it had been made for the Beasts of the Field and the Fowls of the Air.

A Man and his Wife, said one, are like the Sign of the *Spread-Eagle*, one looks one Way and t'other the other.

A painted Woman is like a gilded Pill ; Fools admire the Former, and Children the Latter for the Disguise.

An insufficient old Man, marrying a young Wife, is like the Vanity of taking a fine House, and yet be forc'd to let Lodgings to help to pay the Rent.

A rich Fool among the Wise, is like a gilt empty Bowl among the Thirsty.

Beauty in a virtuous Woman, is like the Bellows, whose Breath is cold, yet makes others burn.

Wit and a Woman are two frail Things, and both the frailer by concurring.

In a mixt Monarchy Salaries should not be so great as to make those desire who do not want them.

When Salaries run high, and that for little or no Service, we ever think No-body deserves them but our selves.

Debauching a Member of the House of Commons from his Principles, and creating him a Peer is not much better than making a Woman a Whore, and afterwards marrying her.

Men naturally love their Princes, as appears by the Court made to them in the Beginning of their Reigns ; yet it seldom lasts long, by Reason Princes often mistake their true Interest, and enrich their Courtiers at the Expence of their People : Preferring, as it were, the *Parrot* and *Monkey*, that are of no solid Use to them, to the Sheep and Oxen that feed and cloath them.

A Prince, 'tis certain, ought to be religious ; but it is absolutely necessary he seem so : For the People will never promise themselves any Felicity under him, if they do not think God on his Side ; and on the contrary, will be apt to impute the Disappointments of every Year to his Want of Devotion.

An unquiet Life between Man and Wife lessens both in the Esteem of their Neighbours.

Beasts of Pleasure are seldom Beasts of Burthen ; but  
of

of the two, a Prince had much better make a Favourite of his Minister, than a Minister of his Favourite.

Familiarity, it is true, may breed Contempt, but Love is not to be gain'd without some Degree of it.

A Prince who parts with his Friends to please his Enemies, cools the one and enflames the other.

A Prince's Word ought to be equal to the Oath of a private Person: He should consider well before he gives it, but no Consideration can excuse the Breach of it.

When the People press for a new Ministry, they do not mean a new Set, but a new Sort of Men.

A Man ought to be deaf to all Insinuations of Liberality, 'till he has satisfy'd the Clamours of Right and Justice.

Want of Good Laws is a very great Defect; but want of due Execution of them corrupts the very Vitals of Government.

What signifies a King's Prerogative of chusing Officers Military and Civil, while his Courtiers have that of disposing of their Places?

A Prince who sells his Pardons, sells the innocent Blood of his Subjects, and is in some Measure, guilty of the shedding of it.

Brains and Heads, not Powder and Perukes, must support a Government.

If a Courtier be discontented the worse for him; but when a People is so the worse for the Prince.

If a Player undertakes a Part above him, he will soon be hiss'd off the Stage: But if a Courtier does so, the Dignity of the Office covers him for a While; yet sooner or later it turns to his Disgrace.

Moderate Counsels are safest both for him who takes and for him who give them.

Adventures are like Leaps in Hunting, they bring you into the Chace sooner, but may chance to cost you a Fall.

Great Men care not to converse with any but such as are inferior to them in Parts.

A tall Tree seems yet taller among Shrubs, as some Men's Friendship shews their Contempt.

A Man



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A Man of Sense and some Fortune, thinks he pays dear enough for an Employment, if he parts with his Liberty by giving his honest and diligent Attendance; therefore such seldom get into any.

Obstinacy is more a manly Fault than too much Easiness; the one perhaps is too great Stiffness, but the other is commonly a Weakness of Mind.

Warlike Princes seldom look well into their Accompts or Expences; they have a superior Genius which makes them leave that groveling Part of Wisdom to the Care and Pains of such as may be hired for those Ends; but nevertheless Faith and Honesty are not to be bought.

Tho' the People are not apt to perceive their Disease, when shew'd them, yet they seldom fail of finding a Remedy.

Dogs know their own Physic.

A Prince that exalts a Favourite, degrades himself.

He that procures the Benefit will sometimes be thought the Benefactor.

That Prince who has the Love of his Subjects may easily satisfy all Parties; but courting them is endless.

We are sometimes mistaken for Men of Pleasure, because we are Men of Business; and for Men of Business, because we are not Men of Pleasure: A discreet Man finds Leisure for both, an inferior Genius for neither.

It is a Reproach to the Nobility and Gentry of *England*, that for the most Part Men of no Birth fight their Battles, fill their Pulpits, and plead their Causes; and also that Tradesmen, Vintners, and Stewards run away with their Estates.

An Officer should be continued in his Employment if he does his Duty; but great Rewards and high Preferments are only due to extraordinary Services.

One Courtier speaks for another; so all of them obtain what none of them deserve.

A King of *England*, if he pleases, may ride his Ministers, and spur them too; otherwise they will be apt to ride him.

When

When Ministers refuse to serve but upon their own Terms, they are no longer Servants but Masters.

Ministers that are allow'd to put in and out when they please, make themselves Friends, but their Prince Enemies.

A Prince had better govern amiss than impotently.

'Twas aptly said, That a Courtier out of Favour was like a Lanthorn without a Candle.

A Court is many Times as heavy in a Monarchy, as Armies and Fleets in a Commonwealth; 'tis not so useful, and therefore ought to be retrench'd: Superfluous Offices are to be extinguish'd, and the rest lessen'd.

It is harder to find an *honest* Man than an *able* one; Business which improves the one, corrupts the other.

Men as well as Women are debauch'd by Opportunity.

Men should be employ'd in what they are fit for: A good Coachman should not be made your Cook, only because it is a better Place, and he has a Mind for it.

An *English* Discontent is like a Dog shut out of Doors in a cold Night, who only howls to be let in.

A dull Fellow is presumed sincere: A Man that knows Tricks is thought to use them; so that we are upon our Guard with the one, and lie open to the other.

When a wise Man seems covetous, 'tis not that he loves Money more, but that he values the World and Mankind less.

Tho' the Dead may not be concern'd in what happens after them, the Dying are, and ought to be; 'tis a Debt charg'd upon them, which in Honour and Conscience they ought to pay to their Posterity.

Much Reading begets more Doubts than it clears.

Learning makes a good Man better, an ill one worse.

The World grows older, but not wiser: Women and Parliaments still trust the same Sort of Men who have constantly deceived them.

Not this, or that Man, but Mankind in general is the Rogue: He that makes the Exception does it at his own Peril.

To undertake for what is not in our Power to perform,  
is

is to mortgage an entail'd Estate, which is downright Knavery in a private Person.

'Tis great Impotence in a Prince not to be able to keep his Word: Not to be willing is somewhat worse.

War is a Calamity, for which there is no Comfort, but that it is as bad for one Side as the other.

The defensive Weapons of Peace ought to be first try'd, such as Embassies and Treaties, in order to a Reconciliation.

If War must ensue, let it be rather a Raging than a Hectic Fever.

The *Romans* and other Heroes of Antiquity made War by wholesale; they conquer'd Kingdoms: We by Retail: Four or five Battles won, some on one Side, some on the other: Three or four Towns taken, ten Years War, fifty Millions paid and to pay on both Sides, and you are welcome Gentlemen to a very indifferent, and perhaps a short, Peace.

We should not measure Men by *Sundays*, without regarding what they do all the Week after.

Honour and Honesty are profess'd every where, yet are very scarce to be found.

A Prince should never employ a Man who has no Reputation to lose: He brings nothing into his Service, and cares not what he carries out.

If a Man walks lame he is pity'd; if he dances lame he is laugh'd at: The one is unavoidable, the other is not.

The Man who fears neither Horse, Foot, nor Cannon, will never stand in Awe of Pen, Ink, and Paper.

He who writes one Book out of an Hundred may be rather said to be a Collector, than an Author; and flourishes like *Covent-Garden* Market, with Fruit, not growing, but withering upon his Hands.

No Man knows himself. *Phalaris* did not think he was a Tyrant, nor *Julius Cæsar* reckon himself an Usurper.

Pride, Insolence, and Arrogance, are the Bladders that keep Men above Water.

Modesty is a Kind of Fear that sinks a good Man to the Bottom.

There



## JOE MILLER'S JESTS. 127

There are Tyrants in Conversation as well as on the Throne ; and are oftentimes not Men of half the Merit of those they insult.

*Machiavel* calls all Princes weak who are not war-like ; *Solomon* not excepted.

Greater Things might and would be done, were we not so severe upon Miscarriages.

A Roman Consul had the Thanks of the Senate, tho' he was beaten, that he did not despair ; when if we lose one Ship we are presently for changing the Admiralty.

Old Men, say they, are weary of the World, but the World is first weary of them.

A Moderate Man may be a Friend to his Country, when the Furious and Violent are generally factious.

Fancy and Wisdom seldom go together ; nor are they Fruits of the same Soil or Season.

A sublime Fancy may by Age and Experience cool into Wisdom : Out of such the great Men of the World have been ever formed.

The Diseases of Wisdom are Covetousness and Ambition, those of Fancy are Lewdness and Luxury ; the Former injure the World, the Latter only the Person that is infected with them.

The Great Vulgar are more to be despis'd than the Small. The one brutally neglect Learning, the other want Means to obtain it.

Such as best deserve Friends are least industrious in procuring them.

There are few great Men who have not sacrific'd in the Temple of the Muses : King *David* wrote his *Psalms* ; *Julius Cæsar* a Poem in Praise of *Hercules* ; *Augustus Cæsar*, his *Ajax* ; *Seneca* his Tragedies ; Our *Oliver Cromwell* made an extempore *Disch*, when he dissolv'd the Long Parliament, which for its Oddness I set down.

*Magna Charta.*

*Magna Farta.*

The Law of God is but the Law of Reason reveal'd, and establish'd under those high Rewards and Punishments of Heaven and Hell.

A Wo.

128 JOE MILLER'S JESTS

A Woman had rather lose her Gallant or *Tyger*, than to a Rival.

The Reason why Women have a greater Share in the Government of *France*, than they have in that of *England*, is, because *France* is a Government of Men, and *England* a Government of Laws, the Former they know how to manage, the Latter they are not bred to understand.

Witty Men commit the most fatal Errors, as the strongest Horses make the most dangerous Stumbles.

A moderate Genius goes fair and softly, and advances slowly but more certainly to a Design.

Men are commonly cheated when they first enter upon Play; and Women in their first Intrigue.

He who speaks against Religion deserves to be torn in Pieces by the Mob whom he endeavours to unchain.

The Clergy should let fall some of their Hypocrisy, and the Gentry should take it up, that they may think the better of one another.

Fear may keep a Man out of Danger, but Courage only can support him in it.

The Earl of *Boswell* fell out with *Mary Queen of Scots*, because she would not poison her Son, *James I.* to make Way for his Issue by her to the Crown.

The Temper of the Mind is no more in our Power, than the Health of the Body; and we can't insure ourselves from being angry To-morrow, any more than from having a Fit of the Cholic.

A Gentleman is judg'd of by his Company; a Workman, by his Tools; and a Prince by his Ministers.

Men venerate ancient Virtue, and envy the present; while we look upon 'em thro' such different Glasses the Former must carry it.

If a Man be powerful, 'tis ten to one if I be the better for him; if he be agreeable, 'tis the same Odds but I am: Yet the one is courted, the other is not.

Men are wanting to Opportunity, but Opportunity to more.

There is never a Day passes wherein a Man may not be made miserable, yet there is no Day in which he is not proud, insolent and conceited.

The

The good Opinion we have of ourselves is the Foundation of what we have of others.

It is Pity that the Justice of a Man's Cause cannot always carry it against the Subtily of his Adversary's Counsel.

The Fair Sex would be an agreeable Amusement to Mankind if they did not make so deep an Impression.

No Man has a particular Fault, which he does not think he finds in all Mankind.

Reasons of State are so very intricate, that a good Minister can hardly be a good Man.

Interest that makes some Men blind, makes others very sharp-sighted.

The Affability of some great Men is to make us believe, that their Goodness is greater than their Fortune.

Some Generals are prouder of a Scratch, than a private Centinel of the Loss of a Limb.

Courage is not always innate; and a Man may learn to be brave, as well as to exercise a Battalion.

Jealousy is a pardonable Passion; it is only a Desire of keeping what is our own, or what, at least, we think so.

If we had not Faults of our own, we should not be so glad to observe them in other People.

Some Persons preach and pray themselves into Religion, as *Hobbs* disputed himself out of it.

We tell others of their Faults more out of Pride, than a Desire they should mend, and call them to Account out of Ostentation, as if we ourselves were innocent.

The Lives of the Clergy second their Doctrines so ill, that they make Atheists of those that might prove honourable Converts.

The Papists would fain have the Doctrines of the Protestants thought new Inventions. One ask'd a Protestant, *Where his Religion was before the Time of Luther?* Did you wash your Face this Morning, replied he? Yes, answered the other. *Then where was your Face,* cry'd the other, *before it was washed?*



Love is easier to counterfeit than conceal, yet if Women did not flatter themselves, we could not so much impose on them.

It is the Nature of the Creature makes the Honey-suckle Poison to the Spider, and not to the Bee.

A Prince's Negligence or Fear, or sometimes a Word from a Favourite, or Importunity from somebody else, makes a Pardon pass for an Act of Mercy when his Clemency had nothing to do in it.

To be often in Love shews Levity of Mind, but to be never so Stupidity.

He that forswears being in Love, proclaims himself a Fool.

He who marries for an Estate is happier than he expected, if he meets with a good Wife.

Matrimony is not so heavy a Yoke as Batchelors pretend, nor so easy as the Husbands give out; yet would be a much more happy State than it is generally found, if it were entered upon as it ought.

Who thinks a Woman has no Merit but her Money, ought to be a Cuckold.

A violent Passion hardly ever brought two together, but it made them miserable.

Many great Actions owe their Success to Chance, tho' the General and Statesman run away with the Applause.

'Tis not always Courage that makes a Man fight, nor Chastity that keeps Women from being Whores.

A young Wench oftentimes loves a chargeable Bully better than a kind Keeper.

Some Men have been thought brave, because in the Heat of the Battle they were afraid to run away.

Most Men are shocked when any one is very much commended. We think every body flattered but ourselves.

Reputation is a greater Tye upon Women than Nature, or they would not commit Murder to prevent Infamy.

There is a great deal of Hypocrisy in sick Men; the Convulsions of their Eyes, and Contorsions of their Faces, are

are not always an Effect of Pain; they speak low to make us believe them faint; they sigh and shriek out to force our Compassion, then suddenly recollect themselves to a Calm: By all these Grimaces of Pain they would prepossess us of the Greatness of their Sufferings, and by their Resignation persuade us of their Piety.

When a Woman has granted one Thing, she can afterwards deny nothing.

An unexpected Turn of Affairs has frequently given a Lustre to an indifferent Statesman.

The Satisfaction we take in a Friend's good Fortune, is not from a Principle of Good-Nature but Interest; we expect to rise in our Turns, or to be the better for them that are risen.

'Tis easier to ridicule than commend; a very little Understanding serves for the First, but a Man must have a good deal of Judgment to do the Latter properly.

Nothing makes us so easy in the unequal Distribution of the Goods of Fortune, as the Opinion we have of our own Desert.

It was not Probity made the Philosophers condemn Riches, but their Vanity turned their Despair into a seeming Virtue.

Virtue is but a poor Reward to itself, yet very rarely has any other.

If Kings had not gilded the Profession of Arms with Honour and Advantage, no reasonable Man would be a Sacrifice to their Ambition and Injustice, and profess himself an open Enemy to those who never did him any Harm.

The Diadem is not so soft lined, but that it fits heavy on every Monarch's Brow.

It is a sad Truth, though Women won't believe it, that our Passion *ends* where theirs *begins*.

There must be a Concurrence of Chance to make a great Man; Merit alone will never do it.

It is the Misfortune of Kings that the Grandeur of their Rank will not permit them to taste the Felicities of a private Life.

Some People pretend to be zealous Patriots only, to cloak their Malice and Ambition; therefore are always railing at Governments if they can have no Hand in them.

Wit often exposes a Woman to Danger, as Melancholy does a blind Horse.

Ladies will easily pardon a Man's Want of Sense, but rarely his Want of Manners.

The weakest Judgments have the strongest Passions.

A Golden Shield is of great Defence.

It gives us but an ill Impression of the Capacity of the Gentlemen of the Faculty, to see Medicines have their Fashions like Hats and Wigs: Nothing is cured now without Jesuits Powder, Opium and Steel.

Nothing sometimes stoops lower than Pride.

A Fool nor a Coward can never be a real Friend.

There is somewhat that borders upon Madness in every exalted Wit.

That People which constitutes the Honour and Safety of a Prince should at least partake of his Smiles.

A Prince may be familiar with his Subjects without derogating from his Majesty, but not supercilious without Danger.

Ambassadors that Princes send are oftentimes looked upon as the Model of the Court they come from.

It would be more for the Honour and Interest of a Prince to buy Men, than to sell Places.

A wise Prince should suit his Gifts to Mens Capacities, not their Cravings.

Princes think it necessary to promise sometimes, when they know it would not be Wisdom to perform.

Pity is oftener Flattery than Affection.

He will never be thought a disinterested Member, who receives a Pension from the Crown.

A Place at Court is a continual Bribe.

Those will never value how much Money they give the King, who are to divide it after it is given.

We charge Nature with all our Faults, but make our Virtues pass for the Effect of our Reason and Choice, and both unjustly.



## JOE MILLER'S JESTS. 133

Women are those that do more Mischief by their Love, than their Hatred.

We ought not to flatter ourselves, that we please in all Things, since it would be sufficient if we could please in some.

A Critic, in the modern Acceptation, rarely rises in the World; his Profession keeps him under, when a candid Judge of Things gains every body's Esteem.

To have neither Merit nor Fortune is the greatest Unhappiness that can befall a Man; but the Gift of either recompenses the Want of one.

Either decline being trusted with a Secret, or endeavour to render yourself capable of keeping it.

He that affects always shewing his Wit, seldom fails of letting the World know he has little or none.

The only Way to be reveng'd on a Person that talks too much is not to give him the Hearing.

Some People would please more in Conversation, if they did not endeavour to tell all in a Moment that they had been learning many Years.

Always apprehend the Visits of those whose Memories, or Pockets, may furnish them with Means to disturb you.

Pride does not become a rich Man; but it is insupportable in a poor one.

A Woman's Chastity is not to be endured when she expects an uncontrollable Liberty as the Reward of it.

A Woman's Virtue is commendable, provided she does not value herself too much upon it.

A reasonable Gradation of Employments and Dignities is equally honourable to both Prince and People: But to have Mushrooms of State in a Day's Time over-top even the Cedars is monstrous as well as invidious.

There is no Woman but will be civil to her Husband when she has a Mind to conceal her Lover from him.

What ridiculous Oeconomy is there between a rampant Wife and a couchant Husband.

Widows shed the more Tears out of Hopes of encouraging another Husband to expect the same Favour.

## 134 JOE MILLER'S JESTS.

A Gamester's Goods are so often in the Broker's Hands, that they, in a Manner, become Proprietors of them.

Women are the first that are possess'd of an Opinion of their own Beauty, and the last that quit it.

Gaming is only fit for those who have great Estates, or those who have none.

If Women could be perswaded that nothing but Knowledge can entitle them to talk, they would blush with Shame at being for ever obliged to hold their Tongues.

A Man that is capable of other Things, seldom understands Play; for what incapacitates him for that, makes others good Gamesters.

Some Men read Polemic Divinity, not to confirm them in their own Religion, but to out-talk those of another.

Some have more Regard to the Floridness of a Preacher, than the Matter he handles: Thus we value the Beauty of a Flower beyond its Medicinal Virtues.

Courting Virtue for her own Sake, was but a haughty Dogma of the *Stoicks*, to conceal their Hypocrisy.

The most considerable Advantage a rich Man has, is that he may more safely transgress the Law, because he has wherewithal to bribe the Judges.

There is a great deal of Difference between Dying and talking of Death.

Many Men's Virtues seem calculated for their present Stations; if they are exalted, they are disgraced like Pictures that hang in a wrong Light.

Continual shifting of Officers is the Ruin of Affairs; by that Time they have learned to be serviceable, their Commission must expire.

A Traitor that impeaches is twice a Villain; yet we see some dignify'd, all rewarded, while Men of real good Service want Bread.

The Thoughts of Freedom makes People easy in a Republic, tho' they suffer more than under an arbitrary Monarch.

He that would rise at Court must have a large Throat

to swallow Indignities, and a good strong Stomach to digest them afterwards.

He that carries Merit to Court will quickly be crowded out of the Ring.

Why should we wonder that *Commodus* is exalted since Scum will be always uppermost as well as Cream.

Every one desires a Friend, and yet very few can suffer Friendship: To tell a Man his Failings does not reform him, but incur his Hatred, and it may be, bring you to a Duel.

He that is truly Great will never be proud; as always the most generous Wines carry the least Head.

A great Army in Time of Peace may be thought too expensive; but a small one in Time of War, may prove a dangerous Parsimony.

Old Folks love young Bedfellows, not so much out of Tenderneſs as Policy: 'Tis a Sort of applying Pigeons to their Feet; it gives a vital Warmth to decaying Nature.

Taking up Money at Interest, is like drinking in a Fever; it may gratify the Palate a little, but generally does a great deal of Miſchief to the Patient.

Where the Means of growing rich are not viſible, the Perſon's Integrity will be ſuſpected who has heaped up too much Wealth.

Some Men are ſo over-cautious, that they will hazard nothing; but a true Sportsman will hook a Gudgeon to catch a Jack.

He who deſires to live merely for living's Sake, has not a worthy Notion of his Being: He only puts a right Value upon Life, who deſires it barely that he may do Good.

We may more reaſonably expect great Actions from thoſe that fight for Safety than thoſe that contend for Dominion. This is evident by the Battles of *Thermopyle*, *Salamis*, *Platea*, and *Mycale*; in all which *Xerxes* always loſt more Men than he attack'd.

'Tis much more honourable to govern than to conquer; as a wiſe Head is better than a ſtrong Arm.

'Tis not Chſtity to be inſenſible of Youth and Beauty; nor Sobriety not to love Wine: 'Tis the not abuſing



the Creatures that is a Virtue, not the omitting the Use of them.

The Affectation of the *Sticks* made Virtue seem very severe; they frighten'd many from the Practice of it, to enhance their own Characters.

Duels are the Effects either of want of good Sense, a peevish Courage, or the Insufficiency of the Laws; and therefore are a Reflection upon the Government, and no Honour to the Parties that engage in them.

When our Actions run counter to our Pretensions, we find out different Terms for the same Fact; so think to evade the Scandal of Falshood and Hypocrisy. *Crom-well* set up for Liberty and a free People, would not be King, yet would be a Protector, but that not without the Regalia.

Virtue in Retirement and Obscurity, is like a Coal under the Ashes, wasting away itself, and profiting no body.

Patience under Misfortunes, is like Opiates in a Fever; tossing and tumbling only irritate the Distemper.

Continual Apologies for every Thing at Table are a thousand Times more troublesome than the Faults they would excuse.

He that is in the Wrong oftentimes deserves our Pity, but he that is unwilling to be in the Right, should have nothing but our Contempt.

He that judges of Virtue by Success will do Honour to a great many Knaves.

Every little Club thinks Wit confin'd to it, as ev'ry small Sect to monopolize Salvation.

Many that carry the Liberty of the People highest, serve them as they do Trouts, tickle them 'till they catch them.

A moderate Degree of Pride has this Advantage, that it prepossesses several in our favour; while the Bashful are too often thought to deserve nothing.

Wit is the Nimbleness of the Understanding, Wisdom the Strength. A witty Man seldom says a foolish Thing, a wise Man never does one. They are commendable a-part, but admirable together.

## JOE MILLER'S JEATS. 237

Silence may hide Folly, as a Vizard does an ill Face, but then it is but for a Time.

The best Jewellers use the least Silver, and he that will set his Thoughts to Advantage, must not overload them with Words.

Compliments and Ceremonies were invented to conceal the Hatred which Men naturally bear to one another.

Meddle with your Match is a Saying among Boys, a Rule of Honour among Men, and a wise one among Princes.

He that takes up Arms against his Prince, can never lay them down with Safety: 'Tis equally Folly for the one to expect a Pardon, and the other to grant it.

A Prince that turns out his Ministers upon every Complaint of the People, will not have a capable, or an honest Man long about him.

Great Men are like Wolves, we must not strike at them, unless we are secure of our Blow, for if we miss they will be sure to tear us to Pieces.

'Tis a Mortification to a Prince to see an old Minister torn from him, but Self-Preservation is the first Law of Nature; and any Man in his Senses would sooner submit to part with his Crutch than his Leg.

Examples make a greater Impression upon us than Precepts: The Sight of Sir *Edward B——b* running after a Coach for Six-pence, will sooner reclaim a Prodigal than a Sermon.

A Change is not always for the best. We have sometimes seen the Ministry discarded, and a new set of Men brought in their Room ten Times worse than their Predecessors; like the Devil in the Gospel, that left the possess'd Man's Body, and came afterwards seventy strong.

All Parties blame Persecution when they feel the Smart on't, and all practise it when they have the Rod in their Hands. For all his pretended Meekness, *Calvin* made Roastmeat of *Servetus* at Geneva, for his Unorthodoxy.

When *Moliere's Tartuff* was acted in France, all the Churchmen complain'd of it. The *Festin de Saint Pierre*, tho' a lewd beastly Piece, went down without the least wry

## 138 JOE MILLER'S JESTS.

wry Face. At so much an easier Rate may a Man expose Religion, than Hypocrisy!

It is very much to be questioned, whether Mr. *Callier* would have condescended to lash the Vices of the Stage, if the Poets had not been guilty of the abominable Sin of making familiar now and then with the Backslidings of the Caslock.

Affiduity is one of the best Qualities in a Courtier to recommend him to his Master. As Prince *Maurice* was once at Dinner, in came a huge Mastiff, and took Sanctuary under the Table. The Pages beat him out of the Room, and kick'd him, but for all that *Monsieur le Chein* came punctually at the same Hour next Day, and so continued his Visits, tho' they still continued the same Treatment to him. At last the Prince ordered them to beat him no more, and made much of him. From that Time the Mastiff commenc'd a perfect Courtier, follow'd the Prince wherever he went, lay all Night at his Chamber Door, ran by his Coach Side as duly as one of his Lacqueys: In short, so insinuated himself into his Master's Favour, that when he died he settled a Pension upon him for Life.

'Tis a Sign of the last Necessity in an Author when he is forc'd to steal from himself. 'Tis worse than robbing the Spital.

Mr. *Shadwell*, in one his Plays, is so honest as to own that he had stole a few Hints out of a *French Comedy*, but pretends it was rather out of Laziness than Want. This Confession, instead of mending Matters, would have hang'd him at the *Old Baily*, and why it should save him in *Parnassus* I can't tell.

*Melissa* looks as demure as a Nun, goes twice a Day to Church, abhors the Play-house and Players, has always a Catalogue of the *Lent Preachers* by Heart, rails at Patches and large Hoops, and yet is a Fury incarnate in a Corner. I went to pay *Melissa* a Sum, says a Gentleman, last Night, and she was so fond of my Money, that I thought in my Conscience she would have run away with the Purse.

We can't properly call that Man unhappy who knows nothing of his Misfortunes. *Lisander's* Wife is the most insatiabl e



insatiable Strumpet that ever liv'd; yet *Lisander* jogs on merrily, snores contentedly, and believes her honest. T'other Day he made a Visit to *Chærephon*, whose Wife denies herself no innocent Freedoms, but is as chaste as a Vestal. Lord! cries *Lisander*, what an unlucky Wretch is poor *Chærephon*, to have such a Viper in his Bosom.

He who makes a Jest of the Frailties of Nature, upbraids the God of Nature.

Such Persons as are in Haste to shew their Wit, lose the Grace of it, and offend in Conversation, as importunate Beggars do while they hang about your Coach.

The Man who is covetous when he is to make any extraordinary Expence, will stand in Need of a Dozen Friends to comfort him when he has done it.

Falſe Devotion conſiſts in this, that you deſire to be thought Good and Pious; and true Devotion, that you are really ſo.

It is very unjuſt to take Pains to aggravate what others have done amiſs by Weakneſs or Surprize, and to bury in Oblivion, and never ſpeak of, the Good they have done with any Kindneſs.

It is a wiſe Reſolve never to liſten to any *Ill* ſpoken of a Friend; but to declare that your Ears will be always open to hear any *Good* of him.

*Charles V.* was wont to ſay, That the Clemency of a Prince is like the Heat of the *Sun* which hardened Dirt, whiſt it ſoftned *Wax*.

Recommend the good Actions of your Friends, rather than publiſh their bad Ones.

A Man ought to think one true Friend a Treafure, that he ought to keep with Care; for, when that is gone he muſt have good Luck indeed to find ſuch another; it would be like having two of the higheſt Prizes in one Lottery.

A prudent and diſcreet Silence will be oftentimes of Advantage to a Man: We often repent of what we have ſaid, but ſeldom repent that we have held our Tongue.

A Man

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A Man should not value himself that he talks much in Company, but that he talks only when he ought, and what he ought.

A Woman's Knowledge of her Duty to her Husband, should appear so perfect, that it should seem like a Cement, which joins Obedience so well with Command, that it can hardly be distinguish'd who commands and who obeys.



## EPIGRAMS.



# EPIGRAMS

On MILTON.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

THREE Poets, in three distant Ages born,  
*Greece, Italy, and England* did adorn :  
 The first in Loftiness of Thought surpass ;  
 The next in Majesty ; in both the last.  
 The Force of Nature could no farther go ;  
 To make a Third, she join'd the former Two.

## A RECEIPT to make an EPIGRAM.

By the Right Hon. the late Lord HERVEY.

A Pleasing Subject first with Care provide ;  
 Your Matter must by Nature be supply'd ;  
 Nervous your Diction, be your Measure long,  
 Nor fear your Verse too stiff if Sense be strong :  
 In proper Places proper Numbers use,  
 And now the Quicker, now the Slower chuse :  
 Too soon the Dactyl the Performance ends,  
 But the slow Spondee coming Thoughts suspends ;  
 Your last Attention on the Sting bestow,  
 To that your good or ill Success you'll owe ;  
 For there not Wit alone must shine, but Humour flow.  
 Observing these your Epigram's completed ;  
 Nor fear 'twill tire, tho' seven Times repeated.

On



## 142 JOE MILLER'S JESSES

*On QUIN's comparing GARRICK to WHITEFIELD, and saying the People that were madding it after him, would return to the Old Church (meaning himself.)*

By G——CK.

**P**OPE *Quin*, who damns all Churches but his own,  
Complains that Heresy misleads the Town,  
That *Whitfield-Garrick* does corrupt the Age,  
And taints the sound Religion of the Stage,  
———Thou great Infallible! forbear to roar;  
Thy Bulls and Errors are rever'd no more:  
Where Doctrines meet with gen'ral Approbation,  
It is not HERESY, but REFORMATION.

*To Miss W—— with the ATALANTIS.*

**H**ERE view, from *Manley's Pen*, the moving Tale.  
*Manley!* who could e'en Nature's Self unveil:  
Her Wit, her Sense, conjoined with Truth, impart  
Pleasure to Youth, and warm the Female Heart.  
Taught thus by her, no more shall brutal Fire  
Possess my Soul; and nought but soft Desire,  
Such as she wrote, and such as you inspire. }

*On a Monument intended to be erected for Mr. ROWE,  
by his Widow. Written before Mr. Dryden's was  
set up. By Mr. POPE.*

**T**HY Reliques, *Rowe*, to this fair Shrine we trust,  
And, sacred, place by *Dryden's* awful Dust.  
Beneath a rude and nameless Stone he lies,  
To which thy Tomb shall guide enquiring Eyes:  
Peace to thy gentle Shade, and endless Rest,  
Blest in thy Genius, in thy Love too blest;  
One grateful Woman to thy Fame supply'd  
What a whole thankless Land to his deny'd.

On

## JOE MILLER'S JESTS. 143

On GILES JACOB, the Poet.

By the late Dr. SEWELL.

**P**ARENT of Dulness! genuine Son of Night!  
Total Eclipse! without one Ray of Light:  
Born when dull Midnight Bells for Fun'ral's chime,  
Just at the closing of the Bellman's Rhime.

---

By Dean SWIFT.

**A**S Thomas was cudgelled one Day by his Wife,  
He took to his Heels and ran for his Life:  
Tom's three dearest Friends came by in the Squable,  
And skreen'd him at once from the Shrew and the Rabble;  
Then ventur'd to give him some wholesome Advice:  
But Tom is a Fellow of Humour so nice,  
Too proud to take Counsel, too wise to take Warning,  
He sent to all Three a Challenge next Morning:  
He fought with all three, thrice ventur'd his Life,  
Then went home again and was thrash'd by his Wife.

---

On Miss BIDDY FLOYD.

By Dean SWIFT.

**W**HEN Cupid did his Grandfire Jove intreat,  
To form some Beauty by a new Receipt;  
Jove sent and found, far in a Country Scene,  
Truth, Innocence, Good-Nature, Looks serene;  
From which Ingredients first the dextrous Boy  
Pick'd the Demure, the Awkward, and the Coy;  
The Graces from the Court did next provide  
Breeding, and Wit, and Air, and decent Pride;  
These Venus cleans'd from every spurious Grain  
Of Nice, Coquet, Affected, Pert, and Vain:

Jove

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*Jove* mix'd up all ; and his best Clay employ'd,  
Then call'd the happy Composition, F L O Y D.

---

WHILE Bunters attending the Archbishop's Door,  
Accosted each other with *Cheat, Bitch, and Whore,*  
I noted the Drabs, and considering the Place,  
Concluded 'twas plain that they wanted his Grace.

---

*The Scotch-Weather-Wife.*

SCOTLAND, thy *Weather's* like a modish *Wife* ;  
Thy *Winds* and *Rains* maintain perpetual *Strife* ;  
So *Termagant*, a-while, her *Thunder* ties ;  
And when she can no longer *Scold*——she *Cries*.

---

*On the Grave Stone of a Blacksmith, buried in C H E S -  
T E R Church-Yard.*

MY Sledge and Hammer lie reclin'd,  
My Bellows too have lost their Wind ;  
My Fire's extinct, my Forge decay'd,  
And in the Dust my Vice is laid ;  
My Coal is spent, my Iron's gone,  
My Nails are drove, my Work is done.

---

*Virtus in medio consistit.*

A Gallant courting of a gamefome Maid,  
Said, Dearest, let me kiss your Hands and Feet,  
In Sign of humblest Love : Good, Sir, she said,  
Both those for your sweet Lips are most unmeet ;  
But Virtue's in the midst, then Virtue there  
If you will kiss you may, if not, forbear.

*The*



JOE MILLER'S JESTS. 145

*The L A U R E A T.*

WELL, said *Apollo*, still 'tis mine  
To give the real Laurel:  
For that, my *Pope*, my Son divine,  
Of Rivals ends the Quarrel.

But, guessing who would have the Luck  
To be the *Birth-Day Fibber*;  
I thought of *Dennis, Tibbald, Duck*,  
But never dreamt of *Gibber*.

---

*Translated from BUCHANAN.*

*Beginning, Pauper eram juvenis, &c.*

POOR, when in Youth, now worn with feeble  
Age  
I'm rich; but wretched still in either Stage:  
When Wealth I could enjoy I then had none;  
Now Plenty's come, all Power of Use is gone.

---

*On CRASSUS, a covetous PARSON.*

*By the late Mr. AMHURST.*

UNform'd in Nature's Shop while *Crassus* lay,  
A cumbrous Heap of coarse neglected Clay,  
Pray, Madam, says the Foreman of the Trade,  
What of yon poultry Rubbish must be made?  
For it's too gross, said he, and unrefin'd,  
To be the Carcass of a thinking Mind;  
Then it's too lumpish, and too stiff, to make  
A Fop, a Beau, a Wittling, or a Rake;  
Nor is it for a Lady's Footman fit,  
For Ladies Footmen must have Sense and Wit:

L

A

## 146 JOE MILLER'S JESTS.

A Warrior must be vigilant and bold,  
 And therefore claims a brisk and active Mould;  
 A Statesman must be skill'd in various Arts,  
 A Mistress must have Charms, a Pimp have Parts.  
 A Lawyer without Craft will get no Fees,  
 This Matter, therefore, will make none of these;  
 In short, I plainly think it good for nought,  
 But, Madam, I desire your better Thought.  
 Why, *Tom*, said she, in a disdainful Tone,  
 Amongst the Sweepings let it then be thrown.  
 Or make —— a Parson of the useless Stuff,  
 'Twill serve a preaching Blockhead well enough.

---

### MENS MULIEBRIS.

NATURE to all does due Provision make,  
 And what Men want in Head they have in  
 Back:  
 Then who can disapprove the Fair One's Rules,  
 Who talk with *Men of Sense*, but kiss with *Fools*.

---

### The LUCKY MAN.

By Mr. WELSTED.

I Owe, says *Metius*, much to *Colon's* Care;  
 Once only seen, he chose me for his Heir;  
 True, *Metius*; hence your Fortunes take their Rise;  
 His Heir you were not, had he seen you Twice.

---

*On a Company of bad Dancers to good Musick.*

By Mr. BUDGELL.

HOW ill the Motion with the Musick suits!  
 So *Orpheus* fiddled, and so danc'd the Brutes.

## JOE MILLER'S JESTS. 147

To Mr. —, on his complimenting Mr. C — on his  
POETRY.

C —, you say, writes well, suppose it true,  
You pawn your Word for him ; — he'll vouch  
for you :

So two poor Knaves, when once their Credit fail,  
To cheat the World, become each other's Bail.

---

### *The LOVER'S L E G A C Y.*

U Nhappy *Strepbon*, dead and cold,  
His Heart was from his Bosom rent,  
Embalm'd, and in a Box of Gold,  
To his beloved *Kitty* sent.  
Some Ladies might, perhaps, have fainted,  
But *Kitty* smil'd upon the Bauble ;  
A Pin-cushion, said she, I wanted,  
Go put in on the Dressing-Table.

---

*Writ in Miss F's Pew at I — Church.*

W ITH Awe, with Pleasure, and Surprise,  
I view the Lightning of your Eyes ;  
Lightning ! that wounds me as it flies.

What Prayer ? What Vow ! to Heav'n can go ?  
For all Devotion you subdue ;  
At least, 'tis all transferr'd to you.

In vain is human Strength, its boasted Art,  
While you set here, you share my Vows in Part ;  
To \* *R* — I give my Ears, to you my Eyes and  
Heart.

---

\* *The Minister.*



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*On BEN JOHNSON'S Bust, set up in Westminster-Abbey, with the Buttons on the wrong Side of his Coat.*

*By the late Rev. Mr. SAMUEL WESLEY.*

**O** Rare Ben Johnson! What, a Turn-Coat grown!  
Thou ne'er wert such, till thou wert clad in Stone.  
When Time thy Coat, thy only Coat, impairs,  
Thou'lt find a Patron in an hundred Years:  
Then let not this Mistake disturb thy Sprite,  
Another Age shall set thy Buttons right.

---

*On a handsome Woman, with a fine Voice, but very covetous and proud.*

**S**o bright is thy Beauty, so charming thy Song,  
As had drawn both the Beasts, and their Orpheus  
along;  
But such is thy Avarice, and such is thy Pride,  
That the Beasts must have starv'd, and the Poet have dy'd.

---

*EPITAPH on Mr. HARCOURT's Tomb.*

*By Mr. POPE.*

**T**O this sad Shrine, whoe'er thou art, draw  
near,  
Here lies the *Friend* most wept, the *Son* most dear.  
Who ne'er knew *Joy* but Friendship might divide,  
Nor gave his Father *Grief*—— but when he dy'd.  
How vain is Reason! Eloquence how weak!  
When *Pope* must tell what *Harcourt* cannot speak.  
Yet let thy once love Friend inscribe the Stone,  
And with a Father's Sorrows mix his own.

Ah

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Ah no! 'tis vain to strive — it will not be ;  
No Grief that can be told is felt for *Thee*.

---

*On a Papist's praying to the Statue of a Saint.*

From BUCHANAN.

WHEN you before an Image kneeling down,  
Cry, with grave Face, *Our Father*, to the  
Stone :

Forgive me if I say you seem to me,  
More senseless than the Thing to which you pray ;  
As you yourself by this Expression own,  
For he's a *Block* whose Father is — a Stone.

---

*To the PAPISTS and QUAKERS.*

THEY in an unknown Tongue their Prayers do  
say :

Ye in an unknown Sense your Prayers convey.  
Betwixt ye both this Difference must ensue :  
Fools understand not them, nor wise Men you.

---

*Written in the Leaves of a Fan, by Dr. ATTERBURY,  
late Bishop of Rochester.*

FLAVIA, the least and lightest Toy,  
Can with resistless Art employ ;  
This Fan in meaner Hands would prove  
An Engine of small Force in Love ;  
Yet she, with graceful Air and Mien,  
Not to be told, or fairly seen ;  
Directs its wanton Motion so,  
That it wounds more than *Cupid's* Bow :

150 JOE MILLER'S JESTS.

Gives Coolness to the matchless Dame,  
To every other Breast a Flame.

---

*To Mr. DANDRIDGE, going to paint Miss ATHERTON'S  
Picture, soon after she came out of Tothill-Fields.*

A Beauteous Woman ne'er so sweet appears,  
As when Affliction forces gentle Tears ;  
The Charmer then not only pleases Sight,  
But melts our Passions 'till they all unite.  
If *Atherton* you'd paint in all her Charms,  
Give not a Lover to her willing Arms ;  
But in Affliction, with her Eyes Brim-full,  
Her lovely Image take when Milling Doll.

---

*PROMOTHEUS ill painted. By Mr. COWLEY.*

HOW wretched does *Prometheus*' State appear,  
Whilst he his second Mis'ry suffers here.  
Draw him no more, lest, as he tortur'd stands,  
He blame great *Jove*'s less than the Painter's Hands.  
It would the Vulture's Cruelty out-go,  
If once again his Liver thus should grow.  
Pity him, *Jove*, and his bold Theft allow ;  
The Flames he once stole from thee grant him now.

---

*On a LADY who pretended to tell Fortunes.*

SOME Oracles of old, to cause more Wonder,  
Were, when pronounc'd, accompany'd with Thun-  
der:

But thy Predictions come not in a Storm,  
They are deliver'd by the brightest Form :  
If when you speak, *Jove* does not pierce the Sky,  
Yet still you've all his Lightning in your Eye.

V E N U S



## JOE MILLER'S JESTS. 151

*V E N U S* mistaken. By Mr. PRIOR.

W H E N *Chloe's* Picture was to *Venus* shown ;  
Surpriz'd, the Goddess took it for her own ;  
And what, said she, does this bold Painter mean ?  
When was I bathing thus, and naked seen ?  
Pleas'd *Cupid* heard, and check'd his Mother's Pride ;  
And who's blind now, *Mamma*, the Urchin cry'd.  
'Tis *Chloe's* Eye, and Cheek, and Lip, and Breast,  
Friend *Howard's* Genius fancy'd all the rest.

---

*Lingua potentior Armis.*

T H A T Speech surpasses Force is no new Whim :  
*Jove* caus'd the Heavens to tremble ; *Juno* him.

---

T H A T *Ignorance* makes devout, if right the  
Notion,  
Troth, *Rufus*, thou'rt a Man of great Devotion.

---

*The Cure of LOVE.*

W H E N, *Chloe*, I confess my Pain,  
In gentle Words you Pity show,  
But gentle Words are all in vain,  
Such Gales my Flame but higher blow :

Ah, *Chloe*, would you cure the Smart,  
Your conqu'ring Eyes have keenly made,  
Yourself, upon my bleeding Heart,  
Yourself, fair *Chloe*, must be laid.

Thus for the Viper's Sting we know,  
No surer Remedy is found,  
Than to apply the tort'ring Foe,  
And squeeze his Venom on the Wound.

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E P I T A P H.

**H**ERE lies a Lady, who, if not bely'd,  
Took wise St. Paul's Advice, and all Things  
try'd :  
Nor stopt she here ; but follow'd thro' the rest,  
And always stuck the *Longest* to the *Best*.

---

EPITAPH on an unknown Person.

**W**ithout a Name, for ever senseless, dumb,  
Dust, Ashes, nought else, lies within this  
Tomb.

Where-e'er I liv'd, or dy'd, it matters not ;  
To whom related, or by whom begot ;  
I was, but am not, ask no more of me ;  
It's all I am, and all that thou shalt be.

---

EPITAPH design'd for Mr. M——N the Player.

**H**ERE lies the Jew  
That Shakespeare drew.

---

*In a Window of a Room in the Tower of London is wrote,*

R. WALPOLE, 1712.

*Underneath that are the following Lines :*

**G**OOD unexpected, Evil unforeseen,  
Appear by Turns, as Fortune shifts the Scene ;  
Some, rais'd aloft, come tumbling down amain,  
And fall so hard, they bound and rise again.

*Lansdown, Sept. 24, 1716.*

*The*

*The Disappointed Husband.*

*Mulieri nè crede, nè mortuæ quidem.*

A Scolding Wife so long a Sleep possess'd,  
 Her Spouse presum'd her Soul was now at Rest.  
*Sable* was call'd to hang the Room with Black;  
 And all their Cheer was Sugar-Rolls and Sack.  
 Two Mourning Staffs stood Centry at the Door;  
 And *Silence* reign'd, who ne'er was there before.  
 The Cloaks, and Tears, and Handkerchiefs prepar'd,  
 They march'd in woeful Pomp to *Abchurch-Yard*:  
 When see of narrow Streets what Mischief come!  
 The very Dead can't pass in Quiet Home:  
 By some rude Jolt, the Coffin-Lid was broke,  
 And Madam, from her Dream of Death awoke.  
 Now all was spoil'd: The Undertaker's Pay,  
 Sour Faces, Cakes, and Wine, quite thrown away.  
 But some Years after, when the former Scene  
 Was acted, and the Coffin nail'd again,  
 The tender Husband took especial Care,  
 To keep the Passage from Disturbance clear;  
 Charging the Bearers that they tread aright,  
 Nor put his Dear in such another Fright.

---

*To C H L O E.*

*From MARTIAL, Book III. Epig. liii.*

*By Mr. MOTTLEY.*

THY Eyes and Eyebrows I could spare;  
 Nor for thy Nose do I much care;  
 I could dispense too with thy Teeth;  
 And with thy Lips, and with thy Breath;  
 And with thy Breasts, and with thy Belly,  
 And with that which I wont tell ye;  
 And, to be short — hark, in thy Ear,  
 Faith I could spare thee All, my Dear.

AMONG



154 JOE MILLER'S JESTS,

**A**MONG the Fair that *Hyde-Park Circus* grace,  
*Canidia* seeks Admirers of her Face;  
 In vain her *Airs*, her *Arts* she tries,  
 Among those Beauties that engage all Eyes:  
 Bright Rays, like Diamonds, they around 'em fling,  
 Whilst she is but the *Cypher* of the Ring.

---

*The ARTIST. By Mr. CONCANNEN.*

**V**ERY nicely thou lay'st on thy Colours, dear *Nan*,  
 And no Painter in Skill can o'er-top ye;  
 When to *Ellys* you sat, he dully brush'd on,  
 'Till he thought he had an Original drawn,  
 Which you prov'd to be only a Copy.

---

*EPITAPH on a talkative old Maid.*

**B**Eneath this silent Stone is laid  
 A noisy antiquated Maid,  
 Who, from her Cradle, talk'd 'till Death,  
 And ne'er before was out of Breath.  
 Whither she's gone we cannot tell,  
 For if she talks not she's in Hell:  
 If she's in Heaven she's there unblest,  
 Because she hates a Place of Rest.

---

*On GILES and JOAN.*

**W**H O says that *Giles* and *Joan* at Discord be,  
 The observing Neighbours no such Mood can  
 see;

Indeed poor *Giles* repents he married ever,  
 But that his *Joan* doth too; and *Giles* would never,  
 By his free Will, be in *Joan's* Company;  
 No more would *Joan* he should: *Giles* riseth early;  
 And

## JOE MILLER's JESTS. 155

And having got him out of Doors is glad ;  
 The like is *Joan* : But turning Home is sad ;  
 And so is *Joan* : Oft-times when *Giles* doth find  
 Harsh Sights at Home, *Giles* wishes he were blind :  
 All this doth *Joan* : Or, that his long-earn'd Life  
 Were quite out-spun : The like With hath his Wife.  
 The Children that he keeps *Giles* swears are none  
 Of his begetting; and so swears his *Joan*.  
 In all Affections she concurrerh still ;  
 If now with Man and Wife to will and nill  
 The Self-same Things, a Note of Concord be,  
 I know no Couple better can agree.

---

### P H I L L I S.

**A**ncient *Phillis* has young Graces ;  
 'Tis a strange Thing, but a true one :  
 Shall I tell you how,  
 She herself makes her own Faces,  
 And each Morning wears a new one ;  
 Where's the Wonder now.

---

**T**H*AIS*, her Teeth are black and naught,  
*Lucania's* white are grown ;  
 But what's the Reason ? These are bought,  
 The other wears her own.

---

### On a ROBBERY.

**R***IDWAY* robb'd *Duncote* of three hundred  
 Pound ;  
*Ridway* was taken and condemn'd to die :  
 But for his Money was a Courtier found  
 Begg'd *Ridway's* Pardon : *Duncote* now doth cry,  
 Robb'd both of Money and the Law's Relief,  
 The Courtier is become the greater Thief.

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*On a Pipe of Tobacco, in the Jaws of Th——*

SEE lost at once in Thought and Smoke,  
How DROMO doubly puffs a Joke !  
And like the Sun, which all-refines,  
Drives Clouds before him when he shines :  
While Friends, who still his Wit admire,  
Allow some Smoke to such a Fire ;  
And think that they are well repaid,  
With so much Light to so much Shade.

---

*To a Painter drawing a Lady's Picture. By Mr. DENNIS.*

HE \* who great Jove's Artillery ap'd so well,  
By real Thunder and true Lightning fell ;  
How then durst thou, with equal Danger try  
To counterfeit the Lightning of her Eye ?  
Painter, desist ; or soon th'Event will prove,  
That Love's as jealous of his Arms as Jove.

---

*Advice to the Rev. Dr. Trapp, on his Translation of  
VIRGIL.*

MIND but thy preaching, Trapp, translate no  
further :  
Is it not written, *Thou shalt do no Murther ?*

---

*To Mr. POPE, on his Translation of HOMER.*

SO much, dear Pope, thy English Iliad charms,  
Where Pity melts us, or where Passion warms ;  
That After-Ages shall, with Wonder seek,  
Who 'twas translated Homer into Greek.

---

\* Salmoneus.



## JOE MILLER'S JESTS. 157

*A DIALOGUE between two very bad Poets.*

*By Mr. CONCANNEN.*

**S**AYS *Richard* \* to *Joe* † thou'rt a very sad Dog,  
And thou can'st write Verses no more than a Log.  
Says *Joseph* to *Dick*, Prithee Ring-Rhime get hence,  
Sure my Verse, at least, is as good as thy Sense.  
Was e'er such a Contest recorded in Song?  
The one's in the Right, and t'other's not wrong.

---

*On SUICIDE: From MARTIAL. By Mr. SEWEL.*

**W**HEN all the Blandishments of Life are gone,  
The Coward creeps to Death, the *Brave* lives on.

---

*On the late SALLY SALISBURY.*

**H**ERE flat on her Back, but unactive at last,  
Poor *Sally* lies under grim Death;  
Thro' the Course of her Vices she gallop'd so fast,  
No Wonder she's now out of Breath.

To the Goal of her Pleasures she drove very hard,  
But was tripp'd up e'er half Way she ran;  
And tho' every Body fancied her Life was a Yard,  
Yet it prov'd to be less than a Span.

---

*A SIMILE.*

**W**OMEN to Cards may be compar'd: We play  
A Round or two; when us'd, we throw away,  
Take a fresh Pack; nor is it worth our grieving,  
Who cuts and shuffles with the dirty Leaving.

---

\* *Savage*

† *Mitchel.*

*On*

*On a Flower painted by VARELST.*

WHEN fam'd *Varels* this little Wonder drew,  
*Flora* vouchsaf'd the growing Work to view;  
 Finding the Painter's Science at a Stand,  
 The Goddess snatch'd the Pencil from his Hand,  
 And finishing the Piece, she, smiling, said,  
*Behold one Work of mine which ne'er shall fade.*

---

*On a certain Writer.*

HALF of your Book is to an Index grown;  
 You give your Book *Contents*, your Readers none.

---

*Wrote on the Door of the ANGEL INN, on the Road  
 to Newmarket, which was kept by two Sisters, but  
 'just then shut up, and the Sign taken down.*

CHRISTIAN and GRACE  
 Liv'd in this Place,  
 An *Angel* kept the Door:  
 But CHRISTIAN's dead,  
 The *Angel's* fled,  
 And GRACE is turn'd a Whore.

---

*The CHOICE.*

TOO conscious of her Worth, a noble Maid,  
 Baulk'd many a Lover, and her Mind out-stray'd,  
 While yet a Peer, less doubting than the rest,  
 Defy'd her Coldness, and attack'd her Breast.  
 A Spaniel Whelp, and Spaniel Lord declare  
 Their Vows to serve, and Hopes to please the Fair;  
 The cautious Nymph, still fearing a Trepan,  
 Their Fortune, Wit, and Worth did nicely scan;  
 Then,

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Then, as the Reason of the Case is clear,  
Embrac'd the Puppy, and dismiss'd the Peer.

---

*An EPITAPH on little STEPHEN, a noted Fidler in  
the County of Suffolk.*

STEPHEN and Time  
Are now both even;  
Stephen beat Time,  
Now Time beats Stephen.

---

*On a LADY who was very handsome and very kind.*

CHLOE's the Wonder of her Sex,  
'Tis well her Heart is tender:  
How might such killing Eyes perplex,  
With Virtue to defend her.

But Nature, graciously inclin'd,  
Not bent to vex, but please us,  
Has to her boundless Beauty join'd  
A boundless Will to ease us.

---

*On seeing a MISER at Spring-Gardens.*

MUSIC has Charms to sooth a Savage Breast,  
To calm the Tyrant, and relieve th' Opprest:  
But Vauxhall's Concerts more attracting Pow'r,  
Unlock'd Sir Richard's Pocket at Threescore:  
Oh! strange Effect of Music's matchless Force,  
T' extract a Shilling from a Miser's Purse!

---

*On a certain Poet.*

THY Verses are eternal, O my Friend!  
For he who reads them, reads them to no End.



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*A DISTICH, written under the Sign of the King's  
Head and Bell in DUBLIN, at the Host's Request.*

*By Dean S W I F T.*

**M**AY the King live long ;  
Dong, ding, ding, dong.

---

*To a Lady who had very bad Teeth.*

**O**VID, who bid the Ladies laugh,  
Spoke only to the Young and Fair ;  
For thee his Council were not safe,  
Who of sound Teeth have scarce a Pair.

If thou the Glass, or me believe,  
Shun Mirth, as Foplings do the Wind ;  
At Pinkey's Face affect to grieve,  
And let thy Eyes alone be kind.

Speak not, tho' 'twere to give Consent,  
For he that sees those rotten Bones,  
Will dread their monumental Scent,  
And fly your Sighs, like dying Groans.

---

If thou art wise see dismal Plays,  
And to sad Stories lend thy Ear ;  
With the Afflicted spend thy Days,  
And laugh not above once a Year.

---

*On MARY CRESWELL.*

**U**Nderneath this Stone lies one,  
Whom many Times I've lain upon ;  
I've kiss'd her setting, standing, lying,  
When she rises again, have at her flying.

*Under*

JOE MILLER'S JESTS: 161

*Under the Picture of a Beau.*

**T**HIS vain Thing set up for a Man,  
But see what Fate attends him;  
The powd'ring Barber first began,  
The Barber-Surgeon ends him.

---

*On a Gentleman drinking the Health of an unkind Mistress.*

**W**HY do'st thou wish that she may live,  
Whose living Beauties make thee grieve:  
Thou would'st more wisely wish her kind,  
That she may change her cruel Mind;  
Thy *present* Wish but *this* can gain,  
That she may *live*, and thou *complain*.

---

*Wrote at the Time of the Dispute between the present  
Bishop of Winchester, then Bishop of Bangor, and Dr.  
Snape, Anno 1727.*

**G**OOD Christians all compose the Scrape  
'Twixt *Bangor* calm, and fervent *Snape*,  
To ease the Church your Mother:  
Between them both 'tis best, I say,  
In *Summer* Time with one to pray,  
In *Winter* with the other.

---

*EPITAPH on a Country Sexton.*

**H**ERE lies old *Hare*,  
Worn out with Care,  
Who whilome toll'd a Bell;  
Could dig a Grave,  
Or set a Stave,  
And say *Amen* full well.

M

Fol

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For sacred Song,  
He'd *Hopkins* Tongue,  
And *Sternhold's* eke also;  
With Cough and Hem,  
He stood by them,  
As far's his Word would go.

The Worms have lost  
Their good old Host,  
Who them full often fed;  
For he is gone,  
With Skin and Bone,  
To starve them now he's dead.

Here take his Spade,  
And use his Trade,  
Since he is out of Breath;  
Cover the Bones  
Of him, who once  
Wrought Journey-work with Death.

*The PENANCE.*

WHEN *Phillis* confess'd her the Father was rash,  
And so, without farther Reflection,  
Her delicate Skin he condemn'd to the Lash,  
While himself would bestow the Correction:  
Her Husband, who heard this, oppos'd it by urging,  
That he, in Regard to her Weakness,  
And to save her soft Back, would himself bear the  
Scourging,  
With humble Submission and Meekness.  
She piously cry'd, when the Priest gave Accord,  
To shew what Devotion was in her,  
He's able and lusty, pray cheat not the Lord,  
For alas! I'm a very great Sinner.



## JOE MILLER'S JESTS. 163

### *To a SEMPSTRESS.*

**O**H, what Bosom but must yield,  
When, like *Pallas*, you advance,  
With a Thimble for your Shield,  
And a Needle for your Lance.  
Fairest of the Stitching Train,  
Ease my Passion by your Art;  
And in Pity to my Pain,  
Mend the Hole that's in my Heart.

---

### *On an old Maid's Marriage.*

**C**ELIA, a Coquet in her Prime,  
The vaineft fickleſt Thing alive;  
Behold the ſtrange Effects of Time!  
Marries and doats at Forty-five.

Thus Weather-Cocks, who, for a while,  
Have turn'd about with every Blaſt;  
Grown old, and deſtitute of Oil,  
Ruſt to a Point, and fix at laſt.

---

### *On a WELCHMAN.*

**A** *Welchman* coming late into an Inn,  
Ask'd the Maid what Meat there was within?  
Cow-Heels, ſhe answer'd, and a Breaf of Mutton;  
But, quoth the *Welchman*, ſince I am no Glutton,  
Either of theſe ſhall ſerve; To-Night the Breaf,  
The Heels i'th' Morning, then light Meat is beſt;  
At Night he took the Breaf, and did not pay,  
I'th' Morning took his *Heels*, and ran away.

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*A Cure for Love.*

**O**F two Reliefs to cure a Love-sick Mind,  
*Flavia* prescribes Despair ; I urge be kind ;  
*Flavia* be kind : The Remedy's as sure ;  
'Tis the most pleasant, and the quickest Cure.

---

*On WARD.*

**P**OOR *Ward*! What no Physician take thy Part?  
But all against thee with a hardened Heart :  
Thou art for *Saul*, they're *David's* valiant Men ;  
For to thy Thousand, they've slain Thousands ten.

---

*On a PRIZE-FIGHTER.*

**H**IS Thrusts like Lightning flew, yet subtle Death  
Parried them all, and beat him out of Breath.

---

*The Children of ISRAEL's Passage out of Egypt.*

**W**HEN *Israel's* Flock th' *Egyptian* King pursu'd,  
In Christal Walls the wand'ring Waters flood :  
When thro' the dreary Waste they took their Way,  
The Rocks grew liquid, and pour'd forth a Sea.  
What Limits can Almighty Goodness know,  
Since Seas can harden,——and since Rocks can flow !

---

*EPITAPH on his Wife.*

**H**ERE lies my poor Wife, without Bed or Blanket,  
But dead as any Door-Nail, God be thanked.

A

*A French Gentleman dining with some Company on a Fast-Day, called for some Bacon and Eggs; the rest were very angry, and reproved him for so heinous a Sin: Whereupon he writ the following Lines extempore, which are here translated.*

**P**EUT on croire avec bon sens  
Qu'un lardon le mit en colere;  
Ou, que manger un harang  
C'est un secret pour luy plair?  
En sa gloire envelopé  
Songe t'il bien de nos soupé.

*In English: By Dean SWIFT.*

**W**H O can believe, with common Sense,  
A Bacon-Slice gives God Offence!  
Or, how a Herring hath a Charm  
Almighty-Anger to disarm?  
Wrapt up in Majesty divine,  
Does he regard on what we dine!

---

*Pinn'd to a Sheet, in which a Woman stood to do Penance  
in the Church.*

**H**ERE stand I, for Whores as great  
To cast a scornful Eye on;  
Should each Whore here be doom'd a Sheet,  
You'd soon want one to lie on.

---

**S**EVEN wealthy Towns contend for Homer dead,  
Thro' which the Living Homer begg'd his Bread.



166 JOE MILLER'S JESTS.

*On an old Woman with false Hair.*

**T**HE Golden Hair that *Galla* wears,  
Is her's : Who would have thought it ?  
She swears 'tis her's, — and true she swears ;  
For I know where she bought it.

---

*On another old Woman.*

**F**ROM her own native *France*, as old *Alison* past,  
She reproached *English Nell*, with Neglect, or with  
Malice ;  
That the Slattern had left, in the Hurry and Haste,  
Her Lady's Complexion and Eye-Brows at *Calais*.

---

*On a Gentleman who died the Day after his Lady.*

**S**HE first departed ; he for one Day try'd  
To live without her ; lik'd it not, and dy'd.

---

*An EPI T A P H.*

**H**ERE lies honest *Strephon*, with *Mary* his Bride,  
Who merrily liv'd, and cheerfully dy'd ;  
They laugh'd and they lov'd, and drank while they  
were able,  
But now they are forc'd to knock under the Table.  
This Marble, which formerly serv'd them to drink on,  
Now covers their Bodies ; a sad Thing to think on.  
That do what one can to moisten our Clay,  
'Twill one Day be Ashes, and moulder away.

*Upon*

# JOE MILLER'S JESTS 167

*Upon one stealing a Pound of Candles.*

**L**ight-finger'd *Catch*, to keep his Hand in Ure,  
Stole any Thing; of this you may be sure,  
That he thinks all his own which once he handles,  
For Practice-Sake did steal a Pound of Candles;  
Was taken in the Fact: Oh, foolish *Wight*!  
To steal such Things as needs must come to Light.

---

*On a beautiful and ingenious young Lady.*

**M**INERVA, one Day, pray let no Body  
doubt it,  
Rid an Airing from *Oxford* fix Miles, or about it,  
Where she 'spy'd a young Damsel so blooming and fair,  
That, ah, *Venus*, she cry'd, is your Ladyship there?  
Pray is not yon *Oxford*? and lately you sware,  
Neither you, nor aught like you, should ever come  
there:  
Do you thus keep your Promise? And am I defy'd?  
The Virgin drew near her, and, smiling, reply'd,  
— My Goddess! What have you your Pupil forgot?  
— Your Pardon, my Dear, — Is it you, *Molly*  
*Scot*?

---

*To his False Mistress.*

**T**HOU said'st that I alone thy Heart could move,  
And that for me thou would'st abandon *Love*.  
I lov'd thee then; not with a Love defil'd,  
But as a Father loves his only Child.  
I know thee now; and, tho' I fiercer burn,  
Thou art become the Object of my Scorn.  
See what thy Falshood get! I must confess,  
I love thee more, but I esteem thee less.

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*On an ugly old Woman in the Dark. From MARTIAL.*

**W**HILST in the Dark on thy soft Hand I hung,  
And heard the tempting Syren in thy Tongue;  
What Flames, what Darts, what Anguish I endur'd;  
But, when the Candle enter'd, I was cur'd.

---

*On meeting TOM SOUTHERN, coming from Shakespeare's Tomb, and going to Prayers in the Abbey.*

**T**H O' a whole People to thy Merit just,  
Next *Shakespeare* shall erect thy laurell'd Bust;  
Tho' future Bards, illumin'd by thy Page,  
Shall learn from thee to melt a future Age:  
Be this thy fairer Fame: The holy Sigh,  
The Knee low bended, and uplifted Eye;  
The humble Prayer, and not the lofty Wit;  
The Life well spent, and not the Play well writ:  
'Twas great to *move* the Passions and the Heart,  
The Passions *conquer'd* shew thy greater Art.

---

*The RAPTURE.*

**C**RY'D *Strepson*, panting in *Cosmelia's* Arms,  
I die, bright Nymph, I die amidst your Charms!  
Chear up, dear Youth, reply'd the Maid,  
Dissolv'd in am'rous Pain,  
All Men must die (bright Boy, you know)  
E'er they can rise again.

---

**M**AN and Money a mutual Friendship show,  
Man makes false Money, Money makes Man so.

*On*



JOE MILLER'S JESTS. 169

On a WELCHMAN.

A Man of *Wales* betwixt *St. David's Day* and *Easter*,  
Ran in his Hostess' Score, for Cheese great Store,  
a Tester ;  
His Hostess chalk'd it up behind the Door ;  
And says, for Cheese, come, Sir, discharge this Score :  
Cot Zounds, quoth he, what meaneth these ?  
D'ye think hur knows not Chalk from Cheese ?

---

To a Lady who married her Footman. By Colonel P——

DEAR Cousin, think it no Reproach ;  
(Thy Virtue shines the more)  
To take Black JOHN into the Coach,  
He rode behind before.

---

On MONTICELLI, the Eunuch.

IF *Febria's* Judgment you rely on,  
Enraptur'd *Febria's* sure to tell ye,  
That neither *Orpheus*, nor *Amphion*,  
Could charm like warbling *Monticelli*.

But if Effects most wond'rous prove,  
A Title to the greatest Art and Fame ;  
Those old Musicians *Stones* could move :  
Can *Monticelli* do the same ?

---

On Dr. HOLLAND's translating Suetonius.

PHILEMON with Translations so doth fill us,  
He will not let *Suetonius* be *Tranquillus*.

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*To a Lady, with OVID's Epistles.*

*By the late Mr. BECKINGHAM.*

**M**ADAM, whilst here th' Intrigues of antient  
 Dames,  
 And sad Effects of ill-requited Flames,  
 The Love recording *Ovid's* Numbers show,  
 In all the lively Grace of Tuneful Woe ;  
 Think not too rude the Poet's Art appears,  
 That draws deserted Toasts and Beauty's Tears :  
 How perjur'd Men the easy Fair disdain,  
 And too complying Nymphs are kind in vain ;  
 Think not your Sex traduc'd thro' Spleen or Rage,  
 His *Belles* were copy'd from a former Age ;  
 Their Charms too languid, and too faint to move,  
 But thro' an *Ovid's* Skill the Heroes love ;  
 Now had he liv'd, that Praise had all been cross'd,  
 And half the Genius of the Poet lost ;  
 The pleasing Anguish that his Lines impart,  
 Ne'er touch'd with Female Grievs the Reader's Heart ;  
 Once had he seen Originals like *You*,  
 His Ladies must have charm'd, his Men been true.

*On a certain gouty POET, with his Feet wrapp'd up  
 in Ivy-Leaves, and Flannel, or Bays.*

**P**OET and Critic both would S—— be ;  
 But to such Poets who did e'er decree ?  
 Chaplets of Bays from *Phœbus'* sacred Tree ?  
 Nor will the Critic's Ivy deign to spread  
 On that hard sapless Clod, miscall'd his Head.  
 His gouty Numbers bid to both Defiance,  
 With both his gouty Feet have sought Alliance ;  
 So on his burning Toes alone he lays  
 The Critic's Ivy, and the Poet's Bays.

# JOE MILLER'S JESTS. 171

To Dr. SWIFT.

*By a Gentleman who imitated his Manner and Style in Writing.*

YOU, who first taught us in this Isle  
True Humour, dress'd in beauteous Stile,  
*Apollo's* Substitute, most fit,  
To raise and cultivate our Wit,  
In this we have our different View,  
You rival him, we copy you;  
And copy too, with great Mistake,  
Those noble Draughts you often make;  
So when the Buckler, dropt by Fate,  
From Heaven, to save a *Roman* State:  
Others were made a common Crew,  
To guard, but not eclipse the True.  
Our whole Pretence to pass for Wits,  
Is that we are your Counterfeits.

120

---

To L —, the MISER.

WHEN thou art ask'd to sup Abroad,  
Thou swear'st thou hast but newly din'd;  
That eating late does overload  
The Stomach and the Mind.

But if *Appicius* makes a Treat,  
The slender'st Summons thou obey'st;  
No Child is greedier of the Teat,  
Than thou art of the bounteous Feast.  
There thou wilt drink 'till every Star  
Be swallow'd by the Rising Sun:  
Such Charms hath Wine we pay not for;  
And Mirth at others Charge begun.

Who shuns his Club, yet flies to every Treat,  
Does not a Supper, but a Reck'ning hate.

E P I.



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*EPITAPH on a certain Nobleman, who died by  
taking Cantharides.*

**H**ERE old Grubbinol lies,  
Upon very odd Terms ;  
First a Prey to the *Flies*,  
Now a Prey to the *Worms*.  
Let those that grieve for him not wonder he's flown,  
For the Carcass must rot when the Flesh is *Fly-blown*.  
Yet this may be said in his Praise,  
Tho' Death, cruel Death, from us tore him,  
He died, endeavouring to raise  
His *Friend* who was dead long before him.

---

*On C H L O E.*

**H**ERE *Chloe* lies  
Whose once bright Eyes  
Set all the World on Fire ?  
And not to be  
Ungrateful, she  
Did all the World admire.

---

*On FARANELLI's coming to sing in the Opera.*

**A**MPHION strikes the vocal Lyre,  
And ready at his Call,  
Harmonious *Brick* and *Stone* conspire  
To raise the *Theban* Wall.

In Emulation of his Praise,  
A *Latian* Hero's come,  
The Opera Theatre to raise,  
And new erect its Dome :

But how this last should come to pass,  
Is strange, all Men must own ;  
Since this poor Gentleman, alas !  
Brings neither *Brick* nor *Stone*.

# JOE MILLER'S JESTS. 173

## TO ZELINDA.

**T**HE Poet and the Painter safely dare,  
To form an Image of the proudest Fair :  
Your brighter Charms, by lavish Nature wrought,  
Transcend the Painter's Skill, and Poet's Thought.

---

### *On the Clare-Market, and other ORATORS.*

**T**O wonder now at Balaam's Ass is weak,  
Is there a Day that Asses do not speak ?

---

*To a Lady who desired to know in what the Goodness  
of an EPIGRAM consists.*

**A**N Epigram's good, when like you, Mistress Frail,  
'Tis pretty and short, with a Sting in its Tail.

---

### *On a Riding-House turn'd into a Chapel.*

**A** Chapel of the Riding-House is made,  
Thus we once more see Christ in Manger laid,  
Where still we find the Jockey Trade supply'd,  
The Laymen bridled, and the Clergy ride.

---

### *On JEALOUSY. By a Lady.*

**O**H! shield me from his Rage, celestial Powers,  
This Tyrant that imbitters all my Hours.  
Ah Love, you've poorly play'd the Monarch's Part,  
You conquer'd, but you can't defend my Heart.  
So blest'd was I, throughout the happy Reign,  
I thought this Monster banish'd from thy Train ;

But

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But you would raise him to support your Throne,  
And now he claims your Empire as his own :  
Or tell me, Tyrants, have you both agreed,  
There where one reigns, the other shall succeed.

---

*On a very humble L A D Y, that patch'd much.*

**Y**OUR homely Face, *Flippanta*, you disguise  
With Patches, numerous as *Argus' Eyes* ;  
I own that Patching's requisite for you,  
For more we are pleas'd, if less your Face we view :  
Yet I advise, if my Advice you'd ask,  
Wear but one Patch ; but be that Patch a Mask.

---

*On JULIA's throwing a Snow-Ball.*

**J**ULIA, young, wanton, flung the gather'd Snow,  
Nor fear'd I burning from the wat'ry Blow :  
'Tis cold I cry'd, but, ah ! too soon I found,  
Sent by that Hand, it dealt a scorching Wound.  
Resistless Fair ! we fly thy Pow'r in vain,  
Who turn'st to fiery Darts the frozen Rain.  
Burn, *Julia*, burn like me, and that Desire,  
With Water which thou kindlest, quench with Fire.

---

*Occasioned by seeing some Verses on CÆLIA, wrote on a  
Pane of Glass.*

**W**ELL hast thou drawn, fond Youth, in pro-  
perest Place,  
The short-liv'd Beauties of false *Calia's* Face.  
When Words Obscurities thy Sense o'ersshade,  
The Place gives Light to what thou would'st have said.  
Bright as this lucid Glass her Eyes now seem,  
Like this, breath'd on, by fell Disease grow dim.

Like



## JOE MILLER'S JESTS. 175

Like Glas is every strongest Vow she makes,  
Brittle as that, as easily she breaks;  
Such is her Honour: Short her Fame, we find,  
Which crack'd, must perish by the first high Wind.

---

*On a DUMB BOY, very beautiful, and of great  
Quickness of Parts. Written by a Lady.*

I Sing the Boy, who, gagg'd and bound,  
Has been, by Nature, robb'd of Sound;  
Yet has she found a gen'rous Way,  
One Loss by many Gifts to pay.  
His Voice, indeed, she close confin'd,  
But blest him with a speaking Mind;  
And ev'ry Muscle of his Face,  
Discourses with peculiar Grace:  
The Ladies tattling o'er their Tea,  
Might learn to charm by copying thee:  
If Silence thus can Man become,  
All Women Beauties should be dumb.  
Then, happy Boy, no more complain,  
Nor think thy Loss of Speech a Pain:  
Nature has us'd thee like good Liquor,  
And cork'd thee, but to make thee quicker.

---

*On a PAINTER, who stabb'd a Man fasten'd to a  
Cross, that he might draw the Picture of the Crucifixion  
more naturally.*

WHILE his Redeemer on his Canvas dies,  
Stabb'd at his Feet his Brother welt'ring lies:  
The daring Artist, cruelly ferene,  
Views the pale Cheek, and the distorted Mien;  
He drains off Life by Drops, and deaf to Cries,  
Examines every Spirit as it flies:  
He studies Torment, dives in mortal Woe;  
To rouse up every Pang, repeats his Blow;

Each

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Each rising Agony, each dreadful Grace,  
Yet warm transplanting to his Saviour's Face.  
Oh glorious Theft! Oh nobly wicked Draught!  
With its full Charge of Death each Feature fraught!  
Such wond'rous Force the magick Colours boast,  
From his own Skill he starts, in Horror lost.

---

### *The D A R T.*

**W**Hene'er I look, I may descry  
A little Face peep through that Eye:  
Sure that's the Boy, who wisely chose  
His Throne among such Beams as those,  
Which, if his Quiver chance to fall,  
May serve for Darts to kill withal.

---

### *On a R A K E.*

**J**ACK he knows the World: Most dreadful News!  
That all the World haunt Taverns and the Stews.

---

### *S Y L V I A.*

**S**YLVIA makes a sad Complaint she has lost her  
Lover.  
Why nothing strange I in that News discover.  
Nay, then thou'rt dull; for here the Wonder lies.  
She had a Lover once! — don't that surprize?

---

### *On a handsome I D I O T.*

**W**HEN *Lesbia* first I saw so heavenly fair,  
With Eyes so bright, and with that awful Air,  
I thought my Heart, which durst so high aspire,  
As bold as his, who snatch'd celestial Fire;  
But soon as e'er the beauteous Idiot spoke,  
Forth from her coral Lips such Folly broke;  
Like Balm the trickling Nonsense heal'd my Wound,  
And what her Eyes enthrall'd, her Tongue unbound.

*Wrote*

*Wrote by a young Lady on one of the Windows in Nottingham-Castle.*

**Y**E Heavens! if Innocence deserves your Care,  
Why have ye made it fatal to be Fair;  
Base Man, the Ruin of our Sex was born,  
The Beauteous are his Prey, the Rest his Scorn;  
Alike unfortunate, our Fate is such,  
We please too little, or we please too much.

---

*To a Lady of Pleasure.*

**M**Y Heart is proud your Chains to wear,  
But Reason will not stoop:  
I love that Angel's Face, but fear  
The Serpent in your Hoop.

That Circle is a Magick Spell,  
To make the Wisest fall,  
Its Centre black and deep, like Hell,  
Contains the Devil and all.

Your Eyes discharge the Darts of Love;  
But, oh, what Pain succeed!  
When Darts shall Pins and Needles prove;  
And Love a Fire indeed.

---

*The HUSBAND. By a Lady.*

**T**HE Poets sing of old, that am'rous *Jove*  
In various Shapes perform'd the Feats of Love.  
Chang'd to a Swan, he rifled *Leda's* Charms,  
And with a rival Whiteness fill'd her Arms.  
On *Danae's* Lap he fell a Golden Shower:  
(Gold is the surest Friend in an Amour.)  
Now in a Bull's or Satyr's grisly Shape,  
He on some Beauty makes a welcome Rape.

N

Nor



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Nor think it strange, that *Jove's* Almighty Power,  
Thro' these base Forms, taught Females to adore:  
A Likeness less agreeable he try'd,  
He came a Husband to *Amphitrión's* Bride;  
And in a Husband's Shape could welcome prove,  
Who must not own the Omnipotence of *Jove*.

*Solid Worth in a WIFE.*

WHEN *Loveless* married Lady *Jenny*,  
Whose Beauty was the ready Penny;  
I chose her, says he, like old Plate,  
Not for the Fashion, but the Weight.

*On WEDLOCK.*

IN Marriage are two happy Things allow'd,  
A Wife in Wedding Sheets, and in a Shroud:  
How can a Marriage State then be accus'd  
Since the last Day's as happy as the first.

To a young Gentleman who loved to drive hard with a  
serry Pair of Horses.

THY Nags, the leanest Things alive,  
So very hard thou lov'st to drive,  
I heard thy anxious Coachman say,  
It costs thee more in Whips than Hay.

*On Sir RICHARD BLACKMORE.*

LET *Blackmore* still in good King *Arthur's* Vein,  
To *Flechnoe's* Empire his just Right maintain;  
Let him his own to common Sense oppose,  
With Praise and Slander maul both Friends and Foes;

Let

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Let him great *Dryden's* awful Name prophane,  
And learned *Garth* with envious Pride disdain;  
*Codron's* bright Genius with vile Puns lampoon,  
And run a Muck at all the Wits in Town;  
Let the Quack scribble any Thing but Bills,  
His Satyr wounds not, but his Physick kills.

---

*To a jealous Husband.*

T E L L me, *Sileno*, why you fill  
With fancy'd Woes your Life?  
Why's all your Time expended still,  
In thinking, or in talking ill,  
Of your too virtuous Wife?

For, Faith, I can't see to what End  
You keep her up so close;  
Nor how you could yourself offend,  
That like a Snail, my glooming Friend,  
You never leave your House.

Ah, were she but advis'd by me,  
Her many Taunts and Scorns,  
With Int'rest should refunded be;  
She'd make a perfect Snail of thee,  
By decking thee with Horns.

---

T E N Months after *Florimel* happen'd to wed,  
And was brought in a laudable Manner to Bed,  
She warbled her Groans with so charming a Voice,  
That one half of the Parish was stunn'd with the  
Noise;

But when *Florimel* chose to lie privately in,  
Twelve Months before she and her Spouse were a-kin,  
She chose with such Prudence her Pangs to conceal,  
That her Nurse, nay, her Midwife, scarce heard her  
once squeal.

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Learn, Husbands, from hence, for the Peace of your  
Lives,  
That Maids make not half such a Tumult as Wives.

---

Sick A L I C E.

---

A T A L E:

---

*From Monsieur de la Fountain.*

*By Mr. MOTTLEY.*

W H E N *Alice* was sick, and like to die,  
Her Friends advis'd her to confess;  
What! mind you not your Soul, they cry;  
Alas! said she, I mean no less.  
To Father *Andrew* send away,  
For he's the Man in such a Case,  
Who always hears what I've to say,  
And stores me with new Seeds of Grace.  
A Messenger's dispatch'd with Speed,  
To fetch this Crone her Ghostly Guide,  
Who, ever, in her Time of Need,  
Fit Aids of Comfort could provide.  
He at the Convent-Door does knock;  
Who is it you Want? cries out a Brother:  
'Tis Father *Andrew*, of your Flock,  
For *Alice* has Dealings with no other:  
She's sick, and needs must be confess'd;  
Her Conscience with the World set even:  
By Father *Andrew*, sure you jest,  
He's been these dozen Years in Heaven.

---

On M A I D S.

M O S T Maids resemble *Eve*, now in their Lives,  
Who are no sooner Women, but they're Wives

*Written*



# JOE MILLER'S JESTS. 181

*Written on the Chamber-Door of King CHARLES II.*

*By the Earl of ROCHESTER.*

**H**ERE lies the Mutton-eating King,  
Whose Word no Man relies on ;  
Who never said a foolish Thing,  
Nor ever did a wise one.

---

*THOMAS's Wife.*

**W**HEN Thomas calls his Wife his Half,  
I like the Fellow's Whim ;  
For why ? she horns him ; so the Jilt  
Belongs but half to him.

---

## E P I T A P H

*On a W I F E.*

**B**eneath lies my Wife,  
Whose Death is my Life.

---

*MANKIND punished.*

**T**HE Crimes of Men began to grow so great,  
That how to punish justly puzzled Fate ;  
Heav'n sigh'd at last, that to his Sons so dear  
A Punishment's decreed, and so severe :  
Go, says Eternal Justice, Hell-Hounds, go,  
And execute my dread Commands below ;  
Fix your rapacious Claws on e'ery Door,  
Despoil the Rich, and poorer make the Poor ;  
Pity not Age, add to his Weight of Years,  
And fill the wretched Widow's Eyes with Tears ;

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Disturb their Sleep, and poison ev'ry Dish,  
Nor let them taste, without a Doubt, a With:  
The Judge supreme, who each Effect foresaw,  
Cry'd, *Hawock, and let loose the Dogs of Law.*

---

On TIMOTHY MUM, a *Tapster.*

**H**ERE *Tim* the *Tapster* lies, who drew good Beer,  
But now, *drawn* to his End, he *draws* no more;  
Yes, still he draws from every Friend a Tear,  
Water he *draws*, who *drew* good Beer before.

---

On seeing a Copper-Plate of Dr. CHEYNE ill done.

By Dr. WINTER.

**N**ATURE and *Vandergutch* in this agree,  
Unfinished she has left him, so has he.

---

On a crooked Woman.

**S**HE's bent like a Nine-pence, and would have  
been broken,  
Had not Nature intended the Devil a Token.

---

On another crooked Woman.

**N**ATURE in Pity has deny'd you Shape,  
Else how should Mortals *Flavia's* Chain escape?  
Your radiant Aspect, and your rosy Bloom,  
Without this Form, would bring a gen'ral Doom:  
At once our Ruin and Relief we see,  
At Sight are Captives, and at Sight are free.

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To CHARINUS, an ugly Woman's Husband.

CHARINUS, 'twas my Hap of late,  
To have a Sight of thy dear Mate ;  
So white, so flourishing, so fair,  
So trim, so modest, debonair ;  
That if great *Jove* would grant to me  
A Leash of Beauties, such as she,  
I'd give the Devil, at one Word,  
Two, if he would take the Third.

---

Against an ATHEIST.

WHILST in his double Elbow-Chair,  
Young *Alcides* does loll and swear,  
No Wonder if a Wretch like me,  
An Object's of his Raillery ;  
Why should not I a Blockhead seem  
To one that does his God Blaspheme ?  
But no Man thinks (what'er he saith)  
His Words are Articles of Faith.

---

By W. WALSH, Esq;

GO, said old *Lyce*, senseless Lover, go,  
And with soft Verses court the Fair ; but know,  
With all thy Verses, thou can'st get no more  
Than Fools, without one Verse, have had before.  
Enrag'd at this, upon the Bawd I flew ;  
But that which most enrag'd me was, 'twas true.

---

To a bad Fidler.

OLD *Orpheus* play'd so well he mov'd old *Nick*,  
While thou mov'st nothing but thy Fiddle-stick.



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PHILLIS's Age.

By Mr. PRIOR.

**H**OW old may *Phillis* be, you ask,  
Whose Beauty thus all Hearts engages?  
To answer is no easy Task;  
For she really has two Ages.

Stiff in Brocade, and pinch'd in Stays,  
Her Patches, Paint, and Jewels on;  
All Day let Envy view her Face,  
And *Phillis* is but Twenty one.

Paint, Patches, Jewels laid aside,  
At Night Astronomers agree,  
The Evening has the Day bely'd,  
And *Phillis* is full Forty-three.

---

TO VARUS (Satire)

• EPIGRAM lxxviii. of the Fourth Book of MARTIAL.

By Mr. MOTTLEY.

**W**HEN *Varus* asks his Friends to dine,  
With Plate and Glafs his Side-Boards shine;  
But that, alas! is poor Relief  
To Stomachs sharply set on Beef:  
For tho' his Plate may feast the Eye,  
'Tis neither fit to roast nor fry.

---

On a famous Toast at OXFORD.

**O**NE Stone now keeps *Kitty* down,  
Who, when alive, mov'd half the Stones in Town.

On

## JOE MILLER'S JESTS. 185

*On the Death of MARY Countess of Pembroke.*

By BEN JOHNSON.

**U**nderneath this sable Hearse,  
Lies the Subject of all Verse,  
Sidney's Sister, Pembroke's Mother:  
Death, e'er thou hast kill'd another,  
Fair, and learned, good as she,  
Time shall throw his Dart at thee.

---

*On an ancient LADY who painted very much.*

By JAMES MOORE SMITH, Esq.

**C**osmelia's Charms inspire my Lays,  
Who, fair in Nature's Scorn,  
Blooms in the Winter of her Days,  
Like *Glaslonbury* Thorn.

---

*Cosmelia*, cruel at Threescore;  
Like Bards in murd'ring Plays,  
Four Acts of Life pass guiltless o'er,  
But in the Fifth she slays.

---

If e'er impatient of the Bliss,  
Into her Arms I fall,  
The plaister'd Fair returns the Kiss  
Like *Thisbe*, thro' a Wall.

---

*A Case to the CIVILIANS.*

**N**O KES went, he thought, to *Stiles's* Wife to  
Bed,  
Nor knew his own was lain there in her Stead,  
*Civilians*, is the Child he then begot,  
To be allow'd legitimate, or not?

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*On the late Duke of ARGYLL.*

*By the late Mr. GAY.*

**A**RGYLL, they say, has Wit, for what?  
For Writing? — No, for Writing not.

---

*The Real Affliction.*

**D**ORIS, a Widow, past her Prime,  
Her Spouse long dead, her Wailing doubles;  
Her real Griefs increase by Time,  
And what abates, improves her Troubles.  
Those Pangs her prudent Hopes suppress'd,  
Impatient now she cannot smother:  
How should the helpless Woman rest?  
One's gone; — nor can she get another.

---

*On a CUCKOLD.*

**C**ORNUTUS call'd his Wife both Whore and  
Slut;  
Quoth she, you'll never leave your Brawling; but —  
But what, quoth he — Your Post or Door,  
For you have Horns to *butt*, if I am a Whore.

---

*On a Physician and Parson who had both abused him.*

*By Mr. DRYDEN.*

**W**ould'st thou be damn'd at once, and perish  
whole,  
Trust Blackmore with thy Health, and Milbourne with  
thy Soul.

*Mutual*



# JOE MILLER'S JESTS. 187

## *Mutual LOVE.*

**H**OW faint a Joy the Maid imparts,  
Reluctant, who resigns her Charms!  
She damps the Transport of our Hearts,  
And Beauty of her Force disarms.

How great the Pleasure, how refin'd,  
And even in Reflection sweet;  
When Lovers are but one in Mind,  
And Souls together seem to meet!

---

## *On CHLOE.*

**P**Rithee is not Miss *Chloe's* a comical Case?  
She lends out her Tail, and she borrows her Face.

---

## *EPITAPH on a MISER.*

**R**EADER, beware immoderate Love of Pelf:  
Here lies the worst of Thieves, who robb'd  
himself.

---

## *Lady VAINLOVE's Servants.*

**I**N their rich Liveries, starving, they repine,  
And wish to sell the Lace, that they may dine.

---

## *ROMAN FORTITUDE.*

**B**RUTUS unmov'd, heard how his *Portia* fell;  
Should C——*he's* Wife die, he would behave as  
well.

*Written*

188 JOE MILLER'S JESTS.

*Written on a Glass with the Earl of Chesterfield's  
Diamond Pencil. By Mr. POPE.*

**A** CCEPT a Miracle, instead of Wit;  
See two dull Lines by *Stanhope's* Pencil writ.

---

*The* SCHOLAR.

**M**ASTER of Arts! spent Seven Years at Col-  
lege  
In his own Room! he must have wond'rous Know-  
ledge.

---

*On a Hasty* MARRIAGE.

**M**arry'd! 'tis well! a mighty Blessing!  
But poor's the Joy no Coin possessing:  
In antient Times, when Folk did wed,  
'Twas to be one at *Board* and *Bed*;  
But hard's his Case, who can't afford  
His Charmer either *Bed* or *Board*.

---

*To* OLIVER CROMWELL.

*By the famous Mr. LOCKE.*

**A** Peaceful Sway the great *Augustus* bore,  
O'er what great *Julius* gain'd by Arms before;  
*Julius* was all with martial Trophies crown'd;  
*Augustus* for his peaceful Arts renown'd;  
*Rome* calls 'em great, and makes 'em Deities;  
That, for his Valour; this, his Policies,  
You, mighty Prince, than both are greater far,  
Who rule in Peace that World you gain'd by War;  
You sure from Heaven a finish'd Hero fell,  
Who thus alone two Pagan Gods excel.

*To*

JOEMILLER'S JESTS. 189

*To one married to an Old Man. By Mr. WALLER.*

**S**INCE thou would'st needs, bewitch'd with some  
ill Charms  
Be bury'd in those monumental Arms:  
All we can wish is, may that Earth lie light  
On thy tender Limbs, and so good Night.

---

*On a Picture of Mrs. ARABELLA HUNT.*

*Drawn playing on a Lute after her Death.*

*By Mr. CONGREGATE.*

**W**ERE there on Earth another Voice like thine,  
Another Hand so blest'd with Skill divine,  
The late afflicted World some Hopes might have,  
And Harmony retrieve thee from the Grave.

---

*To an old Woman who used Art.*

**L**EAVE off thy Paint, Perfumes, and youthful  
Dress,  
And Nature's Failing honestly confess;  
Double we see those Faults which Art would mend,  
Plain downright Uglinefs would less offend.

---

*To FLIRTILLA.*

**I**N Church the Pray'r-Book and the Fan display'd,  
And solemn Curt'sies, shew the wiley Maid;  
At Plays, the leering Looks, and wanton Airs,  
And Nods, and Smiles, are fondly meant for Snares.  
Alas! vain Charmer, you no Lovers get;  
There you seem Hypocrite, and here Coquet.

---



190 JOE MILLER'S JESTS.

*On a Lady who shed Water at seeing the Tragedy of*  
*CATO. By Mr. POPE.*

**W**HILST Maudlin Whigs deplore their *Cato's*  
 Fate,  
 Still with dry Eyes the Tory *Celia* sat:  
 But tho' her Pride forbad her Eyes to flow,  
 The gushing Waters found a Vent below.  
 Tho' secret, yet with copious Streams she mourns,  
 Like twenty River-Gods, with all their Urns!  
 Let others screw an hypocritic Face,  
 She shews her Grief in a sincerer Place:  
 Here Nature reigns, and Passion, void of Art;  
 For that Road leads directly to the Heart.

---

*The STRATAGEM.*

**W**HEN H——se for some trifling unorthodox  
 Jests,  
 As Enthusiast was censured by Bigots and Priests;  
 The politic Doctor, to remove the Reproach,  
 Was seen with a Parson six Months in his Coach.  
 When C——den saw this Device had Success,  
 He thought, in some Sort, it would suit his own Case;  
 And to take an unlucky d——mn'd Censure away,  
 He contriv'd to be seen with a Wit ev'ry Day;  
 Then with *Pope* by his Side, in the Pride of his Soul,  
 Now, d——m me, said he, —— Now d'ye think I'm  
 a Fool?

---

*The Cuckold's Complaint. By Mr. WALSH.*

**C**ORNUS proclaims aloud his Wife's a Whore,  
 Alas, good *Cornus*, what can we do more?  
 Wert thou no Cuckold, we might make thee one;  
 But being one, we cannot make thee none.

*On*

## JOE MILLER'S JESTS. 191

On a BURSER of a certain College in Oxford,  
cutting down the Trees near the said College for his own  
Use.

**I**ndulgent Nature to each Creature shows  
A secret Instinct to discern its Foes :  
The Goose, a silly Bird, avoids the Fox ;  
Lambs fly from Wolves, and Sailors steer from Rocks ;  
The Thief the Gallows, as his Fate foresees,  
And bears the like Antipathy to Trees.

### The Forlorn D A M S E L.

**W**HILST each dear Nymph is happy with her  
Swain,  
The poor *Dorinda* sighs and sighs in vain ;  
Forlorn sh'has liv'd thrice ten revolving Years,  
But now, at length, a dying Slave appears :  
The Youth raps humbly at her Chamber-Door,  
And speaks such Words she never heard before.  
In Bed, surpriz'd, she starts, her Curtain drew,  
And ask'd his Will ——— *Madam, I dye for you.*  
For me! A Man! What does he say? He dies!  
She whisks from Bed, and to the Toilet flies :  
In Haste she dress'd, but did it with an Air ;  
And to Advantage patch'd, and comb'd her Hair.  
Her dying Slave to rap once more presumes,  
Whilst sweet *Dorinda* Washes and Perfumes ;  
But that he might not at the Door expire  
She let him in, and farther did enquire.  
With Cap in Hand, and with submissive Look,  
He bow'd, and then these killing Words he spoke ;  
*Madam, I've dy'd your Sattin, and see here,*  
*The Black's entire no colour'd Stripes appear.*

By W. W A L S H, Esq;

**C**HLOE, new married, looks at Men no more,  
Why then 'tis plain for what she look'd before.

On

192 JOE MILLER'S JESTS,

*On the Death of Mrs. B——, who died soon after her Marriage. By Lady MARY W——M——.*

**H**A I L, happy Bride! for thou art truly blest'd,  
 Three Months of Rapture crown'd with endless  
 Rest :  
 Merit, like your's, was Heaven's peculiar Care,  
 You lov'd, — yet tasted Happiness sincere.  
 To you the Sweets of Love were only shewn;  
 The sure succeeding bitter Dregs unknown;  
 You had not yet the fatal Change deplor'd,  
 The tender Lover for th' imperious Lord;  
 Nor felt the Pains that jealous Fondness brings,  
 Nor wept the Coldness from Possession springs:  
 Above your Sex distinguish'd in your Fate;  
 You trusted — yet experienc'd no Deceit.  
 Soft were your Hours, and wing'd with Pleasure flew,  
 No vain Repentance gave a Sigh to you;  
 And if superior Bliss Heaven can bestow,  
 With Fellow Angels you enjoy it now.

*Occasion'd by the Foregoing.*

**T**H O' all the World knows  
 The Fate of poor B——,  
 Yet Writers about it do vary;  
 Some Folks make a Face,  
 And pity her Case,  
 'Tis the Envy of the good Lady Mary.  
 She says, she don't know,  
 How Heaven can bestow  
 Any Joy like the Death of that Bride;  
 Whence some People say,  
 Could she chuse her own Way,  
 E'er now she had certainly dy'd.  
 But here's the Mistake,  
 If her Mind she would speak,  
 The Meaning appears very plain;  
 She would ever be trying,  
 But to B—— leave the Dying,  
 Her Choice is to live in the Pain.



## JOE MILLER'S JESTS. 193

*On the Death of Mrs. Oldfield and little Norris.*

**M**OURN all ye Nymphs and Swains of *Drury-Lane*,  
Since Mirth itself's with little *Dicky's* slain.  
True Wit and Humour forc'd at length to yield  
To *Harlequin*, and \* *Flame* resign the Field:  
What needs, when Ribaldry can please the Age,  
An *Oldfield*, or a *Norris* on the Stage?  
When such they saw came daily to perplex it,  
They judg'd it Time for them to make their EXIT.

---

*On Sir RICHARD BLACKMORE.*

**I**F Wit, as we are told, be a Disease;  
And if Physicians cure by Contraries,  
*Blackmore* alone the healing Secret knows;  
'Tis from his Pen the Grand Elixir flows.

---

*On the Expulsion of a Member of the House of Commons  
for an Attempt to bribe a Member of the Secret Com-  
mittee.*

**T**O raise a Lady's Expectation high,  
With Hopes of some approaching Bliss that's  
nigh;  
To tempt her to her Chamber; shut the Door;  
Then make Acknowledgments, and do no more.  
Has she not Reason loudly to complain  
Of — the corrupt Intention of the Swain?

---

\* *Hurlothrambo.*

O

On

194 JOE MILLER'S JESTS.

On Sir RICHARD BLACKMORE, *first a School-Master, then a Physician, and afterwards a Poetaster.*

**B**Y Nature meant, by Want a Pedant made,  
*Blackmore* at first profess'd the Whipping Trade;  
 Grown fond of Buttocks, he would lash no more,  
 But kindly cur'd the Arse he gall'd before:  
 So Quack commenc'd; Then, fierce with Pride, he  
     swore  
 That Tooth-Ach, Gripes, and Corns should be no  
     more;  
 In vain his Drugs, as well as Birch, he try'd,  
 His Boys grew Blockheads, and his Patients dy'd:  
 Next he turn'd Bard, and mounted on a Cart,  
 Whose hideous Rumbling made *Apollo* start;  
 Burlesqu'd the bravest, wisest Son of *Mars*,  
 In Ballad Rhimes, and all the Pumps of Farce:  
 Still he chang'd Callings, and, at length, has hit  
 On Bus'ness for his matchless Talent fit,  
 To give us Drenches for the Plague of Wit. }

On Sir RICHARD BLACKMORE'S *Paraphrase*  
*upon J O B.*

**W**HEN *Job* contending with the Devil I saw,  
 It did my Wonder, but not Pity draw;  
 For I concluded, that without some Trick,  
 A Saint at any Time could match *Old Nick*.  
 Next came a fiercer Fiend upon his Back,  
 I mean his Spouse, stunning him with her Clack;  
 But still I could not pity him, as knowing  
 A Crab-Tree Cudgel soon would send her going:  
 But when the Quack engag'd with *Job* I spy'd,  
 The Lord have Mercy on poor *Job* I cry'd.  
 With impious Doggrel he'll pollute his Theme,  
 And make the Saint, against his Will, blaspheme:

What

# JOE MILLER'S JESTS. 195

What Spouse and Satan did attempt in vain,  
The Quack will compass with his murd'ring Pen,  
And on a Dunghill leave poor *Job* again.

*On B L O O D's stealing the Crown.*

By ANDREW MARVEL, Esq;

**W**HEN daring *Blood*, his Rent to have regain'd,  
Upon the *English* Diadem distrain'd;  
He chose the Cassock, Surfingle, and Gown,  
The fittest Mark for one who robs the Crown:  
But his Lay-Pity underneath prevail'd,  
And, while he sav'd the Keeper's Life, he fail'd.  
With the Priest's Vestment, had he but put on  
The Prelate's Cruelty, the Crown had gone.

*On a Fan, in which was painted the Story of CEPHALUS and PROCRIS, with this Motto:*

AURA VENI.

By Mr. POPE.

**C**OME, gentle Air, th' *Æolian* Shepherd said,  
While *Procris* panted in the sacred Shade;  
Come, gentle Air, the fairer *Delia* cries,  
While at her Feet her Swain expiring lies:  
Lo! the glad Gales o'er all her Beauties stray,  
Breathe on her Lips, and in her Bosom play;  
In *Delia's* Hand this Toy is fatal found,  
Nor could that fabled Dart more surely wound;  
Both Gifts destructive to the Givers prove,  
Alike both Lovers fall, by those they love:  
Yet guiltless too this bright Destroyer lives,  
At random wounds, nor knows the Wound she gives:  
She views the Story with attentive Eyes,  
And pities *Procris*, while her Lover dies.



196 JOE MILLER'S JESTS.

*The EMPEROR 'ADRIAN's 'Death-Bed Verses to  
his Soul, Imitated.*

*By Mr. PRIOR.*

**P** O O R little, pretty, fluttering Thing,  
Must we no longer live together?  
And do'st thou prune thy trembling Wing  
To take thy Flight the Lord knows whither;

Thy hum'rous Vein, thy pleasing Folly,  
Lie all neglected, all forgot;  
And pensive, wav'ring, melancholly,  
Thou dread'st and hop'st thou know'st not what.

*ULYSSES's Dog ARGUS.*

*By Mr. POPE.*

**W** H E N wife *Ulysses* from his native Coast,  
Long kept by Wars, and long by Tempest  
toss'd,  
Arriv'd at last, poor, old, disguis'd, alone,  
To all his Friends, and e'en his Queen unknown;  
Chang'd as he was with Age, and Toils and Cares,  
Furrow'd his reverend Face, and grey his Hairs;  
In his own Palace forc'd to ask his Bread,  
Scorn'd by those Slaves his former Bounty fed;  
Forgot of all his own domestic Crew,  
His faithful Dog, his rightful Master knew;  
Unfed, unhous'd, neglected, on the Clay,  
Like an old Servant now cashier'd he lay;  
And tho' e'en then expiring on the Plain,  
Touch'd with Resentment of ungrateful Man,  
And longing to behold his antient Lord again.  
Him when he saw — he rose, and crawl'd to meet,  
(Twas all he could) and fawn'd, and kiss'd his Feet;  
Seiz'd with returning Joy, then falling by his Side,  
Own'd his returning Lord — look'd up — and dy'd.

*Upon*

# JOE MILLER'S JESTS. 197

Upon SOMETHING.

*Written under the Picture of DAPHNIS and CHLOE.*

**T**HUS blooming Youth in rip'ning Years,  
Just as this amorous Boy appears,  
And as this Girl the Fair Ones prove,  
In Years just opening into Love :  
*Something* they feel, yet can't explain  
This *Something* made of Joy and Pain ;  
*Something* they want, yet know not what,  
Or how this *Something's* to be got :  
Absent they pine, yet when they meet,  
They still find *Something* incomplete ;  
By little Toys he'd fain obtain  
This *Something*, to assuage his Pain :  
As fain wou'd she this *Something* grant,  
Did either know what *Something* meant ;  
Unknown this *Something*, here's the Task,  
How she should grant, or he should ask.

---

*A Declaration of LOVE.*

**Y**OU I love, nor think I joke,  
More than Ivy does the Oak ;  
More than Fishes do the Flood ;  
More than Savage Beasts the Wood ;  
More than Merchants do their Gain ;  
More than Misers to complain ;  
More than Widows do their Weeds ;  
More than Friars do their Beads ;  
More than *Cynthia* to be prais'd ;  
More than Courtiers to be rais'd ;  
More than Brides the Wedding Night ;  
More than Soldiers do a Fight ;  
More than Lawyers do the Bar ;  
More than 'Prentice-Boys a Fair ;

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More than Topers t'other Bottle ;  
 More than Women Tittle-tattle ;  
 More than Rakes a willing Lady ;  
 More than *Nancy* does her Baby ;  
 More than Jaylors do a Fee ;  
 More than all Things I love thee.

*Verses to be hung up in the Belfry at BATH.*

Translated from the *Menagiana*.

YE Rogues, who persecute the Sick  
 With your remorseless Ringing ;  
 Oh, that a Bell-Rope round each Neck  
 Would set ye all a Swinging.

*On Mr. CORNELIUS MARTEN, a contented Cuckold.*

NIGRELIO leads a married Life,  
 Not with his own, but's Neighbour's Wife :  
*Cornelius* knows it to be thus ;  
 But he's *Cornelius Tacitus*.

*The FEATHER.*

IN *Florimel's* Arms, as if quite out of Breath,  
 I'll kiss thee, my Charmer, I'll kiss thee to Death ;  
 Cry'd *Thyrfis*, in Rapture — but soon on her Breast,  
 He sunk down his Head, and compos'd him to Rest ;  
 Not long had they laid thus unactive together,  
 Ere the Wanton pluck'd forth from the Bolster a Feather,  
 And grasping him hard, till he open'd his Eyes,  
 In a Tone of Derision the Witty-One cries, —  
 To prevent being kill'd in the Manner you said,  
 I resolve, with this Feather, to chop off your Head.

TRUTH



## JOE MILLER's JESTS. 199

TRUTH told at last.

SAYS *Colin*, in Rage, contradicting his Wife,  
"You never yet told me one Truth in your Life."  
Vext *Fanny* no Way could this Thesis allow,  
Your'e a Cuckold, says she, do I tell you Truth now?

---

W O M A N, by Mr. FARQUHAR.

NATURE's chief Gifts unequally are carv'd,  
They surfeit some, while many more are starv'd;  
Her Bread, her Wine, her Gold, and what before  
Was common Good, is now made private Store;  
Nothing that's Good we have among us common,  
But all enjoy that common Ill — a *Woman*.

---

The BILBOQUET.

AS *Celia* with her Catcher play'd,  
Young *Damon* standing by,  
With am'rous Looks the wanton Maid  
Gave *Damon* it to try.  
He tofs'd the Ball the picked Way,  
But could not stick it on;  
Fumbler, cry'd she, I'll better play  
With *two* than you with *one*.

---

The Way to come at it.

AS *Charlotte* thro' the Window leant,  
Young *William*, glad to see her bent,  
Seizes behind the Virgin Store,  
Which she had long deny'd before:  
Pho! says her Dad, when she complain'd,  
Your Honour is by no Means stain'd;

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You cannot help, so hold your Clack,  
What's *done*, or *said*, behind your Back.

---

*An Inscription for the blank Scroll on Shakespeare's Monument, before it was fill'd up.*

**T**HUS learned M——d to H——er spoke,  
“ This empty Scroll is but a Joke ;  
“ There should be something thought on for't,  
“ Extremely *deep*, extremely *short* ;  
“ But very apt, and very pat,  
“ And fit for *Shakespeare* to point at.”  
Thus said the White-Glov'd Knight to M——d,  
The Doctor and his Cane agreed :  
A Boy who heard them hit upon't,  
Took out some Charcoal, and wrote ——.

---

*Spoken extempore, by Allan Ramsay, on two young Ladies who ask'd him to make Verses upon them.*

**O**N that Cheek fits blooming Youth,  
Heaven sparkles in that Eye ;  
E. There's something sweet about each Mouth,  
Dear Ladies let me try.

---

*On a CHASTE MAID.*

**H**ERE lies the Body of a beauteous Maid,  
Whose secret Parts no Man did e'er invade ;  
Scarce her own Hand she would admit to touch  
That Virgin-Spring, altho' it itch'd so much :  
She dy'd at eighteen Years of Age, and then  
She gave to Worms what she deny'd to Men ;  
But 'twas her last Request, with dying Groans,  
To have no Tomb at all if built with Stones ;  
Such vig'rous Things she always us'd to wave,  
And fear'd they would disturb her in her Grave.

*On*

JOE MILLER's JESTS. 201

*On the Picture of SUSANNA.*

**S**USANNA's Fate with Pity we behold,  
Condemn'd to Letchers, impotent and old :  
With wond'rous Art the Pencil shews she fears  
The faint Addresses——not the Force of Years.

---

MARTIAL, Lib. II. Epig. xx.

*By Mr. COOKE.*

**P**AUL so fond of the Name of a Poet is grown,  
With Gold he buys Verses, and calls them his own ;  
Go on, Master *Paul*, nor mind what the World says,  
They are surely his own for which a Man pays.

---

*The forbidden FRUIT, or LOVE to a married  
LADY.*

**A**SSIST me, *Cupid*, lend me Wings,  
To fly from *Chloe's* Sight ;  
Her Voice, as when a Syren sings,  
My longer Stay invites.  
O melt her Heart, and make her kind,  
That she may feel Love's Pain ;  
Nor leave her loose, whilst me you bind,  
But hold us with one Chain.  
If Love's a Crime, who can be free  
From Guilt, by Nature made ?  
Who can the Charms of *Chloe* see,  
And say he's not afraid ?  
Since for one Apple Heaven's Bliss  
Was forfeited by *Eve* :  
For *Chloe's* sweet forbidden Kifs,  
What is't I cou'dn't leave ?



A MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE.

By Dean S W I F T.

U N D E R this Hedge, in stormy Weather,  
I join'd this \* Whore and Rogue together ;  
And none but him who made the Thunder,  
Can put this Whore and Rogue asunder.

---

A T R U E M A I D.

N O, no, for my Virginity,  
When I lose that, says *Rose*, I'll die :  
Behind the Elms, last Night, cry'd *Dick*,  
*Rose*, were you not — extremely sick ?

---

N A T U R E a *Thousand Ways* complains,  
A *Thousand Words* express her Pains ;  
But for her *Laughter* has but *Three*,  
And very small ones, *Ha, ha, he*.

---

*Inscription for a Fountain, adorn'd with Queen ANNE's  
and the late Duke of MARLBOROUGH's Images,  
and the chief Rivers of the World round the Work.*

By Mr. P R I O R.

Y E active Streams ; where-e'er your Waters flow,  
Let distant Climes, and farthest Nations know,  
What ye from *Thames* and *Danube* have been taught,  
How *Anne* commanded, and how *Marlbro'* fought.

Writ

---

\* *She was big with Child when the Ceremony pass'd.*

*Writ extempore, on the Duke of DEVONSHIRE'S  
House at CHATSWORTH.*

**Q**UALITER in Mediis quam non speraverat  
Urbem,

*Attonitus, Venetam Navita cernit Aquis;  
Sic Improvisò Emergens & Montibus Imis,  
Attolit sese Devoniana Domus.*

*And thus translated by COLLEY CIBBER, Esq;*

**N**OT Sailors view with more astonish'd Eyes,  
In open Seas *Venetian* Towers arise,  
Than from the Mountains Strangers, with Delight,  
See unexpected *Chatsworth* charm the Sight.

*A Character of Scotland, taken from a Pane of Glas in  
an Inn in the Northern Road.*

**W**Hoe'er he is desires to see  
A barren Land, without a Tree,  
The rankest Beggary and Pride,  
As close as Nits and Lice ally'd,  
Be poison'd when he eats and drinks,  
Or flavour'd with all Kinds of Stinks;  
Whoe'er would bite, or would be bit,  
Would get the Itch, or be beshit,  
Let him to *Scotland* but repair,  
He'll find all these Perfections there.

On S N U F F.

**J**OVE once resolv'd, the Females to degrade,  
To propagate their Sex without their Aid;  
His Brain conceiv'd, and soon the Pangs and Throws  
He felt, nor cou'd the unnatural Birth disclose:  
At last, when try'd, no Remedy would do,  
The God took *Snuff*, and out the Goddess flew.

On

On TATE and BRADY'S Psalms.

**I**N *Hebrew* Times, when *Israel's* Faith was strong,  
Great were the Virtues of Poetic Song ;  
*Saul's* evil Spirit *David's* Harp obey'd,  
The King was easy whilst the Psalmist play'd :  
But now the Force of Poetry is chang'd,  
And *David's* Sense from *David's* Words estrang'd ;  
When *Tate* and *Brady* touch'd the sacred Strings,  
The Madness seem'd the Psalmist's, not the King's.

---

T H O M A S.

An EPIGRAM.

**T**HOMAS in *High-Dutch* once did court a  
Wench,  
And to his Cost, she answer'd him in *French*.

---

**A**H, me ! quoth *Betty*, who could e'er have thought,  
Such Mischief could arise almost from Naught ?  
Which had she known e'er she began to swell,  
Each Yard of Pleasure she'd have made an Ell.

---

*A Translation in modern English of Mr. P's Imitation of  
Chaucer.*

**A**N *Oxford* Scholar made a Goose his Prize,  
And hid it where the Garb invests the Thighs ;  
Too weak the Buttons prov'd, the Goose too strong,  
And burst its Jail as Ladies pass along ;  
The Bill came bolting forth, a ruddy Sight,  
The Neck came after, long, and round, and white ;  
The Creature cackling, pertly rais'd its Head,  
The Lad look'd foolish, and the Women fled.

“ O Jesu,



JOB MILLER'S JESTS. 207

" O Jesu, Sister *Moll*, said wanton Miss,  
" Is this the Thing wherewith they us'd to p—— ?  
" 'Tis better far to feed on Coals, or Chalk,  
" Than trust to faithless Man who's Tail can *talk*."  
Thus *Chaucer* whilom did the Fair advise,  
That Maids should never sport but with the Wife.  
With sly Conceit the Bard his Story told,  
Then left this Moral, worth its Weight in Gold :  
" *Pardie*, Miss *Betty*, thou didst reason well ;  
" They bear the Goose about that love to *tell*.

---

*The Advantage of having two Physicians.*

ONE prompt Physician like a Sculler plies,  
And all his Art, and all his Skill applies ;  
But two Physicians, like a Pair of Oars,  
Convey you soonest to the *Stygian* Shores.

---

MARRIAGE.

WERE I, who am not, of the *Romish* Tribe,  
The Number of their Sacraments to fix,  
I speak sincerely, without Fee, or Bribe,  
Instead of Seven there should be but Six.  
All Men of Sense Tautology disclaim,  
Marriage and Penance always were the same.

---

*On a silly talkative Lady, at the Hot Well at Bristol.*

*By the Hon. T. H. Esq;*

FAM'D Stream ! by whose retentive Force we're  
taught,  
Such various and such wond'rous Cures are wrought,  
Stop but the Gleet in *Saccharissa's* Tongue,  
Thy Praises shall by *Phæbus' Self* be sung ;

Ad-

206 JOE MILLER'S *LISTS*.

Admire not, Reader, that I call it so,  
Since great the *Running*, and from *Weakness* too.

---

*Dean SWIFT being sent for by the Lord CARTERET, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and being made to wait in the Council Chamber alone, wrote with a Diamond on the Window.*

**M**Y very good Lord, 'tis a very hard Task,  
For a Man to wait here who has nothing to ask,

*My Lord coming soon after into the Room, wrote under it thus :*

**M**Y very good Dean, there's few who come here,  
But have something to ask, or something to fear

---

*To a LADY, who said it was impossible to find true poetical  
Energy express'd in four Lines.*

**C**ONQU'rors and Kings submit to Beauty's Shrine,  
*Venus*, the only Goddess, is divine ;  
Nor *Jove* above, nor G——, who rules this Land,  
The Force of these Initials can withstand.

---

*To CELIA, with a Snuff-Box, having a Looking-Glass  
in the Lid.*

**L**ET others *Venus*, and the Graces place,  
Or *Cupid*, God of Love, these Toys to grace ;  
Deign, Charmer, but to cast those sparkling Eyes,  
On this fair Mirror, lo ! with glad Surprise,  
A fairer Form than *Venus* shall arise ;  
Smile but, my Fair, and view ten thousand Loves,  
Cheerful as Light, and soft as cooing Doves :

Beauty

JOE MILLER'S JESTS. 207

Beauty and Love with thee for ever stay,  
Soon as thou clos'st the Lid, both fly away.

---

*Written in the Nouveaux Interêts des Princes de  
l'Europe.*

*By Mr. PRIOR.*

**B**LEST be the Princes, who have fought  
For pompous Names, or wide Dominion;  
Since by their Error we are taught,  
That Happiness is but Opinion.

---

EPI TAPH on Mr. FENTON.

*By Mr. POPE.*

**T**HIS modest Stone, which few vain Marbles can,  
May truly say — Here lies an honest Man!  
A Poet blest'd beyond a Poet's Fate,  
Whom Heaven kept sacred from the Proud and Great;  
Foe to loud Praise, and Friend to learned Ease,  
Content with Science in the Vale of Peace;  
Calmly he look'd on either Life, and here  
Saw nothing to regret, nor there to fear;  
From Nature's temperate Feast rose satisfy'd,  
Thank'd Heaven that he had liv'd, and that he dy'd.

---

*FAST and LOOSE.*

**C**OLLIN was married in all Haste;  
And now to rack doth run;  
So knitting of himself too fast,  
He hath himself undone.

A



208 JOE MILLER'S JESTS

*A comfortable ENTERTAINMENT.*

**H**IS Ven'son *Rufus* will not touch;  
'Tis *Raw*! that curst Cook! he'll *skin* her,  
*Rufus*, we see, had rather much  
Cut up his *Servant* — than his *Dinner*.

---

*The ENCOURAGEMENT.*

**'T**IS the *Arabian* Bird alone  
Lives chaste, because there is but *One*;  
But had kind Nature made them *Two*,  
They would like *Doves* and *Sparrows* do.

---

*The NUMSCULL.*

**Y**OU beat your Pate, and fancy Wit will come;  
Knock as you please, there's no *Body* at Home.

---

*On an old M I S E R.*

**H**ERE lies Father *Sparges*,  
Who died to save *Charges*.

---

*EPITAPH in Stepney Church-Yard.*

**H**ERE lies the Body of *John Saul*,  
*Spittle-Fields* Weaver, and that's all.



I N I S.